Under Old Rooftrees

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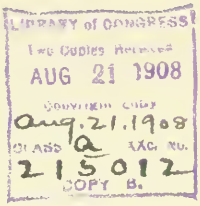

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To All Who Love Old Warwick

. . . *It is the events occurring in the lives of individuals, and in which they were the factors, that make up the history of every town and State.*

E. M. Ruttenber.

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I

Leaves from Old Rooftrees

I

Leaves from Old Rooftrees

A PLEASANT place was the homestead of early days as it stood amid its green acres, sheltered by primeval trees. Usually built facing the east and south, its many-paned, deep-seated windows welcomed and reflected the first beams of the rising sun, and the spacious low rooms within, with broad beam-upheld ceilings from the day of infaring or crane-hanging, were the very nests of simple domestic life. The fireplaces were ample, the chimneys wide and deep-throated, and the doors furnished with quaint latches, frequently so set that the fingers pressing them were in danger of a pinching. Anent these, an anecdote is handed down, an amusing incident illustrative of the reverence of bygone days. In an old home was one of these nipping latches. Calling one day to visit an aged aunt, the fingers of a nephew were sharply pinched by it. "Aunt," he exclaimed, "why don't you have this old latch reset? It has hurt the fingers of enough generations." Looking at him with a glance of severe reproof she replied, in impressive tones, "Nephew, 'remove not the ancient landmark thy fathers have set,' is the Scripture injunction. Your great-grandfather placed that latch there. Would you remove it?"

Such was the veneration of our forebears. With all their oddities and inconveniences, these old homes were the abiding places of hospitality and good cheer, quiet happiness, and usually large families of children.

The rooftree, or ridge-pole, that mighty topmost beam

over which the roof bent its stiff back and stretched broadly away to the eaves, was the crowning glory of the house and became in time its symbol. The weather-stained shingles were carefully guarded from mildew and decay, and when autumn had loosened the leaves of the great ancestral trees from the far-reaching boughs and sent them fluttering down upon the roof, they were carefully brushed off at intervals, lest they should damage the housetop. The most perfect in shape and rich in color were often gathered and treasured in the family Bible, a hymn book, or a cherished volume of verse. When a son or daughter left the house, it was the beautiful custom of the mother to give them a Bible with some of the leaves from the old roof pressed in its pages. The Good Book often contained the family tree, as well as the dear mementoes from the home monarchs, and the poet Morris has exquisitely commemorated the fact in his lines:

For many generations past
  Here is our family tree,
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
  She, dying, gave it me.

I recall a Bible with these garnered leaves laid reverently on comforting passages of Scripture, and on the fly-leaf these lines, copied by the mother who gave it to her boy:

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
  When other days shall come,
When she who had thy earliest kiss
  Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
  The holiest for her son,
And from the gifts of God above
  She chose a goodly one.
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light and life and joy.

And bade him keep the gift that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home;
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best.

A mother's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing,
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy.

As the pages of that hallowed book were turned in the new home, what thronging memories rose at the sight of those faded leaves, of lullaby, of bridal song, of parting moments, glad reunions, days of bereavement, hours of sacred affection and hallowed happiness. They spoke to the absent of all the heart holds dear, and their recollections were a precious legacy.

With the lives of those whose hands reared and propped the rooftrees of old Warwick we have now to do, not forgetting in our passing the great company of kinsmen, friends, servants and helpers for whom the welcoming doors swung wide. Long, long ago, farther back than these pages extend, one wrote:

'Tis a very good world to live in,
To lend or to spend or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

Perhaps in these modern times we would say the noble Earl author was pessimistic, but on reviewing them carefully, we may incline to believe that 1600 and 1900 are not so very unlike, although the veil of centuries falls between

them. If the days of candlelight and firelight are less interesting than those of the present, the pen is at fault, not the quaint and primitive happenings. Away in the wake of Progress we go, whether we will or not, but in our flight it may not be amiss sometimes to fold wings and alight, "looking backward" for a space. Nevermore shall we or those who come after us go back to those simple early days when our little woodland world was young; but in these pages, through the faithful jottings of a life, caught as precious incense from revered and beloved lips, the endeavor has been to bring their shadows back. Our fathers' natures are our natures; habits, customs, surroundings alone are changed. Ours are the mountains, the fair valley, the encircling hills they rescued from primeval solitude and savage dominion. To them we owe all we have, all we hold dear and enjoy to-day. Love, reverence, honor to their memories!

. . . They drove the plow, they trafficked, builded, delved, they spun and wove, they taught and preached, they hastened up and down each on his little errand, and their eyes were full of eager fire, as if the earth and all its vast concerns were in their hands. HOLLAND, "*Voices from Ye Past.*"

II

Our Forefathers

II

Our Forefathers

ONE of the most interesting characters of early times was the migratory shoemaker, who journeyed from house to house, fitting out footgear for the family. When the fatted calf was killed, or the mighty bovine slain and disposed of, the hides were carried to the tannery. When they came back, the merry shoemaker was sent for, and his kit and himself occupied a corner in the ample farmhouse kitchen, whence the tap, tap of his busy hammer sounded from morn till eve. To the scattered farm homes, often far removed from village centers, his coming was an event, and made the most of as such by young and old. Secure in the possession of skill that guaranteed him a modest life support, sure of a welcome wherever he went, and withal a philosopher, as his compatriots are apt to be from much quiet communing over lap-stones, his amiability was proverbial.

Sometimes, in the goodness of his heart, he would cut out covers for the boys' balls of raveled yarn, and even stitch them, make Baby a leather doll with extended hands and feet, and eyes that fulfilled the desperado's perennial threat to "let the daylight through," and fashion Granny a leather knitting-sheath, warranted to last forever. Ever generous, he gave the small fry a bit of black wax to chew, graciously spread a lump mixed with beeswax and linseed oil on a square of sheepskin for uncle's lame back and auntie's stitch in the side, made sister Polly's and Nancy's calfskins as snug as possible, and was an all-around light-hearted and agreea-

ble personage. As he sat at the chimney lug after his day's work was done, the ruddy light of the fire playing over his features, he did not disdain a little gossip of families where he had lately worked, and so many a wedding was prematurely aired, many a sick one hopelessly doomed ere the grim messenger had begun to sharpen or tip his dart, and skeletons in family closets made to stir their feet in a soft, uncertain manner. But nobody seemed to hold any malice against the jovial disciple of St. Crispin. A pleasant and cheerful auxiliary, he sat modestly aside and let others take the flaff of the fire, while he sought the faraway ear of the chimney and the sappy end of the backlog, and was willing at all times to carry in the wood to feed the hearth as the great fiery heart wasted it. When Cæsar and Chloe came humbly up to be measured at his bench, he received them with a merry quip and smile, and manipulated the great calloused feet as kindly and gently as he did those of the prettiest daughter of the house.

He usually exemplified the adage from time immemorial applied to the shoemaker's wife and children, and his worn footgear were objects of wonder to the little ones.

"Why don't you wear better shoes?" a small maiden asked one of the guild, pegging away at his bench.

"I never have time to make 'em," said he, whisking a waxed-end through deftly.

"And who makes 'em for your little girls and boys?" persisted the small questioner.

"They all go barefoot," replied Crispin, solemnly, and the inquisitive maid was meditative a long time, and as a gray-haired grandmother still told how it puzzled her childish mind that a shoemaker's children should go barefoot.

Shoe thread was spun by housewives and kept for use, and this most inoffensive article was once the innocent means of breaking off a promising match.

The orphan niece of a worthy farmer, not finding her life

too easy with her bustling aunt, engaged herself to an industrious young shoemaker, whose unmarried sister kept his house. The fiancée was invited to tea, and arriving about four one very hot afternoon, found the sister bending over the small linen wheel, spinning shoe-thread.

"Ben is waiting for it, and hot as it is, I have to spin, company or no company," explained the sister.

It set the young bride-elect to thinking deeply, and thereafter there was a discarded lover and the sister remained as housekeeper.

A lady was wont to relate with delight the experience of her first pair of "best shoes." They were made of prunella, a stuff first used for clergymen's gowns. To her unaccustomed eyes they seemed too delicate and beautiful for contact with mother earth. On Sundays she carried the treasured shoes in a package, wore a pair of old ones to the edge of the village, then, stopping at a friend's home, put on the precious prunella buskins and tripped gingerly to church, going through the same exchange on her way back.

All stockings were knit, linen for summer and wool for winter wear, and it was a tradition that no girl should marry until she had a pillowcase full, knitted by her own hands. Some provident and forethoughted maidens were said to have knit their pillowcase full of several sizes.

"Knitting fathoms" was a favorite pastime at evening parties. Six lengths of yarn were measured from the ball by the rustic beau with the longest arms for as many of the bevy of damsels present as wished to enter the contest, and the fun commenced, the struggle being to see who could knit up the six fathoms most quickly. Fast and furious clicked the needles, rosy-red bloomed the cheeks of the excited knitters, and the onlooking best young man secretly hoped for the success of the girl he favored. Loops crept in, knots went unheeded, stitches were dropped, but victory and approval came to the winner. It was said prudent

maidens kept a stocking laid by purposely for fathom contests, while less wise demoiselles spent the following day in ravelling and picking up stitches.

Making the exchange from the warm wool stocking of winter to the cool linen of summer often gave children colds, and one cautious, tender mother used to commence on the tenth of May to cut a small piece of wool out, and sew a piece of linen in, until the little feet were denuded of their winter covering. Who shall say the olden-time mother was not careful?

It is a tradition that the first bride in the village who ever wore a pair of high-heeled white satin slippers became the mother of thirteen children. Present-day maidens might be interested to know a little of how brides were arrayed and wedded in the long, long ago.

One married in 1798 had 150 guests at the ceremony. Six pigs and twelve turkeys were roasted for the feast. Five female slaves waited on the guests, and the merry party danced till four o'clock in the morning. Cider, applejack and peach brandy were on the sideboard. Generous neighbors lent a helping hand in contributing to the feast, and several friendly Dutch ovens in near-by farmhouses assisted in baking three hundred rusk, as many biscuit, and the towering piles of bread and cake. Branches of evergreen, interspersed with sprigs of the same dampened and rolled in flour until snowy white, were used to trim the room. The floor was sanded in "herringbone" pattern. The bride wore a scarlet camlet petticoat and a white dimity shortgown; a string of amber beads encircled her neck. The bracelets on her wrists were of velvet, embroidered with pale blue beads. It is worthy to be recorded that her husband bought a farm a few miles out of town, for which they started to take up their abode in the second year of their wedded life, and while on the way her first son was born in the big farm

wagon, grew to be a useful citizen, and was a lifelong lover and judge of horses.

A later bride wore lilac silk, a high brass comb in her hair, a scarf around her neck of silk floss, strung at intervals with fine glass beads, and ornaments of glass blown in the shape of bunches of grapes with tiny leaves, filled with white wax. This style of "imitation pearl," as it was called, was common to early days and was really very pretty and delicate. This bride wore twelve yards of ruffling, stiffly starched and crimped, on her wedding nightcap, and the first toast drunk to the couple was "Prosperity and posterity."

Still another wore a gown of Canton crape of peach-blossom tint, trimmed with rows of white lute-string ribbon, laid on while the crape was stretched to farthest limit and then allowed to crinkle with it when the tension was relaxed. Pink satin shoes matched the dress, and a wreath of roses in her beautiful dark hair and a scarf of finely embroidered lawn on her fair neck completed this dainty wedding dress. She was wont to tell that when her new father and mother came to make the first visit after they began housekeeping, they brought the callow pair a large tin pan of ginger-snaps, not the wafery specimens of these degenerate days, but great golden brown, toothsome goodies that melted in the mouth with delicious richness; a stately fowl dressed and trussed for the oven, and a mighty loaf of rye bread, whose very shadow would blot out a battalion of modern bakers' epitomes of loaves.

It was a pleasant sight to see husbands and wives riding to church on the same horse, the wife behind on a pillion, from which she was lifted with grave courtesy by her liege lord on arriving at the church door.

It was usual for the elder members to ride in some vehicle in winter, bringing the foot-stove for the easily chilled, aged feet. Slaves sat in the back corners of the churches, near

the door, and their choice Sunday suit was usually a jacket of green baize and trousers of linen ticking, striped.

Shoe-buckles were worn, the finest being made of silver and brass, and some set with rhinestones.

A stuff made of linen and wool, called linseywoolsey, striped and plaided and rivalling the peacock in the brilliancy of its colors, was much worn. An aged lady declared that when she started to church in her first dress of red and green linseywoolsey, with the added glory of green velvet collar and cuffs, no queen in robes and regalia ever felt prouder.

Damsels were very exact in polishing the big brass knocker of the front door. A well-kept knocker was considered "an outward and visible sign" of the housewifely qualities of the marriageable maidens within.

"Why do you not go to see Blowsalinda any more?" asked one rustic beau of another.

"Too much green pizen on the knocker," was Lubberkin's sententious reply.

Picking wool, hetchelling, carding, spinning, reeling and weaving went on vigorously. Every damsel had her chest of blankets and linen for the time of wifehood. Long webs of linen were spread, sprinkled and bleached for days and weeks, and laid away in lavender, lemon-balm and rose leaves. Many housewives kept one pair of sheets, extra long, bleached beyond whiteness and of superfine fineness, for the dead, and a web for making shrouds. In the barn or garret, boards of red cherry were kept seasoning for the last narrow house, and in event of death were carried to the undertaker to be made up. No self-respecting landed proprietor ever allowed himself or family to be laid away in "boughten boards." They must come from the forest monarchs of the home acres. Likewise, cradles were made of cherry and walnut grown on the little newcomer's paternal lands.

Hold up your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze,
Our cradle-bands and coffin boards
Must come from forest trees.

In one family thirty-nine successive babies were rocked in one of these venerable hooded black-walnut cradles, every one of whom grew to man's and woman's estate but one. It was called the "good luck" cradle.

On farms the daughters of the family did the milking. It was esteemed a deep disgrace to be seen in the yard after sunrise or sunset and the marriageable future of a girl so belated in this bucolic employment was deemed sadly marred. The pioneer cotton or calico dress of which we have been able to get any trace in our valley was worn by Miss Martha Wood. It was drab in color, with a pink spot, and cost twelve shillings a yard. It was purchased in Newburgh and paid for in Orange County butter, made by the owner's hands.

The first piece of fine thin muslin ever seen in Warwick was brought there by Mrs. Katy Wood Krafft, of New York City. She made some of it into a cap with multitudinous frills. Many came to see and examine it. It was noised about that it was as inflammable as gunpowder and that in sewing on it she was obliged to sit far from the candles, for should a spark touch it it would go off in combustion so fearful that all the water in the township would be powerless before it. Many freely expressed the opinion that they would never endanger their lives by putting on their heads such a challenge to conflagration.

At evening and prayer meetings each dame brought a candle. The unused ends were given to the very poor. These gatherings for worship were invariably announced from the pulpit on the Sabbath to take place at "early candlelight." Kind neighbors near the churches kept a glowing bed of coals on the ample hearth to replenish the foot stoves requiring fresh fuel.

A discreet boy waited about and made odd pennies, big old-fashioned red ones, during service.

Babies getting restive and weary under the "ninthlies" and "tenthlies" were frequently carried out to a stay-at-home-body's, soothed to sleep and reclaimed after service. Members of the congregation coming from a distance brought luncheon and eating it after the morning service, remained to attend the afternoon and then returned home. Worldly tunes sung to hymns were considered the most awful desecration, and a new-fangled tune once caused a godly brother to wonder that "the roof did not fall on the chorister," blighting himself, tuning-fork and choir forever, so fearful was the unrighteous hilarity of the godless air.

Miss Diademia Austin was a daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Warwick, and her father presented her with the first piano ever seen in the village. It was called a "forte-piano." Rumor stated that the force required to extract the music was so severe that the young lady's fingers became splayed, "hard as drum-sticks" at the tips and greatly disfigured.

"Telling the bees" when the head of the household died was a common custom. One of the female members of the family usually performed this singular office. Arrayed in deepest mourning she went sadly forth, tied a piece of crape on every hive, and tapping softly, said, "Pretty bees, your master is dead, but do not go away."

Starch was all home-made, usually of potatoes. A large tub was filled with thin slices, the contents covered with water and allowed to stand a day and a night. The limp pieces were then lifted out, the water carefully poured off, and the layers of starch on the bottom cut in squares, dried and laid away.

Borrowing fire was the universal practice when, by mischance or mismanagement, the heart of the hearth ceased to glow. The live coals were imbedded in a little hollow of

ashes, carefully covered with the same and conveyed to their destination on a shovel. Housewives who kept fire and seldom borrowed could hold their heads above those who were frequent pensioners in this friendly interchange of benefits, and nothing more expressive need be remarked of a careless one than that she was "always running for fire." Paterfamilias frequently struck it with a flint—an intensely interesting proceeding to the children.

A warning in rhyme used to be repeated for the benefit of all damsels who let the hearth grow chill, and to all swains who sought them:

> Kind youth, that seek'st a loving wife
> To be the comfort of your life,
> Beware of her, however fair,
> Or bright of eye, or smooth of hair,
> Whose fire upon the hearth is out;
> She'll surely prove a gadabout.
> And all the children that you sire
> Be raised to run and borrow fire,
> Or you be called in from your work
> To strike the flint for Mistress Shirk.

Anent this custom one of those meaningless little stories that belong to all ages and climes is told.

An old lady had learned all that was to be known, in her opinion, set her house in order, and lain down to die. "Wherefore should we live," this aged grandam must have soliloquized, "when we cannot learn?" Her last act was, perhaps from mere force of habit, to carefully cover her fire. As she lay waiting for Death's skeleton hand on the latch, a gentle rap on the door disturbed her serene meditations. Quite a different looking hand sought and raised it to enter, and a plump little maid stood revealed, who asked for the loan of a few bits of live coal.

"But you haven't fetched anything to carry it in," said Gammer.

"Oh," replied the child, "my hand will do," and she proceeded to make a nest of cold ashes in her palm, drop a

bright coal therein, top the whole with more ashes, make her little "curchey" for the favor, and run home.

Having learned a lesson from the babe the dame sat up, pulled off her nightcap, sprang from the bed and took up her duties where she had dropped them, convinced that there is always something left to learn.

A lady used to relate that when a child she was sent for fire one afternoon, just before dusk, and returning, saw what she supposed to be a large burned stump in the path. Nearing it with the shovel in her hands, it extended two long paws and loomed up before her—a black bear! Shovel and fire flew, and the little girl sped home, whence father and brothers were summoned and Bruin was dispatched in a hurry.

This lady had, among her wedding paraphernalia, a rare tortoise-shell comb, a Van Dyck collar of rich lace, a pair of white satin shoes, and white silk stockings which were successively worn by fifteen brides and became a species of mascot in the neighborhood of the owner.

The peregrinating tailoress had an individuality of her own, marked and original. Her advent, with the big iron, called a "goose," was looked forward to with deep interest by the young lads of the household whose garments were usually in various stages of dilapidation and repair. The goose was always the unprotesting butt of the stale puns and quips of the family wits, and the bachelor uncle was markedly particular as to the cut, fit and make-up of his suit if the tailoress were young, chatty and well-favored. Like the shoemaker, she brought breezy bits of gossip, delicate tidbits of scandal, light and airy as thistledown, and as her long, sharp scissors cut and clipped, and her bright needle flew through the homespun, gave them evanescent airing.

She was a kindly hearted creature in the main, and while Dicky and Tommy watched with dubious eyes the rapidly

diminishing pieces of blue, sheep's gray and butternut brown as grandfather, father, bachelor uncle and elder brother were fitted out, she always told them, *sotto voce,* that if there was not enough left of the coveted color for them a suit, she would go right up in the night and cut enough off of the elders to fit them out.

A gentleman used to relate, with amusement, that one evening, after carrying to his room his new winter suit, just finished by the tailoress, he was startled to hear a curious rumbling outside of the door, and hastening to open it to seek the cause, found there a lanky shock-headed "bound boy," who had lately become a member of the family, trundling an immense pumpkin.

"Say, mister," he whispered in graveyard tones, "I heard that thar tailor woman down stairs tell Sammy she was a-comin' in your room to-night, after you was asleep, and cut a big hunk outen yer new suit to make him one, an' I thought I'd come tell yeh and bring this here punkin to jam agin yer door to keep her out; fur," he added, in still more horror-struck accents, "she said she'd cut off the tails."

Ensconsed in her work-bag the tailoress kept a bit of salve, which she always brought in case of a burn to her hands in the travels of the goose over the seams, and it was considered an esteemed privilege by the juveniles to get burned on the goose and have an application of the tailoress' own particular salve, and then be told by pitying Grandma that she "knew a goose would bite, but never knew they would burn."

Every now and then a horror in the minds of isolated families equal to the massacres of history would occur. The sheep would be slaughtered by dogs. The chronicler well remembers seeing twenty-one brought in dead one morning, mangled in the most fearful manner, every pretty lamb a sight to make sluices of all the young eyes in the house. Sometimes a sheep was kept for running the churning-

machine, usually a pet, fatter and slower than the rest of the flock, and came in for an extra amount of worrying. The loss of this household favorite was an added calamity, and when the word went out that Daisy, Snowball, Whity, or whatever this one might be called, was the sorriest sight of all, the sobbing of the youthful tribe was turned into wailings and lamentations unutterable.

"Apple-bees" were an annual autumn frolic and looked forward to with much pleasure. A small urchin, astride a family horse, generally gave out the verbal invitations to the merrymaking, and on the appointed evening all gathered at the specified place where the kitchen was temporarily transformed into a huge apple-bin, and the tables groaned with tins, pans, trays, etc. After all were pared, cored and sliced, some for preserving, some for drying, and a goodly quantity for cider "apple-sass"; when every pretty young head had been encircled by an unbroken peeling, swung gently three times around, to see what letter it would form when cast down, the debris was removed, the floor cleared, and a comfortable supper and dance followed. It was said that Cupid put in much fine work at these homespun gatherings, and when a couple had a bevy of daughters who lingered long by the hearthstone, knowing ones "reckoned they had better make a few apple-bees."

"Trying the fortune," by sticking appleseeds on the upper eyelid, was a favorite pastime at apple-bees. Each seed was named for a rustic beau, and the Appleseed John hanging to this precipitous site longest was destined to win the fair. Sometimes, too, three or four persistently clung, when the damsel was thought to be fated to successive wifehoods and widowhoods. A mirth-provoking sight was a bevy of pretty girls busily paring apples, and scarcely daring to move the head lest the favorite suitor be dislodged and leave the field to a rival who verified the old couplet:

If you want her, don't let her go,
Stick and you'll get her, whether or no.

A pathetic little tale of struggle and disappointment used to be related by a skillful needlewoman who long assisted the housewives of Warwick in which the fleece of the poor slain sheep had the leading part. Left an orphan at fifteen, with a sister of thirteen and little brother of six, she began the struggle of providing for them with her own industrious hands, spinning, sewing and making herself useful in such wise, while Betsy cared for the small brother at home. The dearest wish of little Jake's heart was that he might have a suit of blue clothes with brass buttons, but strive as she could, his loving sister could not get the cloth. One day, while working at a farmhouse near town, some sheep were killed by dogs, and she was given the fleece. Shearing the wool herself, she carded, spun and wove it at a friendly loom, and dyed it the desired blue. It was carefully pressed and laid away in a drawer of the cupboard, until such time as they could afford to call in the village tailoress, with her big shears and goose to assist in fashioning the wonderful suit.

While Nancy was away a few days after, Betsy, righting the big old cupboard, opened the drawer to look at the cloth.

"Phew," she cried with small nose elevated, "it smells 'sheepy'; I don't believe Nancy got all the grease out of the wool"; and with that she built a fire, hung the big brass kettle on the crane, putting in a goodly quantity of lye from the great leach-tub by the door, filled it up, threw in the cloth, and set it to boil. It bubbled away merrily, and after a while the poor little maid, going to give it a good stirring, and turn it over in the huge kettle, put in her stick—to find nothing there! Alas! the biting lye had entirely eaten up the soft, fine wool.

The elder sister used frequently to relate the story and express her vexation, and the lamentations of young Jacob

may be imagined. Adjusting her cap, as she finished the story, she never failed to add:

"Oh, I could 'a' killed Bets."

Of all the merrymakings of olden days the "husking frolic" was perhaps the gayest. The farmer invited his friends and neighbors, who husked all day, and in the evening the barn was swept and garnished, and heaped-up baskets of corn were brought in. Soon the girls of the neighborhood joined the huskers and took part in the work. The corn was thrown out in an immense heap in the middle of the barn-floor, and every swain chose a fair to sit by his side and husk with him. Whenever a red ear was found a kiss was claimed, amidst much laughter on the part of the company, and protesting and battling of the partner. There was strong suspicion that all the red ears found during the day were laid carefully aside to do duty for the evening, and there was always much wonder expressed at the amount of red ears "this year." After all were finished the merry strains of the fiddle began, and blithe was the dancing on the old barn-floor, gay was the supper, and sweet the two-by-two strolls homeward after all was over, through the delicious light of the full moon.

The husking bee in the old red barn,
With its mossy sides and sloping eaves,
The mows of hay that reached the roof,
The buckwheat brown and the golden sheaves.

The husking bee in the old red barn,
When the corn was ripe and the moon was full,
For rosy lass and willing youth,
What joy together the husks to pull.

For each red ear a kiss is claimed,
But they came not cheap in that merry throng,
For a redder ear has the ardent swain
Who fought for his guerdon stout and long.

In the old red barn, at the rollicking bee,
'Mid laugh, and shout, and frolic, and jest,
Oh, never warrior had harder strife—
To win he must need put forth his best.

But the dance is done on the old barn-floor,
A maid and youth climb the orchard stile,
He is "seeing her home"; as he lifts her down,
Her bright eyes soften, her ripe lips smile.

Is this the lass who struggled and fought
Against the kiss of that eager boy,
Till the corn-husks flew, and the rafters rang
With screams of mirth at her protest coy?

Is this the lad with the punished ear,
That rivalled the reddest in the maize,
With the touch on his of those honey lips,
That cling as though they would stay there days?

To the whispered words the nestling birds
Twitter a sleepy murmur low,
And the ruddy ear bends down to hear
Her soft "I'm sorry I hurt you so."

The masculine portion of the community was wont to rejoice greatly when a "raising" was on the tapis. It meant roast pig, a mighty potpie, with Chanticleer and Dame Partlett snuggling in dismembered savoriness through it, and pies and doughnuts, and all good things in such lavish abundance that no feast was deemed equal to a "raising" supper, and one small boy was once heard to exclaim, fervently and puffily, from the depths of his bursting jacket, "I wish we could have a new barn every day, I do."

The "haying frolic" was also a hilarious time of hard work and much fun. It always wound up with milk-punch, in such generous floods that the land seemed to flow with that soothing cordial for tired muscles.

Of all the bees of ancient days the one that sends back through the year the most fragrant memory is that of the wood gathering for the widows. Of these lonely and bereft ones each hamlet possessed full quota. They did not dwell in affluence, poor souls, not many of them, and when Old Boreas came down from the "North Countrie" and sleighing was good, kind neighbors hauled out the wood-sleds, made long the stakes that held the loads up at the sides, and those who owned wood-lots in mountain and valley gave good

measure to the widows. These were hauled by the busy "bees" and deposited at each humble door, and many a frugal heart was made to sing for joy as it felt the hearthstone glow through the bitter winter with the generous gift.

On one occasion an aged citizen gave a $5 gold piece with every load. Another, a kindly miller, each fall gave a bag of wheaten flour and a bag of meal to every widow in the vicinity. This custom was continued up to the time of his death.

One landed proprietor was wont, as he sat before his blazing hearth, to muse on the prospects of his descendants for fuel and grieve for fear the wood might be exhausted and future want exist. Sometimes the good old man, although owning broad acres of timber, would remove an extra brand, saying, "We must be very careful; I don't know what our children will do for wood, it's going so fast."

The provident settlers had never heard of coal, electricity and other substitutes for the back-log and fore-stick and all that glowed in their embrace.

Among the most unique of these helpful neighborly gatherings was the "boonder frolic." Milk and cream were kept in shallow keeler tubs. These required a vast amount of scrubbing to keep them clean and sweet, and were frequently scalded with boiling whey and hay tea. The modern brush was unknown, so sticks of white ash were cut and sawed into proper lengths, friends and neighbors gathered, each bringing a knife and the tough, supple wood was shaved up three-fourths of its length and turned back into a brush, very useful and lasting. No dancing or supper was allowed until each had completed one. When all was done, the evening's merrymaking commenced.

The beau who finished the first boonder was entitled to as many kisses from the assembled gathering of pretty girls as he could steal. It is said his head sometimes developed bumps unknown to Gall and Spurzheim, inflicted by the

handy boonders in defence of cheeks and lips, and that frequently a black eye was added.

A gentleman, whose home was at the foot of the mountain, saw sixty of these brushes turned out in one night at a "bee."

A hank of boonder cord was spun of tow each year in many families. On the mountain-side tenants resided, who gave to the owners of the land "board-load," after the old English custom; that is, the timber each tenant made agreement to carry yearly to the owner. Among this quantity was usually specified so much for keeler tubs, boonders, fagots, oven-wood and ax handles, each of proper variety for its use. Loads of firewood were also comprehended in this "board-load."

Very large flocks of geese were kept by many farmers, and the feather bees were the only ones from which the masculine element were excluded. They seem to have been the first hen parties of early days.

When Goodman Jones, Smith or Brown found the borders of pond and meadow lands blossoming with feathers dropped from the overweighted birds, they were pronounced fit for picking. Large flocks were kept, usually numbering from ten to sixty, and as it was impossible for the owners to denude so many of their downy raiment, neighboring wives and daughters were invited to help. Each brought a linen pillow slip to cover the head and protect the hair from the flying down, and a long woolen stocking to draw over the heads of refractory and protesting geese and ganders to keep them from squawking and biting during the picking process. A paddle was also kept to spank the too unruly ones and it was said to be most effectual,—a thorough good spanking cooling down and rendering submissive the most clamorous matron goose and the most lordly and belligerent of the ancient ganders. It was a standing joke at feather bees to call on the mother of many olive branches to come from one to

another and paddle an unruly goose or gander, as she "had her hand in."

It was considered a sad breach of etiquette for the maker of the bee to appear at all solicitous or anxious about the feathers carelessly dropped or blown about and expressive of penuriousness in a matron it would sometimes be said, "Why, she would chase a feather half a mile."

The youngest girl at the gathering who plucked the most geese was entitled to enough down to sew herself a down tippet for her fair neck.

An aged farmer declared that the large flocks kept were most destructive to farms, and that though the wives and daughters pleaded for them, both for the pocket money and the nice pillows and beds, such was the destruction of lawns and pasture lands, hay crops and watering places by these birds, that they were at length utterly banished from almost every estate.

The advent of young claimants for name and place in the family circle was usually an occasion of hilarity and rejoicing. Baby was up for general inspection and comment to numerous callers from its first day. Mother and child were not zealously guarded as now by an Argus-eyed nurse from sight and sound. Very frequently they were subjected to hurtful company and mirth. One young mother was once nearly killed by a bevy of the youthful father's bachelor friends, who called and threw her into fits of hysterical laughter with their pranks and jokes, until she barely escaped utter prostration. Babies, old and young, were carried to church and it was no uncommon sight to see a dozen or more distressed mammas dandling uneasy infants through an entire service.

It is told of a resident of honor and repute that, a precocious three-year-old, in his mother's arms in church one Sabbath, he espied a dog greatly resembling a pet one of his own at home trotting placidly up the aisle. Rev. Zelotus

Grennell was the officiating clergyman and a warm friend of the family. Clapping his hands in high glee, he cried out shrilly, "Sick 'im, Pike; sick Mr. Gren, I say, and bite his nose off," causing that worthy divine to suddenly pause in his sermon, a grave deacon near to clasp his sides, and hold them firmly to keep them from undue expansion, and the younger members of the congregation to giggle audibly.

During the War of 1812 there was not a dish to be purchased in Warwick village, and many good housewives found their meager supply running low or entirely gone. Not even the common delft, with its oddly grotesque buff and indigo-hued figures, could be procured. A bed of blue clay was opened on a farm in the suburbs and tableware made therefrom. One good wife was quite an adept in moulding and firing these home-made substitutes for dishes and not only shaped and baked them for herself, but for neighbors and the village folk, assisting one bride to an outfit of this impromptu table furnishing who was so heroic as to wed and set up housekeeping in the straitened war times. She was accustomed to relate that she at last broke her teapot, and tried days to make one, but could never fashion handle and spout securely.

Frequently little boys dug clay from this bed and moulded marbles, snakes and rude symbols therefrom, and besought mother to hurry the baking from the big brick oven in the chimney corner that they might tumble in their clay handiwork.

When the thrilling play of "Injun" filled all space with whoops and wild alarm, the war-paint was invariably this blue clay mixed with water. When alternated with stripes and markings of yellow clay, also found in abundance, the youthful savages on the war-path were sufficiently diabolical in appearance to strike thrills of terror into the hearts of the little girl-mothers, shielding herds of children in forts and block-houses formed of porches, empty rain hogsheads,

smokehouses and wood-piles. This yellow clay is of coarser grain than the blue, and was not used for moulding. In preparing the blue for dish-making, it was softened with linseed oil, and given, just before baking, numerous brushings with boiling sweet milk.

Thorns were the only resource for hairpins our grandmothers knew, and the sharpest, smoothest and finest were gathered at a certain stage and preserved for use.

The legions of complexion restorers were unknown in early days, though the fair were not utterly unmindful of the beautifying arts. The suet of lambs was simmered with scarlet, honey-filled blossoms of the red balm, making a simple, soothing lip salve. The blood beet formed an innocent rouge for pale lips and cheeks, and face powder was bolted from the home-made starch. The pomatum softening and making lustrous the smoothly worn bands and braids of hair was invariably of beef's marrow, perfumed with bergamot from the garden beds. Tansy, infused in buttermilk, was the favorite cosmetic for tan and freckles. When, in the spring, the family lard-tub gave out, there was found in the bottom a small quantity of fine lard oil. Rose leaves were simmered in this and it was used as an unguent for the face. An aged lady of Brooklyn declares her own grandmother used to carefully gather this fine oil from the lard-tub, mix it with rosewater and use it as a wrinkle banisher. This custom evidently came from the country cousin.

Sports and pastimes now wholly unknown brought together crowds in days of old. The butting contests of negroes was one. A gentleman who well remembered these said he had attended them on the borders of what was then called Wickham's Pond. Many of the participators were ex-slaves of old families. These would congregate and butt each other with force and fury wonderful to behold, like veritable human battering rams, tumbling and rolling in the soil after the collision with shouts and guffaws of wild, hila-

rious laughter, white teeth gleaming, wool standing out like a bushman's and perspiration streaming down the shining black faces. The hardest head knocked out all the rest, and was the champion of the bout. This uncouth sport drew numbers of the citizens of the village and vicinity.

A decidedly unique amusement often occupied winter evenings, particularly at the country inns. Rye bread was moulded into a ball with from three to five prongs by some housewife's hands. Many landladies became adepts in making these, and they were dubbed "dough babies." The boys and men hurled these against the wall, endeavoring to break off one or more of the prongs. So compactly and cunningly were they moulded that this was almost an impossibility.

One of these contests once took place in a hotel at Bellvale. About a dozen men were taking part in it, when a teamster drove in the yard and stopped for the night. On entering he was, for a time, a silent witness of the trials at throwing the dough balls. At length he offered to take part, and becoming excited after several unsuccessful efforts finally bet quite heavily that he could "break a leg off the dough baby." He hurled it, and one fell. It was picked up, and the marks of thumb and finger nails plainly showed a reason for the break. So great was the indignation of the party that the host could not prevent his guests from summarily ejecting the culprit and ducking him into the cooling waters of the creek. These bouts seemed peculiarly exciting, for one at the old Stone Hotel, in Warwick, once ended in a free fight, bloody noses and cracked heads.

Pitching quoits was a favorite village pastime. A spot long used for this game was in front of the Ward Hotel. There it was played at one time almost incessantly.

A bustling and thrifty housewife of the town, with a spouse much in love with the sport, requested him to dig a lettuce bed one balmy spring morning. Looking out, after a while, she espied the shovel bolt upright in the earth, and

the hand that should have held it gone; it was easy to conjecture where. In a moment she too had disappeared and the recreant was led from the alluring quoit ground, and was shortly thereafter observed digging away for dear life in the lettuce bed, with one very warm-hued ear.

Fencing was common, and much practised, the old Stone Hotel being the scene of frequent contests with sword and foil, and many young men evinced much skill in this art.

Pigeons were very plentiful in the early days of the town. Sometimes the air seemed almost darkened with the immense flocks of these birds. A farmer living near the village one morning bagged ninety-six in a short time in the woods. They had settled so thickly on the trees and bushes that he clubbed many down, wrung the necks of some, and every shot brought down numbers. Savory potpies, stews, broils and genuine pigeon-pies, in which the birds predominated over the crust, were plentiful in the humblest homes.

A little four-year-old on hearing the wails of a newly arrived brother inquired anxiously what was the matter of the stranger.

"I guess he must be hungry," ventured grandma.

"Then why don't you give him some pigeon with 'thoup' on it," she cried, in a burst of prodigality; "our cellar is full of 'em."

Gleaning the fields, that most ancient custom, was not unknown to our valley and a lady loved to tell how, having been given permission to glean wheat, she once gathered enough to buy her a dress with the proceeds. This aged Ruth delighted to narrate with what care she selected the finest and heaviest heads from the stubbly field, and neatly laid stalk by stalk, until sheaves as large as she could manage were gathered and borne home in triumph at night. Well and hardly earned, we should say, was this new gown.

It was a very common sight to see young ladies going through the streets carrying small linen wheels in their arms

to a "spinning frolic." The disappearance of fields of flax, with its exquisite blue flower, from our landscape is much to be regretted.

The annual soap-making was an event of deep interest in the family circle, and when it would not "make," or come, in household parlance, heavy was the woe of the housewife.

No doubt many a head now gray will recall the cheese-making, that time delectable to childhood. The warm, fragrant milk poured into the tubs where it slowly solidified in snowy whiteness, the cutting and breaking of the masses of curds for the huge creaking press, and the delicious squares doled out on the way to the old screw where it was moulded were episodes to remain long in memory.

Painful were the lives of those of artistic tastes. Not one avenue for the exercising of these tendencies opened to them. One lady, with an inborn love of art, painted all her pictures with colors expressed from field and garden flowers. Another made a landscape, quite a creditable picture, entirely formed of the scrapings of linen and wool. The effect was soft and mossy, and really very pretty, splotches of red and brown giving an effective autumnal tint to the foliage and foreground.

The kitchen hearth was the shrine upon which were often immolated the complexions of mistress and maids. Here the meals were prepared, with an infinity of detail now almost unknown, and here, in a huge kettle depending from the crane, swung out for the monotonous duty, with eyes and brow searing in the glowing heat, the bound or slave-girl washed the dishes.

In a home near the village a unique dish-kettle was in use for many years. The master of the house, enjoined by his spouse to replace the one lately broken, brought her, in a spirit of fun, an Indian mortar which he found in the woods. Given a place by the hearthstone the family delft and china were cleansed in it for years. Later it did duty by the an-

cient well-curb as catch-basin for overfull pail drippings, as a stopping-place for thirsty wild-birds, and anchorage for many fleets of walnut and acorn boats. The dark-browed Indian wife crouched above it, pounding the yellow maize for her saturnine lord and little ones, probably never dreamed that her primitive kitchen utensil would serve also in the wigwam of the paleface conqueror.

A comical bit from the curriculum of early school days used to be related by a venerable lady who participated in the exercise. Saturday was never a holiday, and on that afternoon each week all small maidens over ten were required to come with an extra clean pinafore and hair of unrumpled smoothness to be instructed in "The Whole Duty of Woman." Each girl took her place in line, small calfskins rigidly toeing a crack in the floor, and with hands meekly folded listened while the master read from Holy Writ such selections as conduce to duty and obedience in God-fearing women. Then the little damsels repeated these and kindred lines until committed to memory:

Ye daughters of the land attend
To what I say and comprehend.

The Lord, who doeth all things well,
Hath put you here, as He doth tell,

For one set purpose, clear and true,
And see that His commands you do.

Be a good daughter, mother, wife,
Strict in your house your mortal life.

Learn to preserve, to cure, to bake,
And fill the larder for man's sake;

So will he comfort find in home
And never from his doorstone roam.

Then when in death you close your eyes,
In the blest hope some day to rise,

Remember this will crown your life,
A daughter, mother, friend, and wife;

Ever homekeeping, busy, true,
Your stone can say no more of you.

The subjoined was a favorite poem frequently read by the teacher to the row of little maids, and who shall say it does not contain pure nuggets of sound counsel?

Detest disguise, remember 'tis your part
By gentle fondness to retain the heart.
Let duty, prudence, virtue take the lead
To fix your choice and from it ne'er recede;
Abhor coquetry, spurn the shallow fool
Who measures out stale compliments by rule,
And without meaning, like the chattering jay,
Repeats the same dull strain from day to day.
Are men of sense attracted by your face,
Your well-turned figure, or their compound grace,
Be mild and equal, moderately gay,
Your judgment, rather than your wit, display;
By aiming at good breeding, strive to please,
'Tis nothing more than regulated ease.
Does one dear youth among a worthy train
The best affections of your heart obtain,
And is he reckoned worthy of your choice,
Is your opinion with the general voice?
Confess it then, nor from him seek to hide
What's known to every person else beside;
Attach him to you in a generous mind,
A lively gratitude expect to find,
Receive his vows, and by a kind return
Affection's blaze will e'er the brighter burn.
Disdain duplicity, from pride be free,
What every woman should you then will be.

This was a selected poem by an old author, and did service in "The Whole Duty of Woman" with admirable effect. The time-stained copy from which this is transcribed is 94 years old. Daughters of to-day may marvel that all the teaching of that day was for forming the minds of wives, but, my dears, the bachelor girl had not then been heard of.

The little girl who participated in this unique instruction, and told it, a venerable raconteur, never ventured her barque on the sea of matrimony. She lived until her years numbered eighty-three, and ever recalled the snickers, grins and complacent glances of the "big boys" as the candidates for knowledge on "The Whole Duty of Woman" stood up with military precision and were taught therein.

Man held almost exclusive dominion in the schoolroom in early times, but one little woman—for she was very small, indeed—has left a memory there which should be enshrined in all loyal hearts. She was a faithful teacher, a patriot of the truest type and a wife—well! such a wife as man may search long for and find but seldom. She loved, honored and devotedly cared for as poor a specimen of a bread-winner as need fall to woman's lot, but he was canonized in her eyes, as you shall see.

Jamsie Strader went to the war, the old conflict of 1812, and though never brave nor given to conscientious performance of duty in any every-day walk of life, there covered himself with glory. This man, naturally timid, ever shiftless, did, in three consecutive battles, fight like a very belted knight, was severely wounded in the fourth, and sent home, where, suffering from chronic stiffness and lameness, he was retired, given a pension, and nevermore lifted a finger in work throughout his mortal life. But little Rhoda Strader sat store by her incongruous lord, and thought only of the heroism of her warrior, for true patriotism swallows up every other earthly consideration in a loyal heart, and this is as it should be. Her Jamsie had fought for his country, shed his blood, and nearly died; been made a corporal for bravery, and it was enough for this noble, liberty loving soul —she asked no more. Why should her Joshua not rest in peace at his own fireside now? Wars were over, he had fought bravely and well, and song and story all declared it should be thus.

Rhoda always averred that no more timid man than Jamsie ever breathed. When Kissy, the spirited little family mare, ran away and nearly dumped them off the bridge in the brook, she said Jamsie's very ears took on a ghostly pallor, and that they were only saved by her grasping the lines and "sawing" Kissy into obedience. She often said he would demur at taking a hen off the nest if she were a known

"picker," but when he went to war—here her eyes would kindle—"he fought like a wildcat every battle, pressed on to the thickest of the fray, and never flinched until he was shot down and carried to the rear streaming with blood and shouting for 'one more chance at 'em.'" That a man naturally so fearsome should have broken out into such valor was an enigma her mind failed to solve, but she glorified him for it, and he drew his pension and took his rest after "battles past," while Rhoda taught and sewed and eked out their slender living with untiring patience and industry.

The patriotic fervor of this little woman, whose heart, to fall into hyperbole, was about three times as big as her body, words are poor to express. Rhoda Strader had a gift. She could illustrate quite graphically. The old wooden blackboard in her schoolroom frequently bore evidence of her talent, and she loved, after lessons were over, to picture thereon stirring scenes of battle, of triumph and defeat. Rest assured the brave American forces were always rampant, the foe wounded, fleeing or stark and stiff in seas of gritty white chalk gore. Would that Dame Rhoda could have had a box of the many-colored crayons of our day. How she would have delineated ensanguined conflicts and brought out her red and blue forces! Still, with native talent and a bit of chalk to set the teeth on edge, her work shone grandly in silver-headed veterans, in General Washington's white war-horse in snowy plumes and gauntlets, and the icy wastes of Valley Forge. It must have been a poor fancy that could not imagine all the colors wanted when Redcoats fell before the Blue, and life-blood stained the sod while Rhoda told the "oft-told tale."

The Fourth of July was a great day for the rural school. Then, indeed, did this tiny patriot fairly bubble and boil over with quenchless enthusiasm and loyal fervor. She would marshal her boys on the green stretch of worn grass in front of the schoolhouse, and spend the day in a genuine

celebration. Joyfully she sang with them such soul-thrilling songs as these, in which she had trained them well:

All hail this festal day
Let every heart be stirred,
When Freedom, with a clarion voice,
Sent forth the joyful word;
And British minions left the soil
To conquering freemen's honest toil

Death to the tyrant,
Wherever he be,
Who would set his base heel
On the land of the free—

and other martial melodies; had them speak "pieces," bristling with rancor against foreign invaders, go through sham battles, march; in fact, the day was made an ovation to the wooden American eagle with a green tail over the schoolroom door. In the battle exercise Dame Rhoda displayed that true womanly trait which ever seeks to make the best of circumstances. For the coming fray she always selected the strongest and heartiest boys for the American force, while the timorous and weak ones were relegated to the British side. When the battle opened the Redcoats were in the twinkling of an eye routed horse and foot, were even known to flee in wild disorder, their generals and captains panic-stricken, while the valorous Yankee troops held the field and jeered and hooted the retreating horde. After the exercises were duly finished, the conflict over and victory perched on our banners, Dame Rhoda had the wounded cared for, the fleeing returned, order restored and wound up with a speech, exhorting them with fervid earnestness to love their country, prize its liberties, hold fast to the Declaration of Independence, and shed the last drop of their blood in defence of its great principles. With tears in her bright eyes she would recount over and again how the colonists marched shoeless and with bleeding feet, hungry and scantily clothed, with never a word of complaint, ready

through all their suffering to spring to the call of duty, and exhort and inspire her boys to ever do the same in defence of liberty.

As has been told, Dame Rhoda's husband, made a corporal for bravery and devotion to duty, and retired on a pension, had rested on his laurels, and was but little heard of in their small world. But on this great day Corporal Jamsie came to the front as he did in the time of conflict, and was to the fore, and a man of note. Donning his "sojer clothes," he fired his treasured musket a great many times, led the march—in which his limp brought the crimson of pride to Rhoda's cheeks—sang lustily, and also harangued the boys to loyalty and the girls to give their hearts to a soldier, the only man worth a woman's love and pride. Oh, how Rhoda's eyes sparkled when Jamsie said this! How it found an echo in her loyal, loving heart! Then the day would end with a bag of seed-cakes, a glass of metheglin, and a long four-stranded braided stick of molasses candy for each pupil. How her face shone as she saw her hero come out strong on this glorious occasion! It was the only one in which Jamsie was known to come out at all, but it was sufficient. That fond, patriotic heart was content. The incidents of this sketch of Rhoda's life were given by one of her own pupils, who lived to a great age, and who never ceased to recall with amusement and pride her loyal little teacher.

"The days of long ago!"—the poet's, the historian's, the antiquarian's theme! Will these in which we live transmit to our descendants such cherished memories? Fold by fold falls the veil of years, hiding darkly and still more densely all that marked them. Year by year the withered lips are sealed that could tell so much, and in closing these pages, let the wish be expressed that all coming in contact with these precious old friends will gather and garner every priceless reminiscence—for they may not hear them again.

III

Wooings and Weddings of Ye Olden Time

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WAS there any romance in the days of tallow-dips, petticoats and short-gowns, sanded floors and sparsely settled hamlets? If any doubt it, let them read this sincerely faithful record of hearts now dust that lived, beat and loved, as the great muscular viscus has had a habit of doing through the ages, and, it is confidently asserted, will keep right on doing, for when did not the "sons of God see the daughters of men that they were fair?"

Now, once upon a time, two snug farms spread their green lengths over the countryside, some miles apart, and on one dwelt a widow with an only son and on the other a widower and only daughter. The young folk met at apple-bees, at quiltings, at dances and merrymakings, and it fell out that soon one of the widow's best horses was every Sunday night to be seen wending its way toward the widower's home, where, before the front gate, it rubbed its nose against the tie-post, pawed and fretted, and looked vainly for feet that were very slow in coming. History, which is not the less to be trusted because it is handed down through truthful, honest lips, declares that this went on for four years, and these lovers were no nearer the consummation of their hopes than at the beginning.

For how could the widow do without that only son? Are they not the apples of their mothers' eyes when they are good and wholesome fruit? And what could that lone

widower do without that dear child, who kept his home, carded, spun and wove, knitted his comfortable stockings, made the small wheel whir as she spun the family linen, and when it was all done, was, no doubt, a pretty picture as she flew in and out, sprinkling the web that whitened on the bleach-yard grass?

As it is a vexatious thing to have no name for a hero and heroine, we will call these two John and Huldah, which was not their names at all; indeed, so charming was their story that this chronicler was minded to give them in full, but a cautious friend whispers, "Maybe their descendants" (who still dwell in great peace, plenty and honor in their native valley) "might not like it," and if there is aught on this earth a stumbling-block in the way of a little gossip over love and romance, it is a pestiferously prudent and cautious friend. Like it, indeed ! ! They should be proud of it and keep their pretty story framed in the best room in all their homes.

The fourth winter crept on. Cold were the nights and deep the snow, still patient Dobbin went the old accustomed journey every Sunday eve, and still the wedding problem was worse of solution to these fond lovers than the Differential Calculus, of which abhorrent thing they had never heard. One bitter night John stayed late, very, *very* late, in fact, and was thoroughly scolded by his mother next morning, who wound up by declaring, just as mothers do now, that "Really, it is a shame to keep a poor girl up so," seemingly oblivious to the fact that they once made no protest against a like infliction. But, dear, kind souls! they are always more tender of their children than of themselves, and particularly anxious over their daughters-to-be.

John did not wait for Sunday night nor the cover of darkness for his next call. He stopped on his way to the village the very coming Tuesday? When he left, there were tears and fire in Huldah's brown eyes. They *were* brown, and so

are some of her I-don't-know-how-many-greats-granddaughters' to-day, brown, and bright, and sometimes fiery, too. That wintry night the one cow not dry was milked, the hen-house carefully stopped up to keep the inmates' combs from freezing, pigs fed and chores done, and Huldah had supper ready, and as white and light a shortcake baking in the tin oven (the old Dutch oven before the fire) as her plump brown hands ever kneaded. Now, if paterfamilias had one pet weakness, it was for a nice hot shortcake, and here, I am glad I have concealed Huldah's true name from her descendants, forsooth to say, with the making of that shortcake—which was eaten with raspberry jam—Huldah set out on an awful course of intrigue and cunning that should have made every mother's son and daughter born of her a diplomat, only none of them ever were. To show further her "dexterity and skill in securing advantages," which is Webster for diplomacy, this artful girl had a pitcher of cider flip all ready when the good father entered, and divesting himself of his outer garments, proceeded to comfort his inner man. The room was bright with sparkling fire and tallow candles, Huldah charming in a self-woven flannel dress, dyed a lovely butternut brown by her own deft hands, and as the sole head of the little home drew up his easy chair before the fire and watched the snow thaw from his boots before the ruddy blaze, it is not to be doubted that he felt very thankful that when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, daughters were born unto them. Then Huldah, in whose once guileless heart a design deep and momentous was now darkly brewing, once more inserted the poker in the flip till it hissed, and pouring out a bowlful said: "You were so long in stopping up the hen-house to-night, father, I thought I'd have this ready for you," and while he sipped, she placed the shortcake and fragrant hot tea on the board, and they ate, drank and were merry, as a kind father and a loving daughter should be. And while that delicious shortcake was disap-

pearing, she said in the most offhand and innocent way, "Father, John's mother is going to have a little company Saturday, and she wants you and me to come." It is not known whether the expletive "Bosh!" was used in those primitive times (that miserable monosyllable that has crushed the hopes of femininity so ruthlessly in these latter days), but Huldah told her children, and they told theirs right on down until it came straight to me, that, in spite of the flip and shortcake, that ungrateful father said he wouldn't "go one step"; that he didn't "know the widder overly and didn't want to."

Oh! the perversity, ingratitude and obstinacy of man's insensate heart. Had not lovely women been given, by an all-merciful Providence, just such powers of cajoling, pleading, winning, as Huldah exercised that night, well, there would never have been this story to write, that's all. Certain it is that the supper dishes stood unwashed and the grandfather's clock in the corner pointed to nine before Huldah won her way, and that obdurate father's consent to go to the widow's. But, let it be a crown of glory to her memory, she *did* win, and they went.

It was a good old-fashioned dinner, with roast chicken and pumpkin and mince pies, we are sure, but that these were in the actual bill of fare is not known. What follows is: When the dinner was done, all gathered in the snug front room about the bright brass andirons that held the crackling fire. Huldah and her father were the only guests. In war, in love, in family matters, deep and intricate, decisive action is ever found to be the most effectual. And so pretty Huldah, putting her hand in John's, said, "Father, John and I have decided to get married," and John, holding fast to that faithful little hand, echoed, "Yes, mother, that's so."

"But you can't, you shan't; not now. What shall we do?" cried mother and father in a breath, feeling that the universe was shaking around them in this cataclysm. "We have

no objection, only we can't live *alone* in our lonesome homes," they wailed in chorus.

"Nor need you, father," said this wise and managing daughter. "We have it all arranged. You take mother home with *you,* and I'll come here with *John,* and we will all be just as snug as can be."

And before the spring thaws swelled the streams there were two weddings, the widow and Huldah exchanged homes, and it is believed that not one of the family was so rejoiced over this turn in affairs as Dobbin, who no doubt indulged in a quiet horse-laugh of intense delight when he found his melancholy vigils at the widower's tie-post were forever ended. The dual unions proved most happy, and were felicitous in the extreme for the numerous grandchildren, who emulated the example set them by their worthy parents, and wedded happily just as fast as they grew up, and all have shown a particular aversion to long courtships. We cannot forbear, in ending this little record of an old-time wooing, to finish their modest history with these truly appropriate words:

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
Their hopes in Heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
These two the world's rough pathway trod.

Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,
Still hand in hand they journeyed on;
Kind souls, they slumber now together.

One very dull and rainy autumn evening early in the last century, just as the settled gloom of night closed in, there came a rap at the door of the Rev. Thomas Montanye, who resided in an old stone house on the edge of the village. A trim town maiden, who had been assisting in the family, opened the door, and found there a worthy colporteur from the Literary Rooms of Eastburn, Kirk & Co., Wall and Nassau streets, New York, who was straightway made welcome,

dried, warmed and fed, and given a seat by the hospitable fireside. Finally the family retired, leaving the guest still at the chimney lug and the damsel on household cares intent, preparatory to closing for the night. The worthy clergyman was sweetly sleeping the sleep of the just when, in timid and anxious tones, the voice of his handmaiden roused him from slumber, and he was informed that somebody wished to see him. Thinking it was some poor soul seeking spiritual consolation, or some messenger from a bed of death in pursuit of his ministrations, he hastily rose, dressed, went forth, and was confronted by his guest. Taking the maiden by the hand, he informed the host that it was their wish and intention to be married on the spot. After carefully examining into his references, it was found that the would-be groom seemed worthy and of good report, the damsel willing and ready, and the ceremony was then and there performed.

This was the shortest wooing that the history of Warwick hands down, having lasted from about nine until one o'clock. The mind dwells with pleasing reflections on this speedy courtship. No time for those awful shoals and quicksands, lovers' quarrels, no "partings, such as press the life from out young hearts," no weary fashioning of wedding garments, nor anxious planning of divers cakes, nor backbreaking garnishing of company rooms. This precipitate pair dwelt in love and great peace until death did them part, but left no descendants in the town, and a stranger hand records their hasty wooing and its almost forgotten romance.

Among the graves in the old village churchyard was a lonely mound, over which no stone, however humble, was ever set, and when the relics of its silent tenants were gathered together and placed in the beautiful new cemetery, if aught remained in that unmarked tomb, it was deposited among the unidentified dead. She, whose dust reposed there, was once a brown-haired, merry girl, of unusual grace and charm, belonging to an old race now extinct in the valley.

Two daughters were born to this family, and the younger is the subject of this sketch. The elder sister was a severe and gloomy person, ascetic and Puritanical, and years older than the younger, whose gay and volatile spirits she often chided and endeavored to repress. In time an admirer of the youthful girl appeared upon the scene, who won no favor with parents or exact sister, and who was at length forbidden the house. The pretty girl was petulant and wilful, resented the banishment of her lover, and declared, in rebellious grief, her intention to be loyal to him.

Anon, there were stolen meetings, the vigilance of parents and sister was eluded, until alas! alas! one day the lover was gone, a terrible revelation came to the secluded farmhouse, and in time the blighted girl held an infant to her desolate bosom, doomed never to know a father's love or protection. Then, grievous to record, there commenced on the elder sister's part a course of resentment and systematic oppression toward the hapless young creature, pitiful to relate. She succeeded in turning the parents' hearts more and more bitterly against her, she was literally banished from human ken, condemned to the meanest drudgery of the home, and reproach and indignity heaped upon her defenceless head. The old church, where once her bright face and sweet voice were found, knew her no more, guests at the home saw only her vacant place at table and in the family circle; and clamped mouths and cold, forbidding glances met any inquiry after her. Her pastor was deeply concerned in regard to these sad rumors of the girl, who, from a little child in the Sabbath-school in the old church, still pointing its spire to the zenith, he had loved and taught, and once made bold to call at the house and ask for her. Laying his hand kindly on the father's shoulder, he said, "My brother, where is my little Jane?" White, and shaking with rage, the stern, wounded old parishioner replied, "Dead, dead, dead, she died five months ago." The kind-hearted man of God, baffled and

aggrieved, took his leave, and ventured no more to see the child so dear, so tenderly pitied by his truly Christian heart.

But in the home so saddened, all unconscious of the misery his coming brought, the boy grew and would not be repressed. A splendid little fellow, with midnight eyes and a tangle of dancing curls, strong, sturdy, beautiful, soon the yard, the fields, all the old homestead began to ring with his gay laugh and shouts. It was rumored that even to the lovely child their animosity and bitterness was extended, but let us hope, at least, that this was false.

A few years passed, and suddenly, quite near to each other, father and mother passed away, the first-born made a late marriage with a well-to-do widower and removed to his home, selling the homestead willed to her by the parents, and the sad mother and her little boy took up their abode in two rooms on the outskirts of the hamlet, where she earned her bread as a tailoress.

Pleasant to relate, the day of her painful ostracism and persecution was over. Old friends received back the long-banished girl; she became a favorite once more, and in the village school no boy so bright, so fine a scholar at his age as her own little lad. Alas! poor innocent, he gave her unconsciously many a stab in that too tender heart with his childish prattle. She sewed from house to house at her business, and once, while so employed, he came running in from school, pretty mouth and hands stained with wild berries, and flying up to her cried, "Mamma, I've been up on the burying ground fence picking blackcaps, and Johnny was with me and we saw his daddy's grave; now, where's my daddy's?" Slowly poor Jane wiped the quick starting tears from her eyes, and while the sympathizing family essayed not to notice, drew the impetuous little fellow to her bosom and whispered, "Hush! hush! hush!"

At another time she was assisting a family at the burial of its head. They were robed in deepest sable garments,

with long crape veils, and he sat near watching the preparations. Suddenly he threw his strong young arms impulsively about her neck, and said, "Mamma, you forgot to wear such nice black clothes for my daddy, didn't you?" And so, many a time and oft, his childish remarks were thrusts of anguish to her wounded spirit.

When her boy was about twelve, a party of her townspeople prepared to go to the western part of the State, and she suddenly announced her intention of accompanying them. There was little to attract her to her native place, sad spot of memories of shame and regret to her, and though kind friends endeavored to dissuade her, she persisted in her resolve, and left the town for a new home. She throve amid the new surroundings; in every school her boy was a star of the first magnitude, and grew in good looks and sturdy health.

Time wore on, there was a revival in religion, fervid, ecstatic, such as new countries experienced, and moved by the heart-stirring scene to intense exaltation of spirit, the young man arose and exhorted the assembled people. Lo! his vocation opened to him. He soon entered the ministry, and grew immediately popular. Handsome, forceful, eloquent, he was the pride and choice of his church, and beloved by all. As if Nature, in pity for the sorrowful accident of his life, never wearied in good gifts to him, he possessed a voice of exquisite sweetness, was a rare musician, and with voice and touch enhanced his ministry. His marriage was prosperous and happy, and the delight and center of his home was the once-despised and stricken mother. With him she lived and died in peace, and such shadowed happiness as may fall to an erring, storm-tossed heart, bitterly repentant of its own sad straying. At her death she requested to be brought home and laid in her native valley. She made those around her promise that they would leave her grave unmarked, and

whispered, at the last, that she had forever lost her own name and had no other to take its place.

Her wish was respected and faithfully carried out. One calm spring day the narrow house, holding all that was left of her, was brought home, and a few assembled and laid her beneath the clods of her birthplace. Among the group was an aged woman, bitterly weeping. It was the sister who had been so hard and unrelenting, now widowed, childless, alone in the world. Amid her sobs she said brokenly, "I don't care if Jane did slip, she was the best woman God ever made."

Was it not a wise pen that wrote, "The tragedies of life are not on the stage, they sit by the hearthstone?"

Early in the last century, a family removed to the West, bearing with it a member destined to win honor and fame in his new home. After some years passed in the wilds of the then far country, he returned to his native town. At a party given at the goodly home of an old-time resident, he was an honored guest. A dark-eyed daughter, bright and vivacious, noted for her melodious rendering of the "songs of long ago," sang "Young Lochinvar." She was dressed in scarlet crepe, her dark hair curled about her face, and was no doubt a charming vision of brightness and grace as she met the returned wanderer's eyes. The song was effective, she went back with him as his wife, and they died, rich in possessions and full of honors, a few years ago.

In the long, long ago, in a small town in Connecticut, the wife and mother was suddenly torn from her family, leaving a lonely husband and home. Thereafter, one day, there rode forth from the New England village a certain goodly Captain, who journeyed to Orange county to purchase horses. They were secured and pasture was wanted for them. He was informed that he could find it at a farm near the town, in the possession of two sisters, and thither the worthy Captain wended his way. So delightful was the mansion, so agreeable the sisters, that the Captain not only rode thither

and bestowed his horses, but remained himself in great comfort during his stay. Now, if any reader, on sentimental thoughts intent, for one moment supposes that the Captain fell in love, there and then, with one of these sisters, no greater error ever seized upon him or her. Our Captain had, in the Land of Steady Habits, a faithful and loving spouse, who kept his home, minded his babies, and was as precious a helpmeet as ever gladdened man's heart withal, so he wanted not another.

His visit ended, he journeyed back to New England, and told his lonely and stricken friend of his sojourn 'mid the hills of Old Orange, and the hospitable home where he had been so graciously entertained. Incidentally his friend inquired as to the looks, the bearing and disposition of his hostesses, and was given a most excellent and satisfactory report. It is not so recorded, but it is firmly believed that thereafter he fell to thinking. Indeed, he must have meditated, for no widower ever did what he soon contemplated without so doing. Arraying himself in blue in stately fashion and mounting a trusty steed, it was not long before he found an errand which took him over the same route pursued by his friend, which act showed him a much wiser man than Myles Standish, as he trusted his wooing to no proxy, but went thereon himself.

Little did the homestead anticipate what was in store that autumn night. It had been a day of tempest, dark clouds and rain and rocking winds, and the two lonely sisters sat by the fire awaiting the return of the man who had been hired to look after their domain. This individual, be it known, was at that anxious moment stretched upon a wooden settle in a well-known hostelry in the village, sleeping off liberal potations of applejack. Long they waited, but, in the words of the song, "He came not, O, he came not," and at last the younger of the sisters decided to go to the barn and look after the lowing cattle. Arrayed in an old greatcoat and

fur hat unearthed from the garret, she sallied forth. In this unique garb, dripping with rain, with wind-blown hair, and laden with two pails of water for the horses, she espied an equestrian, in a huge cloak, riding toward the barnyard. But, let it be written, the daughters of that day were not dismayed in the pursuit of duty, and she bade the stranger welcome, for that was the fashion of olden time, little minding her quaint and unusual garb. When he had introduced himself, she helped her guest to house his dripping steed, and he in return assisted her in completing the most necessary "chores," and soon they were assembled around the family hearthstone. The weather cleared, a wooing sped, and the very next visit the Captain's friend made he went home lorn and lone no longer, but took the younger sister as his bride. From this marriage came descendants of whom their native valley may well be proud, and who love it with deathless affection, for such was the wife's fondness for her own home that she besought her husband, very soon after the birth of their first son, to leave New England and settle there, which they did, and a grand pair they were, and a goodly, all the days of their earthly pilgrimage.

In the year 1817 occurred a wooing and wedding on the Clark homestead near Warwick of a charmingly romantic character.

A gentleman from Connecticut had occasion to visit our town and brought with him his daughter. She was very young and a rosebud of sweetness and bloom. After reaching his destination, business took him farther on, and he decided to leave his daughter there and continue his journey alone. He found a home for her in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Clark. Leaving a canvas bag containing one hundred dollars in gold to pay her expenses until he returned, he proceeded on his way. Early in the winter there was a large party at the Clark home, noted for its merrymakings. Among the guests was a young man from Warwick, a descendant of

its early settlers and belonging to one of its most honorable families. Right then and there happened a case of "love at first sight," proving that oft-quoted phrase no chimera of the brain of romancers.

The courtship was speedy and the young Warwickian and the beautiful New England girl were wedded the May following. A large party was assembled in the gracious Clark home to witness the nuptials. Mr. Clark gave the bride away and presented her with the bag of gold as a wedding gift.

No happier marriage is recorded in Warwick's annals. As the handsome young pair stood in the spacious parlor receiving the congratulations of the guests, the officiating clergyman remarked, "How wonderful are the ways of the Almighty, who brought this young woman away from Connecticut to be the wife of our townsman." Hospitable and whole-souled Mr. Clark, who stood near our grandmother in the group, replied, "I don't say the Lord didn't have a hand in it, Dominie, for His hand is in everything; but I think I was His instrument, for if I hadn't made the party last winter, this wedding would never have been in the spring, for that did the business."

In the early thirties a little, utterly sad romance cast a shadow over vale and hill with its tragic sequel. On the brow of the mountain lived a young girl, sweet of face, graceful of form, and good as she was lovely. In the valley dwelt a young man of fine family and fair fortune.

He owned a hundred acres of mountain land, and riding through one day to blaze some trees for felling he met the girl gathering berries and flowers near her home. She bore for him a charm and lure from the first glance, and soon it was whispered he was her lover. It was true—an innocent, sincere affection, that had a heart-breaking end. One morning pretty Mary went out berrrying in the wildwood ways. Forest fires were in their reaches, but she did not know they were so near, as the wind blew strongly from her. Sud-

denly it turned, and in a few moments she was enveloped in smoke, and the crackling of the flames was distinctly audible. She started for home, and, bewildered, terrified, lost her way. Her father and neighbors started in quest of her. After the blinding smoke had rolled away, carefully they sought in thick boots of cowhide through the hot mountain ways. At length, under an overhanging rock, they found her, still living and able to feebly whisper her terrible experience. She was borne gently home, but died in a few hours. It was a cruel fate for one so good and lovely, a woful ending to a boy-and-girl romance.

In the old stone house of Mr. Benjamin Bradner, once the Baptist parsonage, hard by Warwick village, lived the well-known and beloved pastor of the church with his wife, who shared with him his people's affection.

And up the hill and down the hill
Through many changing years,
They shared each other's happiness
And dried each other's tears.
Alas! Alas!
That Death's cold dart
Such Love can part.

But it did, and the faithful old wife was "gathered to her fathers." After a short season a comely maiden above the village became deeply "exercised in her mind." Now what more natural than that she should go to her excellent pastor for comfort and instruction. And she did go and go, and, in fact, went very often. When embarrassed the minister was sometimes prone to stammer a little, a very little. As this well-favored lamb of his flock sought him more and more for consolation, he sometimes became greatly distressed by her woe, for what is more upsetting to the ordinary man of proper feeling and sympathetic tendencies than a woman's tears? Perhaps of all varieties of the salty drops deep conviction of sin makes the most saline. So at times all the good pious man could ejaculate, stammeringly, was: "You'll

come over it, little girl, you'll come over it." This is the testimony of his housekeeper, a grim old ex-slave, who looked with strong disfavor on the weeping penitent.

Well, she did "come over it," and came it over the excellent widower, too, was baptized by him, and married to him, and they dwelt in great peace and security in the old stone mansion, and it is not believed that the worthy pastor ever knew that he was won over and melted by tears until he succumbed. But Treenchy, the faithful old slave, knew, and told this to my grandmother, their very next door neighbor.

One of the ablest historians of the French Revolution once remarked that he wrote the sad story of Marie Antoinette "with many tears." Indeed, as the pen-pictures of such a lovely and unfortunate being formed beneath the writer's eyes, well might they have dimmed. Alas! how many such, from all gradations of society, in all ages, have walked the thorny path laid out by Destiny's hard hand?

In the very first decade of the last century there lived, on a farm lying between two villages in this favored section, a young girl, said to be the most beautiful of her time. At an Independence Day celebration at the county seat her beauty was remarked upon through the day, and at a ball given in the evening at the tavern she shone beyond compare. Her hair was of magnificent length, and of the rare purplish ebon seen in the plumage of birds; her eyes matched it, and in her faultless complexion, to quote the ancient romancers, "the lily and rose seemed to vie with each other." She was bright and witty, as well as beautiful, and had, perhaps, some of the wilfulness of assured loveliness, for she looked coldly on the farmer lads about her home, and would say, with a toss of her handsome head, that she would never "milk and scrub keeler tubs for *any man*."

Time passed, and a stranger came thither from the South. He was dark, with a fine, proud bearing, and met the rural

belle at a country dance. Attired in a gown of snowy muslin, with ribbons of peach-blossom tint, no doubt her charms shone resplendent in the fine steps of the cotillions of the day. Through the merry evening these two had eyes only for each other. The stranger claimed her hand in every dance, attended her to the supper, and seemed like one enchanted. Soon he was a frequent caller at her father's home, and with a polish and address not then common in the secluded vale, won all who approached by the magnetism of a pleasing exterior. It was said, after all was over, that the plain father demurred at the marriage, but the mother seemed infatuated with her charming daughter's admirer. She followed her father's and mother's "chair," as they jogged to the village church on a pillion behind her affianced lover, and many a plain and hard-favored lass doubtless envied the beauty her looks and luck. Word went forth that wealth and position were his, and that he would bear her to power and splendor.

At length the bridal took place, amid feasting and rejoicing, and the pride of the valley was borne away to her new home. Maybe some very commonplace, wise parents, whose less grandly dowered daughters were milking night and morning, scrubbing keeler tubs, and rearing men and women-to-be in the interim of hard, drudging work, shook their heads sagely and prophesied under the breath over all this. It is likely, as it is a way we have when meteoric fortune comes to our neighbors.

She came to the old church once after her marriage. She wore a crimson velvet cloak, a silk dress that would "stand alone," had a burnished brass comb in her beautiful hair, and exquisite ruffles of fine ribbed and figured dimity on her white neck and wrists. And then she was gone, and as all the gossip and excitement of this unusual wooing and wedding died out, the hamlets scattered through the country said: "It *might* be all right, after all."

Years passed, and strange misty stories began to creep through her home town. The parents were reticent; they always said "she was well." Letters were rare in those far-away times. After nine years had passed, however, it was told that she had been at her childhood's home, and there she was, surely, a sad, broken-hearted creature, and in a brief time her reason fled forever. Two little boys, with her beauty, came with her, but it is not known what became of these children, nor what was true or false in the thousand rumors that filled her old town of her hapless wedded fortune. Neither time, nor the weight of years, nor her mysterious sorrows, not even the awful blight of dethroned intellect, ever quite effaced her marvellous beauty. Her misfortune was of the purely melancholy type. She seldom spoke, but would sit with the long, jetty fringes veiling her eyes for hours, and at almost stated intervals would pass her hand over her brow, and wearily push away the heavy masses of hair. Thus she lingered until kindly death released her sorrowful spirit. She was well-born, good, and beautiful, and if Fate can feel remorse for its dealings with the human, surely it must have experienced some twinges for all the ruin of such a promise. Never, in the days of her utmost desolation, did she lose her majesty of mien, and in all the darkness of her mind she ever commanded respect from those in her presence.

Early in 1800 a stranger came to Warwick and opened a business there. After a short time he brought his wife and children and resided in the lower part of the village. To the amazement of the townfolk who called, they found that the wife was a mulatto. It was as far as can be ascertained the first case of the kind occurring there. They had two children, William and Mahala, both bright and fine-looking, the daughter extremely pleasing in appearance and manners. The mother's story was the oft-repeated one in Southern slave days. Her mother was a handsome slave beloved by her

master, a wealthy planter. His wife and only son dying, he freed her, and settled upon her and their daughter a comfortable sum. The young Northerner, travelling in the South, met the bright, well-endowed girl and eventually returned and married her. After a few years' residence in New York City they came to Warwick. They lived a secluded life, the wife devoted to her family, shy of intercourse with white neighbors, and rigidly excluding all association with the slaves then plentiful in the township. The husband one Sabbath fell dead in the yard of the Dutch Reformed Church. The grief of the widow was pitiful, she refused to be comforted, left the town, and all trace of her was lost.

When we write of the past we always speak glibly of centuries. Indeed, it is vouched for by the daily press that one lucky, or unlucky, individual, I fear he could not determine which, lived in three. We will only go back to the eighties of the seventeenth for this bit of romance, and will inform the reader in the beginning that there is nothing startling in it.

Parents have, through all the ages, in the most trying, perverse, unreasonable fashion, interfered in the heart affairs of children, and the young folks, so beset and opposed in the very dearest wishes of their hearts, have moped, pouted, rebelled, made vigorous protest, and sometimes thrown off the parental yoke altogether and taken matters into their own rash hands. Frequently the elders have fallen piteously sorry for their unsympathizing and unfeeling attitude, again offspring have had to bitterly bewail their refractory and headstrong disobedience, and often all have been "pied" in one common woe over the family distraction. Though this is a small, absolutely authentic story of a genuine elopement, it went off so well, and came out so beautifully, that the world would never have gotten along half so well without it,

and if it had not occurred there would not have been nearly so much world as there has been.

After this long preamble, we will say that there lived once a judge of probity, property and pride, with a very sweet and modest daughter, and a youth of a goodly, but not rich, old family, a vaulting ambition, not yet fledged, and an eye to the Judge's daughter. Surreptitious affection is what Dinah would call "curus." It, in fact, seems to be the most taking of all kinds of the commodity. Though this fair girl had many a more eligible lover casting longing eyes upon her, she ignored all, and clave to the youth under the paternal ban. The awful alliteration of "P's" fencing in her father's name had no terrors for the lover. When, like an honest man, he asked her hand, and was refused, he set about forming himself into a "Committee of Ways and Means" to get it. He planned a night, and while the honorable Judge was soundly sleeping, happy in the consciousness that the aspiring lover was dismissed, snubbed and properly sat down upon, Romeo placed a ladder beneath his Juliet's window, and lifting her over the sill, led her down. Those were lovely days. No such harrowing articles as marriage licenses were ever heard of there. So, mounting his horse, tethered a little away, he lifted her lightly up and hieing to the nearest dominie, they were made one. Then he went, like the fine young fellow that he was, and told the Judge that they were married. His Honor, being of a judicial cast of mind, and having a profound respect for the law, reflected that the laws of nature, God and man had bumped right up against him, and, receiving them, forgave them straightway. His new son-in-law said to him, "Father, I know you're not proud of me now, but I'll live to make you proud of me," and he did, and his children's children's children are proud of him to this day.

He used to tell, with pride, that when he lifted his bride-to-be over the window-sill, his fingers met and clasped

around her slender waist. He was scarcely a man to be resisted, as this one anecdote will illustrate.

The "trained nurse" was an unknown quantity in our forefathers' domestic happenings, and it came to pass that a third son was born to the house, and none to help in the emergency. So, when the situation became desperate, forth sallied the father, and went in search of ministering for the helpless ones. On his quest he found a neighbor's daughter watering her flowers in the dooryard, to whom he made known his dilemma. Young and inexperienced, she refused to even entertain the thought of going. Stepping to the door, he said to the mother, "Can I have Mattie for two weeks?" "Yes," was the reply, while timid Mattie turned to flee. Without more ado, he picked her up in his arms, set her in the vehicle and drove rapidly home. Arriving there he again took her up, carried her in his wife's room, laid the eight hours' old baby in her lap, and saying, "Now take as good care of them as you can, I'll ask no more," left the room.

The improvised nurse herself, who was so successfully pressed into service, used, in relating the story, to conclude by saying, "I never was so scared in my life, and I told his wife so, but she said, 'Oh! never mind, that's just the way he took me.'" She might have replied, "But you were willing to be kidnapped, and I wasn't," but the young of that day were too respectful to their elders to indulge in many happy retorts. Thus ends the authentic history of one of the most rounded and complete elopements on record in the valley.

The old Baptist parsonage, long since demolished for an unpretending successor on the same site, was once the scene of an unusual and romantic marriage. Far away, amid the rural scenes of Tompkins County, dwelt the editor of a small religious monthly with his wife and two little ones. She was gifted with a cultivated mind and much taste for writing, and frequently contributed to her husband's unpre-

tentious periodical. He was also a minister, and with his dual duties led an existence of exacting labor, greatly aided by his accomplished wife.

In the South lived a clergyman of the same persuasion, with a happy wife and family, who occasionally contributed to the little pamphlet published in the wilds of New York State, and mayhap read with interest the smoothly written articles from the pen of the editor's young wife. Suddenly her companion died, leaving his widow with little of this world's needful resources for her helpless children and aging mother. The pastor at Warwick and friends who had been interested in her husband's work, learning of her uncertain prospects, bestirred themselves, and she was removed thither, where she opened a small millinery business in the center of the village.

She was graceful, pleasing, with taste and talent, and gained many friends in her new sphere. Meantime, away in the far Southern home, the minister's wife lay dying, and anon the husband and babes were left alone.

Two years rolled on, and the daily mail, bumping along from Chester, in the old-fashioned stage-coach, occasionally brought a letter with a Southern postmark to the widow. They came more and more frequently, there was a new light and a tremulous smile on the attractive countenance, and all her gentle friends took a fresh and absorbing interest in her. At length the old parsonage buzzed with preparation under its weatherbeaten roof, one noontide the stage set down there a stately, handsome man, about forty, and the next evening there was a wedding between the widow and the Southern minister, the two having never looked upon each other's faces before the day preceding their bridal. In a few days the little home at Warwick was closed, and the bride, with her son and daughter and venerable mother, was borne away to North Carolina, where, with her children, she found a new and happy life, four more being born to her, of whom three survived.

So far as data can be gathered, this was the first and last wedding in the section where bride and bridegroom met as utter strangers. It was a most harmonious marriage, each possessing rare personal and mental endowments. Curious to state, although a pastor for forty years, the husband never preached a funeral sermon. He was wont to declare, he never had been, nor would be engaged in such service. When his own end came, calm, serene and beautiful, his last request was that he should be laid in silence in the grave, and this was done. He believed this simple manner of the apostolic age the true and most impressive method of burial.

In all the annals of wooings and weddings, none has been gathered of a pair more charming than the above.

That these interesting reminiscences could be prolonged indefinitely is beyond question, for Cupid was just as busy a century or two ago as he is now, but no wise scribe multiplies words *ad infinitum,* and so with the following we will close.

In the beginning, it is well to state that the events now about to find place on paper for the first time occurred in a comfortable farmhouse on a road leading to three villages, familiar to all who dwelt on the rich borderlands of old Warwick town. The dwellers thereof originally came from that people who said "God made the sea, but the Hollander made the land," who put upon their tiles such thrifty maxims as "Time is precious," "Time is money," and of whose simple, hard-working people a Spanish Commander once wrote, in the siege of Haarlem, "These *citizens* do as much as the best *soldiers* in the world could do." So they were of good stock, which is the best of all beginnings, and if a little heady, have we not heretofore shown that baffled affection will many times and oft beget this very trait in the best of folk?

The eldest son of this worthy house, when he reached man's estate, took unto himself a wife from the adjacent land of Sussex, also of Dutch descent, and as no daughter had ever been born to his ancestral home, he brought her there, and she proved one, indeed. It can be imagined how she spun,

wove, knit, sewed, scrubbed, sanded, made curds and whey and cheese as a good wife and daughter should. But an outbreak of that fell enemy to life, spotted fever, visited the fair vale, and in spite of hemlock sweats and fearful bowls of wormwood and snake root, and bitter doses of bark and wine, the loved husband died and left the young wife a widow after two years of connubial bliss. Then, very lonely and heartbroken, she was minded to go back to her father's, but her mother-in-law made such grievous and woful lament that she stayed.

The second son was a strapping youth of twenty-four, in fact, a veritable Anak, and hardly had the grass rooted over the dust of his brother before all knew his widowed sister-in-law had found favor in his eyes. But it was not returned, although she worked on as patiently as ever, churned, baked and brewed, piled high the board with crullers and doughnuts, as a good housewife should, kept the moth from the dear departed's clothes, and was a most seemly and rightly disposed widow, indeed. But after a year and a half had flown, Anak began to make swift, vigorous and warm assault upon the little heart so closed and cold. It has never been determined yet whether proximity eases or aggravates the pangs of unrequited affection. The idiosyncrasies of heart trouble will cause this ever to remain a vexed and open question. In this particular case, I think it had the effect on the big soft fellow, head and heels in love, of a—well, let us see—mustard plaster on the throbbing organ. It was maddening. In this strait he went to his mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth" is a beautiful chain of sweet words, but they don't always do it, not *always*. No doubt this bereaved mother had felt often that the Almighty had dealt very bitterly with her in snatching her first-born son from love and life and happiness, and the consecration of his bridal was perhaps still lingering in her heart, for she berated Anak and told him to "let the poor girl alone," and

that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Then he, like Jacob of old, "lifted up his voice and wept," with far more cause, for Jacob had just had the privilege of a kiss, but this chilly, prudish widow had never even given poor Anak one tender glance. At this juncture the mother's heart melted, and she told the lover to keep quiet, and then perhaps thoughts began to weave in her slow Holland mind of how nice it would be to have this good girl, once a daughter, always a daughter, and she agreed and promised the great blubbering fellow right there to speak for him in due time and season. And this she did, and was met by a firm and unmistakable "No," and was furthermore told that sooner than bear this siege, the widow would depart for Sussex County to her own kindred and people. And so the mother had naught to do but to tell her troubled and anxiously waiting boy the truth.

Poor Anak! it was a sad blow, and on it the whole family slept that night and woke in the morning to find him gone. Gone? Truly, yes, and with him the family saddle-bags, and the very best of his ruffled shirts and good homespun clothes, and a fine roan horse with strawberry markings, the very horse his brother used to ride down into Sussex to an old stone house to court that girl, so soft and yielding to him, so congealed and obdurate to himself. His purse of green silk, filled with silver and gold, went with him. Such search was made as could be instituted before telegraphs, telephones, detectives, police and like modern innovations were known, but Anak was not found. A lonely, lonelier than ever house was that through the long, snowbound winter. I fear that mother's heart was in rebellion against that daughter-in-law now, for her last son was gone. They came to the village church, had to drive themselves, tether their own horse, and carry in their own foot-stoves, all of which Anak used to do, and a boy was hired for help, a poor substitute for their own.

Finally Fate, that horrific upsetter of the peace and comfort of poor humanity, laid the good mother very ill with typhus fever. Here, let it be remarked, that had plumbing been introduced then, only it was never heard of, it is firmly believed that the work on that ancestral home would have been declared out of order and all sanitary arrangements not up to date, or why should fever again smite the devoted household? She lay many weeks, but at last, as the May roses began to bud, slowly crept back to strength and health. And then there came a letter to the post-office, and it bore the name of that very pale and worn-with-watching young widow on it. For she had "held the fort" through all that weary siege, faithfully done every duty, assisted by her own good Dutch mother, and never called one halt until the stricken patient began to live again. And then down sick she went, but not before she had answered the letter.

So it fell out that about one week after, Anak's roan horse was quietly munching his vesper corn in his own stall, and his master was just imprinting a kiss on a face almost as white as the pillow on which it lay. Perhaps some slow digesting mind will think it was his mother Anak was saluting, for a man should always be his mother's first, best, all-round lover, but it was not. It was that frozen small widow, so melted down by trouble, sickness, hard work, watching, and the thought that she was nearly the unwitting slayer of her mother-in-law in robbing her of her last child, and thereby precipitating a fever, that she was softened into the most delightful state of charming and sweetly acquiescent kindness a lover ever dreamed of. These two lived long and happily, in fact, grew old and gray together.

A young reader might feel, as these pages are read, a little contempt for the widow, that

> She who had lately loved the best
> So soon forgot she loved at all,

but ripened years and mature reflection will teach a calmer judgment. Surely she tried and wished to be faithful to the memory of her first love, but what could one lone woman do beset by a lover insistent and impetuous, a mother-in-law like Paul of old, in a strait betwixt two, namely, nervous prostration, called "low-po" in those early days, and fever? Who would not have capitulated, in fact, gone and done likewise?

"A critic by the hearth," who gained access to this manuscript, wished to know how Huldah made the flip and shortcake, when she entered on her diplomatic career.

In the first place, a genuine good cider flip could never be made until Boreas came with "bitesome breezes and blewsome blastesses" and froze the barrel of cider in the garret. Then a hot iron was inserted and a pitcher of the "heart" drawn forth. Into this allspice, ginger and cinnamon were lightly sprinkled and good browned sugar mingled with a tiny lump of butter. Then a portion of peach-brandy, sweetened with honey, was added, and a poker inserted until the whole was steaming hot. This was genuine cider flip, and in some homes, an iron kept for heating the mixture was called a "flip-dog."

And how did Huldah make that shortcake? Did it compare with the soda-biscuit of these latter days? Ah, did it? Let us see.

When Huldah was done churning in the fall, she partly filled divers and sundry deep crocks with buttermilk, and poured cold water over them. The water was changed and renewed many times until the buttermilk assumed the consistency of snowy ice-cream; then the water was carefully poured off and it was gathered and set in a cold place for winter use. Now Huldah had never heard of baking-powder, never. Those women of blessed memory knew not this modernity. When her father shelled corn he threw out the largest, finest, whitest cobs, and these Huldah dried

and then dedicated to a holocaust, and from that gathered a substance called pearlash, which, combined with the lactic acid of her deliciously rich buttermilk, one pinch of salt, a cup of butter and lard, newly laid eggs, and flour from their own wheat, freshly ground, made such shortcake as, humping themselves in that old Dutch oven, we, alas! shall never taste.

The pen lingers fondly over the finis of these long-gone wooings, and makes no apology for giving them resurrection. Surely, it has put no "rude finger among the heart-strings" in so doing. Poor hearts! they are dust long, long ago. They began to pulsate in early, stern and uncompromising times, but they behaved in all their affairs just as yours has done, sisters of to-day, and brothers also, and verify the truth, the strength of that old saying we all know, and have often quoted, "Hearts are ever the same."

Ever a question of momentous importance to the bride elect is the wedding gown. Here is a very old-time rhyme which all future brides should carefully scan, for it has been tried and proved:

Married in white,
You have chosen all right;
Married in gray,
You will go far away;
Married in black,
You will wish yourself back;
Married in red,
You'd better be dead;
Married in green,
Ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue,
You'll always be true;
Married in pearl,
You'll live in a whirl;
Married in yellow,
Ashamed of the fellow;
Married in brown,
You'll live out of town;
Married in pink,
Your spirits will sink.

IV

Memories of Old Northern Slaves

IV

Memories of Old Northern Slaves

For sale in this town, a stout healthy negro man. Inquire of the Printer.

SHOULD these lines meet the eyes of the readers of either of Warwick's newspapers of today, spreading abroad their budget of news and literature, it is very likely a shock of intense astonishment and indignation would be general. But in the last century they were very common, and created no wonder as they appeared in the weekly news sheets.

On a pleasant afternoon in the early 40's a party of venerable ladies were visiting together, and "helps'" manifold shortcomings and imperfections, self-assertiveness and blunders became the theme of conversation, as the good dames clicked their knitting needles.

"It wasn't so, Nancy," said one, "when a body could just drive out to a sale and buy a good nigger and wench. How they *would* work! Old Phila would do more in a day than a white hired girl would do in three."

"Yes," interpolated another, "when well whipped they would."

"Well, I always said," was the reply, "that *we* got more out of our niggers, with *less* whipping, than anybody around."

Were there sales of human beings in this fair section of New York State? And were they noted and attended? Yea, verily, and these were the notices, copied verbatim, on

seeing which our forefathers jogged comfortably to the auction, made their bids, bought their property, and returned with it securely bound.

FOR SALE.—A stout negro man named Jack. Is twenty-three years of age, five feet, four inches high, thick set, and square built, full black. Is a good farm hand; will be sold very reasonable.

"But," cries one, to whom this reads like the Spanish Inquisition, the heads picketed on London Bridge, the French Revolution, and Salem witchcraft, "they never treated slaves *here* as they did elsewhere."

What shall be answered to this question?

It may be said that they didn't have so many to treat, but those they owned did not find life all roses, else why, in a given time, is there *one* sale advertised and *seven* notices like this?

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the Subscriber on Monday, the 6th instant, July, a negro man named Grant, five feet nine inches high, spare made, very black, broken in his speech. Had on when he went away an old wool hat, a purple brown cloth coat, a waistcoat and a pair of tow trowsers, and old coarse shoes. Whoever will take up said negro and secure him so that I can get him again shall be entitled to the above reward and all reasonable charges.

"Oh!" cries some tender heart, "what an awful thing to appear in our papers." Nevertheless it did, in our bona fide county paper, about the first decade of the last good century. It was a very small sheet of four pages, just seventeen and one-half inches long and eleven inches wide, that Elliot Hopkins, Esq., furnished the county folk of Orange, but it proclaimed the biggest blot on that beautiful portion of our land ever known.

"Oh, well!" exclaims somebody, "I suppose everybody had slaves in those days; all were 'tarred with the same stick.'"

Alack! even so, and among the earliest remembrances of the writer lives Serena, Rosette, Mitty, Roseanne, Sukey,

Dine and Bets, as, after their emancipation, they came to visit or aid their old mistresses, and patted all the small folk with child-loving fondness.

In every instance of absconding property of the male persuasion, a reward of ten and twenty dollars is offered for its apprehension, but the following notice will show a different appreciation of the value of feminine flesh and blood:

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the Subscriber on Sunday, the 9th August, a negro woman named Sarah, twenty years of age. Had on when she went away a blue and white calico short-gown, a homespun brown petticoat, old straw hat and a pair of old shoes that had been mended. She is supposed to be lurking about Goshen or Dolsentown, as she had lived in both of those places.

Poor Sarah! She did not go in the family carryall to church, but remained at home and pared the potatoes and watched the babies, doubtless, that hot August day, and as she worked she thought there was such a thing as freedom in the wide, fair world, and she set out in the calico short-gown and old straw hat, the homespun petticoat and mended shoes to find it. Ah! I fear they found her and sent her back, and somebody got that five dollars. She was worth only five, being a woman, you see. Had she worn a short coat instead of a short gown, her goin' away advertisement would have been a companion to this:

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the Subscriber on the 14th of June a negro man named Jonah. Said slave had on, and took with him when he went away, two hats, one roram and the other wool, one kerseymere short coat, one red and yellow vest, one thin yellow vest, one white, one pair of hunter's cord trowsers, one pair of nankeen trowsers, one pair of shoes, one thick with a spur piece on, the other thin, lined and bound. Said Jonah does not touch any liquor unless it is sweetened. Whoever will take up said runaway and return him to his Master or secure him in any jail, so that his Master shall get him again, shall be entitled to the above reward and all reasonable charges be paid.

Now, it has ever seemed to me that Jonah's master was entitled to more respect than any other slave-owner whose

name and address stands at the foot of these yellow, time-tattered advertisements. In the first place, Jonah had good clothes, and in the second, he had been given sugar as he wanted, and that speaks well for Mr. Blanque, or may be it was Mrs. Blanque, who said when Jonah was hot and aweary, or cold and chilled, "Here, Jonah, put this lump of sugar in your dram; it will taste better," and so cultivated the saccharine habit.

The word "jail" looks badly in the notice. I wish Mr. Blanque had left that out, but then, anyway, poor Jonah Lightfoot had three vests to his blessed back, and a nice pair of light shoes to rest and comfort his flitting feet. He couldn't help running away, considering whose namesake he was. Peradventure the name of Jonah would have been a misnomer.

Among the most amusing of all the old ex-slaves was Tone. His right and proper cognomen was undoubtedly Antonio, but he was always known as "Tone." In his old age, after his freedom, he always remained with some member of our family. Tone's mortal frame was small and spare, his face thin and troubled, and he had the most comical stammer, when worried or excited. His wool frizzed tight to his scalp, and was very grizzled.

Tone was a sort of Martha in all labor, ever careful and troubled. As his little shrunken form sped hither and thither, he had a habit of groaning in the most dismal manner, and a stranger would have thought him in the deepest affliction. One morning the master of the house went away, leaving, on his departure, sundry injunctions to Tone. Soon after, he was heard groaning more lugubriously than was his wont. Seated on the porch with her sewing, his mistress became at length thoroughly annoyed by his lamentations.

"What *does* ail you, Tone?" she exclaimed, at last, in irritation. "Are you sick? I never heard you take on so."

"O no! n-o, n-o-o, no, Mis' M'randy," he answered, "but I wish I *could* go dead."

"What do you want to die for, Tone?" she asked.

"Oh, then I wouldn't have but one ting to tink of," he replied. "Now I got the pigs, the calves and chickens. I wish I *could* go dead; dey don't have but just *one* ting to tink of."

"What is that, Tone?' inquired his amused questioner.

'Oh, jes' when dey goin' to git out," he answered, with fresh moans, as he trudged on.

Tone lived to a good old age. He had some knowledge of the blacksmith's craft, but was always in mortal terror of a horse's heels, and this fear practically unfitted him for usefulness at the business. His employer was a smith in his early youth, and in later years continued to keep the forge for his own use, being a lover and fancier of horses. One day Tone was called to hold a young horse to be shod. The animal was extremely nervous and sensitive over the operation. Poor Tone was holding on to the bridle with all the strength of his meager frame, when all at once the irritated beast bit at him savagely. Loosing his grasp, Tone fled in wild dismay, and slipped and fell in the brook near the shop.

"What did you let go for, Tone?" shouted his irate master.

"O, God A'mighty, mister," he replied, "'cause he's just as dangersome one end as de odder," and with his usual heartrending moans, Tone proceeded to pour the water from his shoes, while his master caught the horse.

In the last years of his life, Tone became grievously afflicted with rheumatism. His one unfailing remedy was an ointment made of the *datura stramonium*, only poor Tone never knew the ill-odored weed by this high-sounding appellation. He just called it "stinkweed," good plain Saxon, and simmered it in skunk's grease, and said all the doctors in the town couldn't limber him up as that could, with a

good hot bowl of "Princey pine" tea each night. He was a pathetic figure as he sat in the shop, rubbing his poor wizened calves with the all-comforting ointment, and simmering his "Princey pine" tea at the forge, pouring it down his throat so unmercifully hot that he was often warned that he would "scald himself."

"Never! never!" he would reply, with energy. "There's only one way with this rheumatiz. Scald it right out, and then rub it right off. It can't stand that," and, wonderful to relate, with such exorcising as his tea and ointment provided, Tone kept on his feet to life's latest day, held the evil spirits at bay, and was never troubled with doctors' bills. His mortal remains were laid in the old family burying-ground, and there, be it hoped, poor Tone realized the dearest wish of his heart—"gone dead"—with but one thing to think of.

Bets—for such was her abbreviated title all her life—was a slave in the Wood family. Her mother was Dine, and came from New Windsor, on the Hudson. Bets was a character worthy of a more graphic pen than that which now seeks to rescue her memory from total oblivion. As a child her pranks were legion. Being left once with Sally and Mattie, two little daughters of the family, to pick wool in the absence of her mistress, she was told she could "pick away" while they went to "hunt eggs." Now Bets dearly loved to scour the hens' nests, too, and took it in high dudgeon that she was ordered to stay behind. When the little girls returned and resumed their work, she was nowhere to be found. There lay the great piles of wool in the room, soft and slumbrous, but no Bets anywhere. Down they sat, anathematizing her as they each grasped a lock of wool and pulled away industriously.

"She's just gone down in the meadow to dig calamus, or over to the woods to pick wintergreen berries," they commented severely.

Thus they sat and worked at the sleep-inducing occupation until they were almost nid-nid-nodding, when suddenly the heap of wool began to move; it parted, and out sprang a horrid apparition with a chalk-white ghastly face, swathed in a sheet after the most approved ghostly fashion, for however up to date the flesh may be in matters of dress, capricious and desirous of latest and most correct styles, the spirit has always clung to the simply severe costume of a sheet. In wild dismay, almost frantic with fright, the little girls tumbled over each other in efforts to get away, nor did Bets's shrill screams of elfish laughter reassure them, or check their disordered flight.

They loved to tease and annoy her in various ways; to pull the little kinky braids wherewith she decorated her wool, to untie her tow apron slyly, to confiscate her "Paas" (Easter) eggs, to hide her one dear ornament, a string of blue glass beads, and otherwise to harry poor Bets, but she was a favorite with her mistress, and when she put on her paint and set out on the warpath against her small tormentors, she was rarely called to account, the good mother, perhaps, making use of that time-honored and hackneyed phrase, familiar to mother-tongue through all time, "You got just what you deserved."

One autumn day, as little Mattie was playing about, Bets suddenly appeared with wide, bulging eyes. "O Mattie! I've found something," she cried; "a tree full of the bu'fullest red apples ever was, close by the woods. Come quick! come quick!" No second invitation was needed, and Mattie trudged gaily forth in Bets's wake, on, on, until the dark shadows of the woods were before them.

"Where, Bets? I don't see any red apples," she cried, becoming distrustful.

They had reached the low-spreading boughs of a giant elm. Squaring suddenly, and facing her tormentor, Bets said:

"No, nor you won't. This is what you'll see, Mat; now I'm going to pay you off for old and new," and untying her tow apron and laying it carefully on the ground, that it might not impede her movements, Bets seized the luckless Mattie and gave her such a drubbing as she never forgot, finishing with the adjuration, "Now I guess you'll let me alone after *this*."

After the slaves were manumitted in New York State, Bets removed to Newburgh to care for her mother Dine, then nearly a hundred years old. Time passed, and occasionally it was learned that Bets was well. One pleasant spring morning in the late fifties, the time-worn door knocker faintly rapped. When the door opened, a bowed and aged negress was found at the portal.

"Is Mattie alive?" she inquired, tears streaming down her withered cheeks. She was conducted to her, and joyous was the meeting between the two, poor old Bets alternately laughing and crying, as she gazed with fond, delighted eyes on her old playmate. Their affection and pleasure was mutual. They talked of old, old times, of the dead and gone, their merry childhood, and all at once Bets exclaimed:

"O Mattie! do you remember the warming I gave you under the old ellum tree?" and then they laughed afresh.

The venerable woman remained nearly a week, and no more welcome guest ever sat under the roof. They parted, never to meet again, both dying but a few weeks apart a few years after.

Serena was a tall, amply formed negress, her whole appearance imposing and majestic. A belle might have envied her her fine teeth, even in old age. Her laugh was so sweet and infectious that it was music. She was a dear lover of babies, and was never without one in her arms, when they could be persuaded in. When her visits were further apart than usual, it was sometimes quite a task to win Baby over

to her motherly bosom, and amid ineffectual attempts she would exclaim in dolorous accents:

"Sho, now, jes' see, it comes of bein' black, and it don't know it won't rub off."

After Baby was at last captured her joy knew no bounds. The pretty hair, the snowy skin came in for unstinted praise, and hugging it to her bosom, she would say:

"And so white! so white! so white!"

To be childless, in Serena's eyes, was the most terrible of earthly afflictions. If any ancient family fell upon this misfortune, she would bemoan it with lamentations worthy of the prophets of old.

"Sho' now," would be her comment, "an' dey all dyin' out: nobody to have dat fam'ly name; nobody to keep up dat ol' place?"

Sometimes she would ask:

"When de ol' heads under de dirt, who get it anyway?"

An opinion ventured would invariably rouse her ire.

"What business dey got with it?" she would retort, in a high key. "Did dey airn it? No! Did dey take care o' it? No! Did dey brack deir han's airnin' dat white money? 'T aint right no ways," and her finely poised head would quiver with indignation.

She was a firm believer in the right of primogeniture. Once referring to a family where the eldest born son was not brilliant, and had been left the homestead estate, the next son very bright, she commented:

"What bus'ness he got all the brains for; dey's in the wrong skull. De head o' de house orto hev' de wits."

Serena always wore a high, snowy turban wound around her head. Her last hours were typical of her name. She had not been feeling very strong, and had drawn her favorite large chair near a sunny window in her little cot to remain while her daughter went into the village for a few necessaries. When she returned she found her still sitting

there. Her head had fallen forward, her face was hidden in her ample bosom, her turban at her feet. She was dead. The fine old head was never lifted again, and thus, painlessly, serenely she passed away. A second time she was free.

Mitty was the delight of little children. She had the gift of telling marvellously fascinating stories about fairies, witches and spirits, individually and collectively. Seated in front of the fire, she would seize the huge shovel, hammer the back-log, and make "the folks go to meetin'," to our immense satisfaction. The last spark to ascend the chimney, when she tired, was the sexton. When they begged for just one more shower of sparks, Mitty would declare "the meetin' out, folks a-ridin' home, door locked, sexton jes' goin' off the meetin'-house stoop," and no persuasion could induce her to give the back-log another rap.

Poor Mitty's domestic happiness was cut short in quite a distressing way. Her husband, Josephus, was a smith. One morning, while working at his forge, he was seized with a terrible pain under the left shoulder-blade. Going to the house, he informed Mitty, who seated him in a chair, saturated a cloth with liniment, placed it over the spot and clapped thereon a hot flatiron, to drive out the pain. In the space of a minute or two poor Seph tumbled from the chair dead. Mitty's shrieks aroused the neighborhood, but all effort was unavailing; he never breathed more. She would recount again and again this sore affliction, and say:

"If I'd let that iron alone—if I on'y jes' had," while tears would course down her dark cheeks.

Mitty was a firm believer in witches. Though witch stories were not in favor with parents, many a deliciously awful one was surreptitiously told the youngsters when they were absent, during her visits. She would recount how in witch-days hens could be found in the morning "witched stone-dead," standing right on the ends of their bills on the

perches, only Mitty called them "roost poles." How a poor old slave she knew was nightly turned, by a wicked witch, into a black horse and whipped and spurred and almost driven to death, and then threatened next day by his master because he was so lame and sore he could accomplish but half-a-day's work. How one morning her own mother's coffee-mill wouldn't turn "no-how," and being searched for a pebble, a cricket jumped out and sat on the post whereon the mill was screwed and kicked its heels and laughed in her face, and being "clipped" with the s'pawn-stick, hopped off with a broken foreleg, and right away a doctor was sent for to set the broken arm of the wicked witch on the mountain. When he reached there he found the awful creature savagely splitting up her s'pawn-stick with a hatchet, and while the doctor was setting her arm, a merry little cricket chirped on the door-stone, and she flew out, bandages dangling, splints scattered, and reduced him to a spot, vowing she hated these chirping small boders of luck worse than snakes.

"And can witches turn into crickets, Mitty?" round-eyed questioners would ask.

"Sho', chillen," she would answer, complacently, "crickets or oxes—makes no difference which."

Once, in the winter, when snow was deep and the meat dwindled low, Seph, on going out in the morning, found a fine black pig in the pen.

"Right over in de pen," Mitty averred, "lookin' jes' to hum."

Inquiry was made all around, but no missing porker could be heard of. Then pious Seph concluded he must have been "sent" to help them out, fed him carefully and at last when of due proportions, on consulting the Squire and the minister, and gaining their approval, decided to slay him for use. On the eventful morning Seph, accompanied by Mitty, went out to the pen, and to use her own words, "clum in,"

the butcher-knife, well sharpened, in hand. At this point in Mitty's tale, her voice always sank to a whisper, her eyes looked cavernous and dark, and all invariably drew closer together, and felt chilly and dry in the throats, but not a soul dare go to the family water-pail for a drink.

"Now," Mitty would continue, "jes' as quick as Seph had clum in dat pen, and seize dat shoat, he riz up an' storked right ober de side. Seph made a dash at him with the knife an' jes' slit his nose as he larruped out. And, chillen, what do you think?" Mitty would continue warming to her subject. "Dat week dere came word de very worst wizard on the mount'n, dat dey said had been working in de mines all winter, had come home with de end of his nose split right open, and dey done it up in pine-pitch, and he wore it done up days and days and weeks," Mitty would finish.

When interrogated as to why witches and wizards invaded her home with such dire malignity, Mitty would reply:

"Oh, 'twan't us ownerly; 'twas ebrybody's folks; they kep' busy."

When, with the far thoughts and general persistency of childhood, the little ones would ask what had become of all these eerie people and why their diablerie had ended, Mitty would aver:

"Dey mos'ly dies out. De las' one got lonesome and jes' went to de jumpin'-off place on ol' Hogback and keeled right off, and broke his neck." Being gathered up from a blackberry-patch like the poor young man in "The House That Jack Built," "all tattered and torn" from his mad leap to death, he was buried "top o' Hogback an' not *one* spear o' grass or even hoss-sorrel ever growed on his grave. Never does," Mitty would assert, "top o' deir graves; my ol' granny always said so."

Mitty died, full of years, and when it was learned that she was gone, she was sincerely mourned and the kind old

black face sorely missed. She retained her faith in witchcraft to life's latest day.

Tradition said that her name was given her by her mother Waanche, who one day heard her master, in conversation with a friend, speak of the manumitting of the slaves. She knew that the word meant freedom for her race, and from it gathered the name, Mitty, for her babe.

Samp (Sampson) was another ex-slave, whose face was familiar to the childhood of that day, as with slow, laborious movements he faithfully toiled. His forte was laying stone-fence. In this branch Samp was an artist. The precision, beauty and durability of his fences challenged comparison. Samp had one failing that grievously worried his employers. He *would* go "wood-chucking." When found absent from his work on this alluring sport and reprimanded, his one plea invariably was:

"Sylvy *does* like 'em so, she does; she said I mus'n' come home without one."

One day, in a family access of work, Sylvia was called upon to assist in "wash-washing" the walls, as she termed it. A boy on the farm found Samp away from his work in the afternoon, and discovered him setting his chuck-trap in the woods. While bringing the cows at night the boy spied a fine woodchuck in the trap, and bore it home with pride to Samp, who was eating his vesper meal on the porch with Sylvia, preparatory to going home.

"Here, Samp," he called, holding it up with a flourish, "look what a big one you've got to-night!"

Now it was currently whispered that Samp was a little henpecked, and on this account, and because of Sylvia's excessive fondness for the meat, Samp's vanishings after woodchucks were nearly always condoned. When this specimen met Sylvia's gaze, as she comfortably sipped her tea in the shade of the vines, fire and wrath shot from her

uplifted eyes, and indignation limbered her tongue. Samp was berated with unsparing vigor.

"Why! Sylvia, I thought you were so very fond of woodchucks," said his employer, summoned to the scene by the noise of the fray.

"No sir-ee," cried Sylvia, entirely forgetting her usual respectful manner in her anger. "I hates 'em—nasty, greasy things. They eats pizen weeds, an' they *is* pizen," reiterated Sylvia.

"Why! Samp, how is this?" queried the master of the house, puzzled.

Poor Samp! His nose nearly sought his shoes. Slowly he spoke.

"Well, mister, she don't *allers* like 'em, an' when she don't, why I tries 'em for the ile, and sells it fur harness grease."

"Ile! Grease! Sell it!" retorted Sylvia, wrathfully. "He eats it *all* an' licks the platter."

Samp and Sylvia lived together many long years, and died full of honors for their faithfulness.

Rosette was indeed an African. No base white blood ever mingled with the rich tropical stream that coursed through her veins. She was intensely black. Ebony, midnight paled beside her; indeed, she often remarked, with a mellow laugh, "Charcoal make white mark on Rosette."

She was born a slave, where is not known, but always referred to it with horror, saying:

"Once we was pigs and cows, but now, 'come in, nigger, go out, nigger, who's going to hender ye?'"

She had a hatred for a mulatto, called them "bad-pennies," and said, "The Lord never made 'em." Chiding or punishment to a little one ever roused her ire. "Guess if they cotched it every time they did a thing, and got a clip every turn, they'd be mince-meat," she would remark of the parents.

Her terse sayings would fill a book. Often, when a clergyman passed, she would remark:

"I wonder, I *do* wonder, if you allers practise what you preach?"

This remark was once conveyed to the minister, and, spying Rosette in the yard, he said:

"Alas! Rosette that is the greatest trouble I have."

"I thought so," she answered, grimly.

Indeed, Rosette had no liking for the professions. She would say:

"Doctors killed more than they cured, and lawyers got fat by picking geese."

Rosette once made a profession of religion and united with a church, but with a rheumatic husband, chickens, and children to care for, ceased to attend service entirely. When chided by a colored sister punctilious in all duties, she retorted:

"'Tain't likely the Lord 'spected I'd hold out anyway, with so much on my hands."

To her race, aping their white neighbors in dress and manners, she had a distinct aversion. "Nudder white nor black," she would declare, "jes' smut."

Once, on being told by a colored girl that she was allowed to eat with the family where she lived, she replied, scornfully, "They must like huckleberries and milk."

She was as full of proverbs and odd sayings as Sancho Panza himself. When anything was arranged for convenience and fell short of its mission (as often occurred in household matters), she would remark, sarcastically, "Handy! oh, yes! handy as two saws and nary buck in a woodpile o' logs." When a prediction was ventured in family converse, she would shake her head and exclaim, "No, 'twon't, 'tain't no sign of a duck's nest when you see a fedder on a log."

She was an unfaltering believer in "righteous retribution."

Unkindness, meanness, stuck-up-ness (her own coinage of a word) she abhorred. "They'll get it for that," was her sententious comment, "get it as the cat give it to the owl; over the face and eyes."

Her nature possessed a curious streak of odd vindictiveness. Woe to the graceless youth who failed to get her kindlings and wood, when asked. The next washing, his shirt-fronts, collars and cuffs would be carried to his room innocent of starch or polish. To stormy protest and noisy wrath, she was alike callous. "Where was my kindlings and wood to build fire to bile starch and heat irons?" she would quietly ask.

A certain quaint philosophy was ever present with her, mingled with unshaken fatalism. "Why do you say 'sorry?'" she would ask. "It had to be so." When the bewailing victim of misfortune would reply, "If I had only *known,* just *known.*" "There 'tis," she would answer triumphantly. "That's jes' what makes all the trouble in this worl'; we don't know."

When death came to one, in whatever manner, her comment was always, "'Twas their way to go. They'd got to the last mile-stun." She would entertain no plea of carelessness or remissness; brook to hear no untoward circumstance. 'Twas "*their* way to go; *their* time had come, *their* 'bounds was fixed,' Job said so." This "kismet" she applied to every death. When her own daughter died, all expected to see it fail her, but not so; firmly persuaded of her belief, she vowed, amid her fast-flowing tears, "'Twas the Lord's will; her time had come; no key could lock death out; she was took from the evil to come," and thus she comforted her poor, sore mother's heart.

She was a keen observer, and one day, beholding one raised unexpectedly to a position whose early advantages had not fitted her for it, she remarked, "She don't fit her

clo'es, nor they don't fit her. She growed up without being pared down for 'em."

She had character, decision and inborn sincerity of purpose. After the loss of her husband and children she retired to a small home of her own, where many friends testified their appreciation of her worth. Here she expired and was gathered to her last repose. Her "time had come," that "set bounds" she so firmly believed none could pass, and she departed in peace.

Somber enough were slavery's brightest days, and dark indeed were these across which the shadow of the cruel master or mistress fell.

On the outskirts of Warwick a venerable lady once pointed out to the narrator a spot painfully associated with a memory of her childhood. She was visiting at the house, and a poor slave mother stood ironing at a table in the next room, an ailing, fretful babe at her feet. Her mistress at length exclaimed:

"Nance, take that young one over in the orchard and lay it under a tree, out of sight and hearing. I'm tired of its squalling"

Without a word, the sad mother took up the sick babe and did as commanded. Coming back, she was ordered, now that the child was gone, to push through the ironing. Quietly she resumed her employment, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and sprinkling the linen as she worked.

When we recall that in those early times cattle ran loose over the country frequently, hogs especially, that snakes were plentiful, the heart stands still at the enormity of the brutality.

A splendid specimen of black manhood was once owned by an old family in the neighborhood. He was large and magnificently built, full of the instinct of freedom, and had escaped from his master many times. After long search and rewards he was several times reclaimed. Once more he

fled, and having been recovered was brought to a blacksmith near the town by his master, who ordered a heavy iron collar fitted to his neck, a shackle to his leg, and a chain to connect the two. The smith refused to fetter him, declaring he would never so use any human being. Angered and baffled, the owner replied that if he did not do as he wished he would ruin his business, as people would not patronize a man who would not help an owner to retain his own property. The smith was a young man, with a rising family to support, and this wicked threat staggered him. He knew the cruel owner would keep good his shameful menace. The poor slave, seeing his dilemma, said:

"Put them on, put them on, Mr. D——, though if you do it will be the last man that will ever be chained in this shop."

Under the stress of circumstances the unwilling smith fettered the negro and he was borne away. Shortly after his shop was destroyed by fire in the dead of the night. When this was related by the smith, he finished by remarking:

"I knew well who burned my shop, but I never blamed him one bit."

It would be interesting to know the subsequent fate of this slave, and if he lived to realize the joys of that freedom which he braved so much to attain. His name was Obi.

The names of slaves were interesting. Some were high-sounding, grand and historical, many mellifluous and sentimental, while others seemed bestowed in derision. Let us reflect on the sensation of going through life with such appellations as these:

Gif, Mink, Trump, Bat, Bal, Cof, Quash, Pomp, Yap, Tite, Go, Quam, Dev and Flip, as a man, and Nan, Dib, File, Dide, Rit, Yud, Haanch, Teen, Cat, Pen, Chat, Hage and Jut, as a woman.

Frequently a name was common in a family or neighborhood, and was used in connection with some personal pe-

culiarity, as Old Haanch, Long Haanch, Fat Haanch, Little Haanch, Big Nauch, Lame Nauch, Yaller Nauch, and these adjectives stuck persistently to their objects through life.

In some families slaves were made pets and playthings. Twin girls born on the Ellison place were notably favored in this respect. Their names were Rosy and Dilly. Mrs. Ellison took them with her on visits to her friends, and they would entertain the company by dancing, grimacing, feigned quarrels, in which they tumbled over each other and pulled wool vigorously, and in going through the motions of carding, spinning, weaving, netting and so forth. Little Dill would fall down in such frightful fits as sometimes to thoroughly scare their hostess, causing her mistress to scream with laughter.

A very diminutive boy named Prince was a favorite in this wise. He had an omniverous appetite for so small a youth, and was always hungry. There really appeared to be no limit to Prince's capacity for storing away food. While accompanying his mistress on visits, he would sometimes request a bite before the usual meal was prepared. For this he was chided, and positively forbidden to ever ask again. Soon after, while at a friend's, his mistress saw him screwing uneasily on his chair, a certain prognostic that Prince was growing hungry. The lady of the house at length observed him, and make some remark.

"Missy told me not never to ask for anything to eat again," he at length burst out, "an' I'm awful hungry, but I won't ask, no, not if I *starve* to death."

Lilly was a slave possessed of a remarkably fine voice, in fact, it was wonderfully beautiful. At the old-fashioned camp-meetings, Lilly made the welkin ring with her clear, birdlike notes. She would sometimes get into a perfect ecstasy, carolling her favorite hymns, and actually fall backward and partly unconscious in the rapture of singing them.

It was one of the allurements of camp-meeting to hear Lilly sing, "The year of Jubilee," "I'm boun' for the Land of Canaan," "Oh, yes, 'tis a wonderful mystery," "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," "He died for you and He died for me," "O glory! glory! halle-halle-lujah!" and the assembled congregation would listen almost spellbound, until Lilly "sung her head off," and rolled on the grass in an ecstatic fit. Once she lay so long in one of these trances that some one advised a sprinkling of water to rouse her. Opening her eyes and springing up with surprising energy, she exclaimed:

"No, you won't, and spile all my new yaller ribbons."

Poor Lilly at last partially lost her reason, and when the wildness of a shattered mind inspired her melodies, they were said to be weird and startling in the extreme.

Toby is recalled, a most comical and amusing figure. His oddities were legion. The soles of his feet were entirely covered with corns, which caused him to limp in a peculiarly painful manner, with a distressed face. His hands bore a crop of seedy warts. He always declared they were "witched on him," and that "no airthly power" could remove them. The corns on his feet he considered were a "jedgment" sent upon him for "trompin' hoppy-toads" as a boy.

"I squashed bushels," Toby would say, "an' now I'm under a jedgment foreber. The blood of them hoppy-toads rises out of the ground forever-n-ever-n-ever agin me."

When the torment and stinging of the corns became unendurable, Toby would scoop out a mud-bath for his feet by the brink of the pond, and there sit patiently for hours, burying his feet. Here he would weave rush cradles for the little girls' rag dolls, make willow-whistles, tell fortunes on daisies, fashion geese trussed for roasting from milkweed-pods, and tell stories of awful "sarpints, legged, spotted, wiggly, squirming" that once infested ponds, but were now

departed forever. He was an adept in stringing a sort of sing-song rhyme, of which fragments have been preserved.

Toby loved to go to church, but always asked for a pair of old gloves to wear, averring he wanted nobody to hold a "gridge" against his hands, on account of the disfiguring warts. A sympathizing physician once offered to rid Toby of this marring defect, but he firmly asserted that it could not be done. When the doctor positively assured him that it could, Toby averred that "They was witched on, and would surely come right back," and the doctor had to yield the point. He carried a bone from a fowl in his pocket to keep off the toothache, saying things in nature always went contrary, and as hens had no teeth, the proximity of their bones was a sovereign specific in accordance with the contrariness of "natur."

Toby was a bachelor. No dusky, dark-eyed siren had ever beguiled him into that fatal noose, matrimony. Children, he averred, "was good *when* they was good, when they wasn't, they wuz wuss than biles, an' give no peace till they was broke jes' like 'em." "Wimmen, mos'ly," he thought, did fairly, but the kind that liked ribbons and ear-drops were to be shunned. He had known some such, and they had brought desolation with the fluttering and tinkling of their ornaments.

A son of the family was much charmed by a young lady who carried a high and finely poised head.

"Don't hev her," warned Toby. "She wears the bridle herself now. When she gits you, she'll take it off and put it onto you."

Toby would never eat an eel. He declared them the hybrid progeny of fish and snakes, and his horror of them was unbounded. He also had an aversion for "writin' women," having once served one.

"Yo' never wan' to look into their churns," said Toby,

"for I see wrigglers on a writin' woman's churn-led once, and the rim runnin' away with 'em."

As for their bread-trays, averred Toby, enough "slut-pennies" dried fast to 'em to choke a hoss to death.

Such was Toby's judgment of these ever-to-be shunned females. He hobbled around on his corn-afflicted soles for many long years, and died peacefully, and was buried in a private family yard north of town. As children we long missed our kind friend as we played under the great willow by the pond, where he used to sit in the cool shadows, the first disciple of mud-baths known among us.

Dear old Toby! Let us hope that he is gone where corns are not, and where the kind, marred hands will no more be obliged to seek covering to shield them from the "gridge" he always seemed to dread.

Pomp and Sukey were brother and sister. Never was Pomp happier than when his master named a splendid new English mastiff for him. His delight knew no bounds as he helped to provide shelter, bite and sup for the big, tawny fellow. In return for his kindness Pomp II always treated the old servitor with scant courtesy, muffled growls and sullen glances, and in the bitterness of a wounded spirit, Pomp declared "not for no livin' man would he ever have his name giv' to ary dog agin, an' be snapped an' growled at to all etarnity for it, no, not for ary dog that ever stood on legs."

Neither Pomp or Sukey were ever married. Their affection for each other was unbounded. As Pomp waxed old, he grew quite disinclined for active labor, and "chored" about friendly homesteads, earning but little, but Sukey toiled most faithfully and contributed to his comfort, in all fond sisterly ways. When his toes sought the outside of his shoes her little hoard was drawn upon, and a new pair covered them, and so all his needs were supplied by his watchful and ever-ready sister.

Sukey, as before mentioned, was single. From a stout

pole laid across two crotched sticks, driven in the ground by the creek, hung her large brass kettle, and with a bright, businesslike fire burning beneath it, in this improvised laundry she earned many good dollars. Her little cot stood not far away, and here, in her youth, she dwelt with widowed mother and only brother, and diligently pursued her lowly avocation. When her day's work was completed, she spent the evening clear-starching and ironing, and had the honor of "doing" ruffled shirts and funeral bands for the country clergy. The doing of these was a solemn and momentous occasion, in which Sukey's whole heart went out to her work, so there was at such times little left for a sable suitor who now and then humbly scraped his feet at her door.

One evening Sukey had clear-starched and ironed her week's work and lain it in immaculate whiteness on the splint-bottomed chair, covered with a long crape veil to keep off marauding flies. Departing then with her mother to make a friendly call after the labors of the day, the lonely cot was dark and still when Boham, the lover, stole up. He could not bear to go away without one glimpse of his beloved's shining face, so, lifting the latch and finding a seat, he ensconsed himself thereon, and soon, in the stillness of the summer night, fell asleep.

At length Sukey and her mother appeared, and uncovering the fire, lighted the tallow dip, when lo! their horrified eyes fell on the waiting lover, sound asleep on the week's work, all crushed, ruined, under his ponderous avoirdupois. A kettle of starch, left over from her work, stood on the table. Grabbing the luckless lover by the wool, she seized handful after handful and plastered it therein, rubbing vigorously, while, half-awake, stunned, amazed, he howled for mercy, unconscious of his offence, and thinking Sukey had surely gone mad.

Poor girl! It was the end of the only love dream of her life. Weary and panting, she at length let go, a snow-capped

darky fled wildly out into the night, and sought the banks of the rushing creek, and until the still small hours, bent above the waters, clawing, tearing at his beplastered wool, rubbing, sousing, tousleing, in mad endeavors to free it from Sukey's starching. When his best was done, poor Boham fared home, and Sukey and he were strangers forever.

"How did I know," he said, pathetically, "all Sukey's clo'es was kivered on dat cheer?"

Sukey remained in single blessedness through life. Boham was never replaced by another claimant for her toil-worn, dusky hand. She devoted herself to her fond old mother until her death, and thereafter transferred her faithful affection to slow and rather stupid Pomp. He died first, and then she removed to Goshen, to be near friends of her own color, where she was finally gathered to the great majority.

A quaint, trim figure, of slender and elastic build, and carrying herself with a grace and airiness unusual, she is remembered well among the little cluster of ex-slaves who were wont to gather around our hearthstone. She never forgave poor Boham, whether for the wreck of her laundrying, or the overthrow of her marital prospects, could not be ascertained.

One bleak, wintry day, Sukey, then quite aged, came to see our mother. She was an especial favorite in the household, and begged that the new-born babe be named for his grandfather, Benjamin. She repeated often, "Sech a good man, and sech a purty, purty Bible name." When told that the little boy was named for his great-grandfather, she exclaimed reproachfully:

"Now, see, to skip yo' own daddy."

Sukey never came again; her death followed soon after.

Little children with a child's inborn love of stories, we never wearied of hearing our grandmother tell of old Tune, an ex-slave of many quaint characteristics. He was born

in the Tunison family, from which circumstance he inherited his name, at the foot of old Sugar Loaf Mountain, a peak of that peculiar shape which rears its summit eight hundred feet into the clear air of Orange County, and is one of the most striking of the many beautiful landmarks of that section.

Here in his early youth Tune disported himself after obtaining his freedom in his own fashion, catching rattlesnakes and skunks, and extracting the oils therefrom at an old disused forge in a ruined blacksmith's shop near his home. These he sold to rheumatics and paralytics, and my grandmother declared they had potent efficacy in limbering up the stiff-jointed and palsied.

Prowling the rock-ribbed mountain one day for rattlers, Tune discovered one coiled in the crevice of a rock. It was his custom to seize them by the tip of the tail, to give them a stunning slat against a tree trunk or rock, and then bag them. But alas! the wary snake was too alert for its captor. As Tune crept softly up and insinuated his long lithe fingers in the crevice toward the temptingly visible tail, it struck the dark, trespassing hand and inserted its fangs with wrathful venom. With wild screams of fright and pain Tune shook off the reptile and ran with mad leaps down the mountain side to the door of old Claus, an Indian doctor famous for his cures of snake bites. He ministered skilfully to stricken Tune and succeeded in saving his life, although he was very near death. From that day he relinquished snake-catching and his thriving business in healing oils, evincing an unbounded horror of any reptile, and took up the avocation of Chimney Burner in Chief to the rural population of the section.

Never was one more eminently fitted by kindly Dame Nature for a chosen life work. Tall, long-armed, long-heeled, quick as a cat and supple as the snakes he had forsworn, Tune's new business of Chimney Burner for the coun-

try hamlets yielded him many bright shillings and plenteous meals. The chimneys in the isolated farmhouses, where wood was the only fuel, became periodically clogged with soot, and as a chimney sweep with his implements was then unknown, the only method of cleaning was to burn them out. This was a matter of some skill and anxiety and one the work-stiffened old farmers often demurred at, as it frequently required a quick clambering to the roof of the home and adjacent buildings to quench the sparks drifting here and there. So after Tune took up the occupation he became a real necessity and found business plenty, especially in spring and fall.

What joy to the young members of the household when Tune presented himself at the kitchen door, and, bowing low, scraping and pulling his grizzled foretop, inquired: "Chimblys wan' bu'nin' out?" When informed that they did, an engagement would be made and early in the morning Tune would make his appearance. Nimble as the squirrels chattering in the old trees, he proceeded to business. Filling every pot, pan, pail and pitcher with water and placing the long ladder securely against the eaves, he would carry them all to the roof, where they were safely deposited, Tune asserting with pride that he never spilt a drop going up. "Can' hev too much water on the ruf through the bu'nin' out," he would aver.

This done, Tune would hie him to the wood-pile and carry in several armfuls of green logs. Throwing them on the hearth he would improvise a rustic fender all about the fireplace to prevent the burning cinders from rolling out over the bare sanded floor, for these were not the days of linoleums and oil-cloths. Now, all being in readiness, Tune's long feet made quick tracks to the barn, where he pulled from the mows the very fullest and longest sheaf of rye straw. Bringing it in, he would rake the fireplace clean and with redoubled brandishings of his long arms thrust it far up the

yawning black throat of the chimney. "Now, nothin' wantin' but a shubbel o' coals," Tune would comment, and with a swoop these were added and the straw ignited.

How the watching group of children thrilled and trembled may be imagined, as the shooting flames went roaring and thundering up the long tunnel, fairly shaking the homestead on its sturdy foundation! Up, up, the dense black coils of smoke rolled in somber rings against the sky, and the rent banners of flames wavered in the breeze. With what wonderful contortions Tune would scramble to the roof time and again to see that no spark had fastened there, occasionally whispering in sepulchral accents with lugubrious face that he "jes' hove up in time to save the house—ruf afire in forty places," meantime rolling the whites of his great eyes till naught of their color was visible, and curling down his immense under lip aside at some of the elders of the family, as the children stood aghast at the awful possibility he had averted.

Then, when the rumbling had ceased and the flames died down, most entrancing of all it must have been to see the glowing incrustations of fiery soot and cinders come chasing each other down the white-hot chimney as if in madcap play, dropping to the hearth to whisper their fiery secrets against the grim barriers of smoking green logs. Crepitating, murmuring, at last they died away in ashen pallor and lay chilled on the hearth wont to be so bright.

How the very young of the home paled with foreboding when Tune would sometimes assert he "know'd ole Cinder Claws was up the chimbly when the fire started, and r'ally believed he had singed his heels!" Mournful visions of caps unfilled and small yarn stockings hanging limp at the fireplace on Christmas morn would flit across their fancy, as they sadly pictured Santa Claus detained at home nursing his blistered heels. With a tremendous blubbering of his big lip and peeling of his eye, Tune would admonish "not to

be skeert, fur he see Cinder Claws scoot over the ruf jes' as the fire started, an' heerd him holler back he had been busy makin' doughnut babies with raisin eyes for the Dutch chil'ern down in Sussex."

After all was over, the household utensils brought from the roof, ladder carried to the barn, the smoking green logs cooling in the back yard, Tune would replace the andirons, build a fresh crackling fire and enjoy a hearty dinner beside it from the kind hands of great-grandmother. As he toasted his long heels by the newly built fire, he would often amuse the little ones scattered about the jamb with stories which invariably smacked of his vocation.

One was of a "very stingy fam'ly, too clus to hev their chimblys bu'ned out, an' they got suttier an' suttier an' cindier an' cindier, until one day the awful mess took fire and made such a ter'ble heat the chimblys all busted to onct, an' the bricks flew out an' killed all the fambly an' bu'nt the hull house to the groun'." Tune would always wind up this story by cautioning the group of little ones to see that the parents frequently employed his valuable services, lest like calamity befall them.

Another story Tune was fond of relating, as he quaffed mug after mug of simmering spiced cider, was of "a fambly shif'less an' slack to the last degree; who never had their chimblys bu'ned out from year's end to year's end." The chimneys of this ne'er-do-weel household one fateful night also took fire, "an' bu'ned an' bu'ned, but did not bust. Jes' bu'ned on an' never went out," Tune would solemnly assert, "an' they roared on an' no one could squench 'em; an' the roarin' made 'em all stun deef, an' the smoke an' sparks flew out inter their eyes, an' the baby was sot afire in the cradle an' the dinners was burnt, an' all because Tune was not sent for."

When little Jonah, ever of an investigating and exploring nature, anxiously inquired where this building in eternal

conflagration was located, with hidden purpose of some time running away to find it, our grandmother declared he was always informed by Tune that it was "so fur away his feet would be worn to nubs afore he ever found it," so our small great-uncle never dared to start.

As Tune worked cheerily at the chimneys, he sang many songs, of which grandmother regretted she could recall but one. This ran:

House a-burnin', house a-burnin',
Jump up, jump up,
Fire a-gittin' madder, madder,
Run for water, run for ladder.

So far as can be ascertained, and from all that is known, the Northern slaves did not possess the fanciful jingle of rhyme which gave so quaint an attraction to their Southern brethren. They seem to have had but few in the locality with which we have to deal. They sang hymns far more. One song is recalled, of which but a single verse is remembered. It was called "Jim-a-long-a-Josey," and was composed by a white musician. A shiftless negro, named Old Jake, used to sing it at raisings, haying frolics and at high noon at the country school-houses, accompanying the lines with a hilarious double-shuffle dance. The pupils rewarded Jake with such fragments from dinner-pails and baskets as could be spared, and he was a frequent visitor.

Jake's weakness was mince-pie, and in return for a few bites of this favorite delectable he would scrape his heels before an admiring crowd the whole noontide. The lines that linger in memory run thus:

The bullfrog came from the bottom of the spring,
He had such a cold he couldn't sing,
He tied his tail to a hickory stump,
And rared and kicked but he couldn't make a jump.

Hi git along, Jim-a-long-a-Josey,
Hi git along, Jim-a-long-a-Joe.
(*Many times repeated.*)

Jake's entertainments at the various seats of learning scattered about on the country hillsides at length terminated unfortunately. A pupil one day brought with her to school a cousin from the city. The little visitor was sitting in the play-house on the green in front of the door when Jake appeared upon the scene, and began his song and dance. When he arrived at the frantic struggles of the bullfrog to execute the jump, which he was fated never to accomplish, Jake's contortions always became vigorous, and this particular day must have been unusually exciting, for, on beholding them, the small visitor sat appalled for a moment, and then fell into a fit of shrieking fright, which was in no wise mitigated by poor old Jake's endeavors to pacify her, and his assurances that he wouldn't hurt her for "the best cow that ever wore a tail." The teacher appearing, Jake was banished, and no doubt sadly missed his fees of mince-pie, doughnuts and other goodies. Another jingle which I recall, and have rhymed was:

THE HIGH-HOLE AND THE PHEBE-BIRDIE.

The high-hole looked from the holler oak tree
At the phebe-bird, an' he says, says he,
"Little yaller gal, will yo' marry me?"
"An' live in a hole?" says the little phebe-e.
"No, no, I won't, sir, no sir-e-e,
I'll stay an' be a phebe birdie-e-e-e."

The high-hole snap his bill and say,
"Little yaller gal, now yo' go 'way,
The teeter-tail she live by the brook,
She primp an' tilt an' give me a look,
What do I care for a phebe-bird-e-e-e
When a teeter-tail she smile at me."

Then the phebe-bird she laugh to kill,
An' say "Ol' high-hole, you be still,
Teeter-tail she marry last night,
An' now her name it Mis' Bob White."
Then the high-hole bump his head on a tree,
An' fall down dead for the little phebe-e-e.

The following used to be sung by Anne Boham, long at

service in one of the old families, bond and free. A fragment only is remembered, though there were many verses:

There was a frog lived in the rill,
Tel lay, tel link, tel lo!
He courted a mouse lived in the mill,
Tel lay, tel link, tel lo!
The frog he went to mouse's hole,
Tel lay, tel link, tel lo!
And Mistress Mouse was taking toll,
Tel lay, tel link, tel lo!

The pollywog, or pollywoggle, was a favorite character in this lore. Many little ditties are recalled, in which this small denizen of the ponds and fens figured. This, redressed, was Toby's favorite:

The pollywog lived in the mill-pond flume,
So lonesome for she lose her groom;
The hoppy-toad he hear her sigh,
An' he roll way up the white his eye.
Says he, "I can hop an' jump sky-high,
I'll marry Misses Pollywog if I die,
Hippity, hoppety, blink your eye,
Tumblecome tarry, jump high sky!"

She stuck a posy in her cap,
An' opened the door for Hoppy's rap,
An' there he was all in his best,
With a beautiful yaller satin vest.
He laid his hand upon his hip,
She put her finger to her lip,
An' eurcheyed pretty as ever you see,
An' said, "Come in, do, Mr. Hoppee-e."

The wedding was the very next night,
Mis' Polly Wog was dressed in white,
An' Mr. Frog in bottle green,
'Twas the finest wedding ever seen;
They supped on s'pawn and danced till day,
Lickity brindle, larrupy lay!
Turn keely over, blink yo'r eye,
Hippity, hoppety, jump sky high!"

A fanciful jingle, which seemed to cover all things flying, creeping or running, used to be repeated among the children of the family. It was best known to a soldier brother, whose dust mingles with the clods of Chancellorsville. A few of

the lines are recalled, but they stretched out to great length. Toby was the ex-slave from whom they were gathered:

Old Rat dip his tail in cream,
Let de young ones lick it clean;
Weasel in de chicken-coop,
Very meanest kin' o' snoop;
Weevil fin' it very sweet,
'Way down in de bin o' wheat;
Wagtail settin' on a log,
Get so scairt at Daddy Frog;
Little Mis' Tadpole run and hide
When Mr. Pike stretch he mout' wide;
Hang bird on de willer limb,
Pollywog round de teasel swim;
Tumblebug he roll he load
Up de hill an' down de road;
Woodchuck never make a sound,
Dig a hide-hole in de ground;
Old Mudsucker call out, "Hush!
Axe a-choppin' en de brush";
Chipmunk chatter, chatter, chatter,
Big Brown Thrasher flop and clatter;
Young Mis' Rat she spy a trap,
Never know it go off, snap!
Little old woman en de tree
Pull her hood so she can see;
Ground bird build her little nest,
In de mud as she like best,
Where de ol' cow set her huff
Make a hole jest big enough.
(*And so on.*)

The little old woman in the tree is the hawk-moth, its curious puckered face bearing a fanciful resemblance to an old woman's in a hood.

An aged ex-slave, long living in our family, used to sing a song commencing:

To-morrow will be holiday,
The niggers then will dance and play,
No more work nor home to stay,
For all will have a holiday.

Sing and dance and run away,
To-morrow will be holiday.

Holiday she invariably rendered "hollowday." She sang many ditties, among them:

Black hands make white money,
Stay home, bees, lay up honey.
The still sow drinks the swill,
Let the old horse have his will.

It is a regret not to have known them in their early youth, when gay and light of heart and foot, the sunshine, song and merriment of their natures had not been repressed by years of sorrow, toil and change. The Northern slaves were keen observers. They congregated more rarely with their fellows than their Southern brethren, as their homes were usually in the families of their masters. Both loved hymns, spiritual songs and ringing music that told of a happy land where toil and pain were not; also sad, mournful melodies which they breathed forth with infinite pathos.

"I sink, I sink, I can't hold out no more," rendered in a low, dirge-like tone, was absolutely blood-chilling.

Down in the grave, down in the grave,
Where we all got to go,
Down low, down low.

And

Seek, seek, seek and never, never find,
Till the poor soul lost and gone;
Seeking, seeking, seeking,
Never, never find.

And

Lord, lay me low and keep me low,
Lest from out thy ways I go,

as sung in their prayer meetings in their lowly homes or at camp meetings in the dim, shadowy woods were a few of these sad strains familiar to my youth, and I well remember their unutterably pathetic and calamitous expression.

Whatever presented a vivid word picture was the delight of the negro soul, and he loved to sing of "The Year of Jubilee," "The Chariot of Fire," "The Happy Land," of "Pearly Gates," and "Golden Harps," of "Jerusalem, Happy Home," of the apostles, prophets and sainted ones gone before.

And so let us take leave of the kind sable friends, the scattered memories of whose simple, toilsome lives have been

gathered in these pages. Not one is recalled who was not honest, faithful, loyal, loving and most interesting. The depth of affection in their natures was remarkable. To the latest days of their lives they clung with fond devotion to those whose fathers had once owned their flesh and blood—Heaven forgive them—and among all its good gifts, let us be most thankful for liberty for them, and that they died *free*.

V

The Bygone Doctor

V

The Bygone Doctor

DURING the reign of good Queen Anne politics bore so fierce a Whig and Tory aspect that it extended to the physicians employed. Garth, the author of the Dispensary, reigned as healer of the Whig party, while Arbuthnot ministered to the Tory. To Garth, Sir Richard Steele paid the high compliment of declaring that "his professional generosity was exceeded by none living." Of Arbuthnot, Pope (life-long invalid) wrote:

> Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
> The world had wanted many an idle song.

What a planet ours would be if it were filled with such doctors as poor, tender-hearted Ollie Goldsmith, who took the guineas received for his sweet, immortal verse and gave them to his half-starved patients as prescriptions, declaring they took them joyfully, and made no wry faces! What head grown white in our home town but remembers the kind, sympathetic faces of Doctors Stanley, Coe, Lynn, Herron, Reynolds, Stevens and their successors, as they jogged in their close-fitting sulkeys over hill and dell, bumped up and down mountain and mired in rutted level through spring thaws and autumnal washouts. Among the memories of my childhood, I recall being told by an old ex-slave employed in the family that after doctors were made to have a "paper" to doctor by, they became a very dangerous class. Serena declared that now they "couldn't even

bleed a kitten in a fit" without showing their "paper," and that these gruesome healers "robbed graves for bodies to chop up, hacked poor critters open to see inside of 'em, and had skelentons all over their houses." Intense was my horror of this awful menace that had dawned on afflicted humanity and I longed to have lived in the day when doctors were not obliged to have "papers," when one might rest undisturbed in the quiet old churchyard, fertilizing the daisies and buttercups, and not in life be surreptitiously opened like Bluebeard's closet to disclose awful hidden horrors; also call for the doctor without rattling down a shower of bones as the knocker resounded. It is well authenticated that our ancestors lived to hale and hearty old age, raised houses full of healthy children, often without one break in the proverbial family stairs; then why not skill and intelligence in the ministrations of the old-time healer? Did he or did he not *always* have his "papers"? I cannot find out. Perhaps he sprang like Minerva in the Golden Age in the fullness of wisdom. I have traced him back to a century and a half agone, and have here given him just as he has been handed down to me. Long, long ago—

He looked around
And chose his ground,
And took his sleep.

Kind Heaven rest his soul! He thought he was doing his very best. Who can do more?

The first herb healer of whom I can find any trace in ancient Warwick filled the dual capacity of teacher in the district log schoolhouse and herb doctor in his hours of leisure. Like Philip Anthony of old—

A learned man was he;
In 'rithmetic he'd gone as far
As the Rule of Double Three.
He'd studied physic, too,
And he was boarded round,
He cured coughs, colds and phthysic, too,
With roots dug from the ground.

For some years he flourished, teaching and healing, then disappeared and was seen no more, leaving the birch to rest on the time-worn desk, and a fragrant memory of aromatic "composition tea," mandrake pills and hemlock sweats to embalm his memory. He was a dentist also, and extracted teeth for his little school as well as the whole countryside; a surgeon setting such broken bones as befell the community, and if any more useful individual ever happed upon our town, his memory has perished.

That the olden regular physician bled profusely, and made the lancet's point and the compounds of the "sprightly metal" the "rock of refuge," none may deny, and when—

> Life's o'erspent lamp and Time's bewasted light
> Became extinct with age and endless night,

his good steed rested in the stall, the saddle-bags were hung in the garret, and his patients thought, just as we do now, they "couldn't live without their doctor." But thoughtful ones stood by dying beds, and heard the sufferers cry for water, beg, pray, with fevered lips, for one life-giving drop, saw them denied until death closed the scene; and they said no more mercury, and the botanic physician arose to take a permanent place in early medical circles.

The bark and fruit of the wild cherry was used as a strengthening medicine, the green of the elder for a healing salve, the sumac as a gargle for sore throats, the yellow dock as a blood purifier, the slippery elm and mullein in dropsy, kidney troubles and consumption. The stramonium was considered invaluable. An ointment of the leaves was kept in every home for ulcers, rheumatism and eruptions. Clumps of hyssop, sage, lavender, rue, balm, motherwort were found in every garden, and the strings of red peppers glinting in the sunshine at pantry and kitchen windows were always called on in sudden cold, attacks of intestinal disturbance and sore throat. Skullcap was used in St. Vitus's dance and

disorders of the nerves, the prickly pear as a stimulant, also for liver derangements and rheumatism. A salve from it was popular in scrofula and ulcers. Snakeroot was most useful as a gargle for putrid sore throat, which twice prevailed severely in the early days of the settlement. A decoction of the wild indigo was considered invaluable as an antiseptic, and beneficial in gangrene and bed sores. Pokeberries in old applejack were freely given in rheumatic troubles, and the root, dried and powdered, was used as an emetic. The common blueflag was called herb calomel and was to bestir a sluggish liver. Wintergreen and Prince's pine were largely given in kidney, rheumatic and dropsical ailments. No herb was held of more value than the bloodroot. It was used for dyspepsia, also for whoopingcough and labored breathing. A wash of the plant was applied in skin diseases. The deadly nightshade was administered in palsy, convulsions and nervous troubles. Witch-hazel was kept in every home for hemorrhage, dysentery and canker sore mouth. Wormwood was a never-failing remedy for bruises, sprains and inflammation; it was also a tonic.

Almost every home-keeper, each recurring summer and autumn, gathered and most carefully dried spearmint, peppermint, catnip, elder-blossom, balsam, pennyroyal, burdock and dandelion for family use through the winter months. Baby, that important young autocrat of the household, was not expected to exist without regularly administered doses of catnip tea. Various liniments—of turpentine, camphor and healing herbs—were made and hoarded against a day of wounds, sores and bruises. The drug store was unknown, the general store keeping a corner for Peruvian bark, rhubarb, castor oil, paregoric, sulphur, peppermint, Godfrey's cordial, elixir of opium, Haarlem oil and opodeldoc. The selling of drugs was free and unrestricted. When sickness entered a home and the kind old granny or auntie came with her bag of simples, she was made welcome, listened to

with deference and her time-honored remedies duly administered. None was so wise in his day and generation as to scoff at her or disdain her homely cure-alls. Neighbor nursed neighbor with sympathy and kindly interest, and when life had fled, "sat up," or "watched," with the silent form till the funeral day saw it borne to its last long home. This sad day frequently very closely followed the death, as no means of preserving "the loved and lost" were in use. The old horrifying tales of burials alive could easily have had foundation in these times, when in sudden death the unfortunate, especially if of full habit, was hurried quickly to the tomb. It was customary, and considered proper—

> Before decay's effacing fingers
> Had swept the lines where beauty lingers.

The old-fashioned mother, save in very exceptional cases, nursed her own infant. It was no uncommon thing to see families of eight, ten or twelve, even more, and not one break in the line. One mother and her two daughters had forty-three children, who all grew to man's and woman's estate but one. Tacitus, the Roman historian, attributed the degeneracy of Rome, in part, to the habit that had crept in of mothers given over to luxury abandoning the care of their infants to poor Grecians and ignorant menials, and, on looking back, we find when the old-time matron nursed and cared for her own babe, the percentage of deaths was small.

The ancient custom of visiting the sick was most pernicious. No affront was regarded as more flagrant than to deny the visitor access to the sickroom. No matter how ill, nervous, weary or low the patient, the caller was never excluded. An aged lady was wont to tell that, during the very serious illness of her mother and brother with a dangerous fever, twenty-two persons called one Sabbath afternoon, eleven of whom remained to tea. During the severe strain and cares of illness, the usually plenteous larder had run

low, and notwithstanding it was hot weather, a large fire had to be kindled, biscuit baked, and other preparations made for the visiting sympathizers. This seems almost incredible, but it is absolute truth. Diseases were generally considered "a visitation of God," but little fear was felt of infection, and subjects of the most fatal and malignant types were publicly buried, frequently causing a wide spreading of the trouble. None can compute the damage done by crowding the room of the afflicted patient, the kindly meant but ill-timed condolence, the suppressed whispering and lugubrious faces.

Among the old customs, now almost obsolete, was that of tolling the bell for every death. Having its origin in rankest superstition, it was most pernicious in its effect on the sick and dying. But here is an exception. A lady, lying very ill with fever and at the crisis of the disease, was watched with anxious solicitude by an affectionate daughter. After an unusually restless and weary night, about nine in the morning, the patient sank into a sweet sleep. Gratefully the tender daughter noted the refreshing rest steal over her mother, when, all at once, the old church bell near their home pealed out preparatory to the tolling of the dismal death knell, which soon commenced its mournful tones. In the center of the room the startled watcher listened apprehensively to the depressing clangor. It tolled and tolled, as only a vigorous old church bell, pulled by strong arms, can ring the demise of a venerable inhabitant. Through the sixties with brazen lungs, into the seventies with undiminished volume, it opened bravely on the eighties, until at last the almost frantic daughter burst forth, "Lord have mercy on us! Is Moses dead?"

The mother, who awakened at the first peal, had lain with half-closed eyes surveying the scene, at this ebullition burst into a fit of laughter, which happily left no evil effects,

and she was wont to relate the incident with much amusement ever after.

A fear of cold from fresh air, bathing or change of linen prevailed in early days. Patients in fever were shut closely in stifling rooms, scarcely a breath of air was allowed to enter by door or window, and a change of linen for patient or bed was considered by some almost certain death. What must have been the sufferings of the afflicted the imagination vainly conjectures, as in addition to these horrors, owing to the use of mercury, in almost all illness by certain practitioners water was strictly prohibited.

Many superstitions prevailed in regard to the curing of ague and fever. One was for the sufferer to run until in a profuse perspiration, and then plunge into a cold stream. Another, while the fit was on, to go to the top of the house and crawl headlong down each pair of stairs to the bottom, this several times. A young lady, at the suggestion of an ignorant but kindly meaning neighbor, did this while suffering severely from chills, and sustained an internal injury which left her ever after a livid greenish yellow, which was never removed. This lady's feat not only ruined a once lovely complexion, but nearly cost her life.

An old but more sensible cure, largely prevailing, was to shape a waistcoat of coarse linen, make two exactly alike, dip them in white wine repeatedly and dry; then, stretching them carefully out, powdered Peruvian bark was placed between, and they were quilted together. This was placed upon the patient and was said to have a most happy effect by absorption.

As to the amount of blood our ancestors stoically stood to lose in some acute diseases imagination palls. A physician of one hundred and twelve years ago drew fourteen ounces at a first bleeding, nine ounces twenty-four hours after, and then the complaint, pleurisy, continuing painful, a third and fourth bleeding were undergone. Many traditions of blood

letting have been handed down. Among these a lady declares she was called upon, when a child of eight, to hold the bowl for the operation on her mother. While so doing, she became frightened and demurred. "Stand up to it, little girl," said the doctor, cheerfully, "you'll have to do it all your life, probably." While the arm was bared her mother remarked, "This is nine times on this arm, doctor."

In the commencement of the eighteenth century, and during the decline of the seventeenth, the "fruit cure" for lung diseases was generally heard of. Marvellous cures of consumption from rigidly adhering to a diet of red and white currants, with bread and very spare regimen, were made known. Old residents went afar and procured the white currant, and these venerable bushes were long to be found in old gardens. The acid of these fruits was supposed to promote a gentle perspiration and to mildly and insensibly sweat out the disease.

Before vaccination was known the terrors of smallpox were mitigated by the subject rigidly dieting for two or three weeks, abstaining from all oily or heating foods, and then going to some one with the disease and deliberately exposing himself and contracting it. Hop tea and warm whey were then freely given to throw the eruption "from the heart" and a salve of elder-blossoms was applied. A lady who underwent this experience in 1795 said that she had it lightly, suffered but little, and knew many children who ventured the same with no evil result and a lasting immunity from the horrors of disfigurement by the dread disease. At this date, though inoculation was known in Europe long, it had made but little progress in the New World; whether it had really been much practised in our hamlets is doubtful. At all events, the inhabitants favored the good old way of dieting and taking the disease by voluntary contact; then, with prudence and care, they suffered but little. After vaccination was freely introduced, many looked upon it with

strong disfavor. One reason for this was declared to be "the fear that the child might die, and they be blamed," and thus become a prey to unavailing regret.

An old and favorite remedy for a cough was to wear a plaster of Burgundy pitch between the shoulder-blades. It was said to be of great benefit. Friar's Balsam and Jesuit's Drops were two old remedies for cough, greatly prized. Balsam of Peru was said, with benzoin, to enter largely into their composition.

The amount of mercury given in some forms of intestinal disease baffles the telling. A physician of high repute recommended in severe cases giving to the extent of a pound, in broken doses, but gravely declared this should *not* be exceeded. Should this awful quantity defeat its own intention, it was recommended to "hold the patient up by the heels and let it be discharged by the mouth." Incredible as this may seem, it is truth, pure and simple, and is vouched for by a medical work in my possession.

Dysentery caused painful sickness and many deaths in the summer and autumn of 1822. An ancient remedy for this distressing illness, not only used in families, but ordered by physicians of the day, was to take a sheep's head and feet, with the wool on them, burn it off on a hot ploughshare, and then boil until the broth was a jelly. This was lightly salted and flavored with cinnamon. It was said that patients given over to die were perfectly cured by this broth. Clear whey was also freely used, especially for children. Wild cherries were much depended on, and were considered almost a specific. They were made into syrup, and sometimes the juice was expressed and preserved in a form called "cherry-bounce." A decoction of bugle-weed was also thought to be a specific.

Mineral waters were unknown in the primitive days of the town. Although in Europe the Bath, Bristol, Epsom, Nevil Holt, Scarborough and Cheltenham were in vogue, only oc-

casionally did some traveler tell of their wondrous efficacy in our midst. Of these last waters a departed parent is declared to have caused an epitaph to be engraved upon his family tombstone, telling a sympathizing world that—

> Here lies me and my three daughters
> A-died o' drinking o' Cheltenham waters;
> If we'd a-stuck to Epsom's salts
> We wouldn't 'a' been in these here vaults.

What a blow to the chalybeate! and how saline old Epsom must have held up its head after this memorial was erected!

True, people made their own sulphur-water, tar-water, limewater, tincture of hand-wrought horse-shoe nails, etc., and derived great benefit therefrom.

After many days the hearts of invalids were made glad with mineral springs of their very own, about three miles from Goshen, in old Orange, the Cheechunk Springs. Baths were kept for visitors. They were advertised as a delightful retreat for the invalid, and a pleasure-ground for those in pursuit of recreation. Daily stages ran from Newburgh to Goshen, and from thence to the springs. The farmhouses in the neighborhood blossomed out into boarding-houses for the visitors. Jolly parties of the country belles and beaux, "on pleasure bent," rode over to Cheechunk and danced and had a general good time. Lewis Denton, John J. Heard and Calvin Gardner were at one time its managers. The waters were analyzed and pronounced by the experts of the day to be beneficial in many grievous ailments. The Cheechunk House was a scene of life, light and gaiety for years. Instances were recorded of patients, in their zeal, almost killing themselves by excessive use of the waters, and returning home to be cured by their own doctor of chronic gripes and other pestiferous torments, but these victims of excess in no way diminished the fashion and popularity of the Orange County medicinal waters. It may be mentioned, sub rosa, that a bar was kept, supplied with the very choicest wines

and other refreshments. A wedding trip to Cheechunk was the acme of many a rural pair's ambition. How it came to fall into "innocuous desuetude" is unknown. Those acquainted with it ever recalled its charms with vivid delight, and children loved to listen to their elders' tales of Cheechunk.

The passing of the protuberant old iron dinner-pot was thought by some to be positively a detriment to health, as much food cooked in it was equal to a draught from a chalybeate spring, potatoes, especially, coming from its ample depths of a complexion dark and bilious, while beans, dried and green; rice, etc., resembled rations of prepared poison. Nevertheless, the mothers clung to them, and when modern innovations were introduced, would have none of them, declaring the food not so seasoned, so healthful or toothsome as when it came forth from that venerable heirloom, some asserting that it was an antidote for all "tooth evils and humors."

When a child was born lifeless, its body was laid in wood ashes, warm from the hearthstone, and the smoke of tobacco thrown into the intestines. This means of resuscitation was not only in vogue among the good women who ministered to each other, but was recommended by doctors. It was said to be used by the Indian squaws.

In sunstroke the unfortunate was rubbed with the juice of the water-pepper, or smartweed, and sometimes the body was smartly struck with fine stinging whips, intermingled with nettles. A plaster of tar and rum was also placed upon the spinal column.

Many native remedies were in vogue as styptics. Among these, the excrescence of the oak tree was a favorite, a species of fungus easily procured. It was gathered in autumn and the portion next the outside utilized. This was pounded until it became pliable and feltlike, and a slice of it laid on a bleeding part was said to compress the wound,

draw the cut together and stop bleeding. It was declared to have the power of clinging to the hurt until its mission was accomplished.

A lady used to relate a case of cure coming under her eye so decidedly unique that it is worthy of mention. A poor old slave, of but little more use in the family to which she belonged, was allowed to work about for the small pittance she could earn. While washing in a farmhouse in the suburbs, a dog belonging to the family severely bit her. The mistress of the house immediately declared that she had always heard that "the hair of the same dog would cure the wound," and straightway fell upon Towser, and scissors in hand, proceeded to cut a goodly quantity of hair from his bushy caudal which she carefully placed on the mangled flesh and bound it up. All day the poor creature toiled in agony, the pricking, irritating hair working into the wound. On being discharged at night, lame, weak and suffering, she sought the ministrations of the lady who related the incident, and after washing, and a long time spent in extracting the hair from the sensitive and swollen hurt, and carefully dressing it with healing ointment, the poor deluded slave was made comfortable.

A cure for the bite of a rattlesnake was to take horehound and plantain, the entire plant and root in quantity, bruise and extract the juice, and give a large spoonful; this to be followed by one more, if the patient were not relieved. The wound was immediately thoroughly washed with turpentine and water, and a poultice of tobacco placed upon it. This remedy was said, if applied in time, to seldom fail.

For deafness our forefathers used the gall of an eel, dropped in sweet oil, and considered it an absolute specific for the affliction when not chronic.

To cure toothache, the root of the yellow water lily was scraped and laid on and about the tooth. It was said to

give almost instant relief. It is poisonous, and must have been applied with caution.

These are many of the healing remedies, dear to the hearts of our ancestors. Often far from a physician, they learned to cull from Nature's multifarious stores such simples as they required, and their faith in them was boundless. Tradition asserts that many of their virtues were made known by the Indians. Want of understanding and superstition mingled in their beliefs and manner of healing, but they managed to live to ripe old age quite universally. Venerable aunts and grandmothers skilled in the knowledge of herbs, from early spring to fall sought in field and wood the plants and roots of healing, carefully preserving them against the days when they would be needed.

The country pastor of old times was frequently a half-fledged doctor, and pulled teeth, opened felons and extracted slivers, ministering to both body and soul. One, particularly, is recalled, a most capable, intelligent, and tender-hearted healer.

Many terrible mistakes were made by persons ignorant of the powerful effects of the cullings from the vegetable kingdom. A poor woman died a death of agony from taking too strong an infusion of wild cherry bark and knowing no antidote for the powerful prussic acid poison.

Of all the horrors of that day none so chill the blood as the methods of disposing of patients afflicted with hydrophobia. They were sometimes laid between feather beds and actually smothered to death. An aged resident said he witnessed this done in his youth, the subject being a young girl of fourteen. When she became dangerously violent, and her agonies could not be assuaged, she was thrown between beds and held down by four strong men until dead. Sometimes the afflicted were bound down and slowly bled to death. This was long the custom in ancient England.

An amusing incident is related of early homeopathy in

Warwick. A gentleman was ill and a homeopathic physician was called. A paper containing a number of infinitesimal globules was left, with strict injunctions to put them carefully away, as they were very powerful and dangerous. They were hidden, with forethought and care, in the clock, and given at certain intervals as prescribed. After the first few doses, on going for the rest, all were missing, and the frightened housewife began to inquire among her brood. Her little daughter informed her that Betty, a small colored girl employed in the family, had climbed up to the clock, found the papers and "licked them all down." Betty was summoned, so was the M. D. in hot haste, who affirmed, consolingly, that they would not hurt a healthy young darky, and Betty went on her way rejoicing. The introduction of homeopathy was met with derision and incredulity. Wild and flying rumors prevailed concerning the disciples of Hahnemann. Of one of the physicans who took up the doctrine the most astounding stories were circulated. It was said he used poisons so virulent that his patients were internally flayed, that the venom of the rattlesnake, arsenic and various other "pizens," the name of which was legion, were literally eating the "innards" out of the community gullible enough to make a trial of the new method of cure. In contradistinction to this, others affirmed that the little pellets were simply sugar, and that no medicines were administered whatsoever, notwithstanding one respectable citizen was said to have expired with his stomach eaten out like a sieve; another with his brain in a state of spontaneous combustion, shrieking madly, "My head is on fire"; and still a third, with a deep, bloody canal in the tongue, where the corrosive poisons had wended their way into his unsuspecting and credulous æsophagus. The parties of the second part were said to lie dying unmedicined like slaughtered lambs, with the meek and harmless saccharine globules slowly filtering away in their mouths, while the rapacious physician pocketed

"shekels" for "doing nothing at all." Meantime, the subject of all this animadversion went on his way busily toiling among patients, who seemed to trust and cling to him in the face of all this, and actually won professional success, and mayhap laughed in his sleeve at the hydra-headed rumors following his busy path. And thus the new school of medicine won its way in the village, and microscopic globules and dilutions *ad infinitum* came to stay.

Later on, a lanky, solemn and mezzotoned biped came, with a small funereal casket in his possession, containing what he called "Metallic Tractors." They were said to make the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to skip like roebucks. They were pressed or drawn lightly across troubled parts, and the vender vowed and avowed, and, like the worthy deacon, "swowed," that cures and healing miraculous followed in their train. A cancer was said to be stayed in its mad career; a tumor stood right where it was, and though refusing to go back on itself, enlarged no more under the mystical influence of the "Metallic Tractor." Toothache, that "bane to pleasure's fairy spell," fled under its galvanic influence, and pain was generally considered as banished from the community. A goodly sum was charged for them, the "Tractor" healer wended his way from house to house, ate the fat of the land, slept between lavendered linen, on the best feather beds, and his pocket bulged as the miniature ebon casket parted with the three-inch bits of metal. All at once, however, ears failed to hear, teeth began to jump and tear, rheumatic limbs to balk and refuse to travel worse than a roan mule, and the "Metallic Tractor" individual suddenly and unaccountably disappeared, in an excess of generosity giving away a few unsold "Tractors" to grateful recipients who were ignorant of their dismal failure. One worthy farmer, grievously beset with rheumatic twinges, averred he wished to get well to follow on the track of the vanished vender and "kick him off a handy

jumping-off place," and numerous and dire were the maledictions breathed on his head. The bits of magical metal at last fell to such "base uses" that they were punched and ignobly hung upon a string for the amusement of successive babies, whose teeth came, probably, with greater ease and precision from the soothing current of the galvanic plaything.

In fevers and inflammatory ailments, it was quite customary to split a black hen in two and bind the warm, palpitating halves on the palms of the hands. An intelligent teacher told me of being taken, as a child, to the deathbed of an uncle, dying of fever. The patient was in a state of low-muttering delirium, and on his restless, waving hands an anxious neighbor had tied a black fowl in the accustomed manner. For long months after night was made hideous to the poor child by the memories of this ill-timed visit, and a black hen seemed the insignia of death. As if nothing were lacking to complete the horror of the scene, the warm blood frequently filtered from the bandaged hands over the patient and bed-linen.

In inflammation of the lungs and bowels, pleurisy, etc., a sheep was killed, the skin stripped off and wrapped, reeking, about the patient. Sometimes, in acute and stubborn cases, two, or even three sheep, were dispatched for one person. The flesh was never eaten by the family, but was given to the needy.

The feathers of pigeons (very plentiful in their season in early days) were commonly cured and put in beds and pillows, and a superstition reigned that no poor soul could take easy flight from its lifelong house of clay if a *single* pigeon's feather were in the dying-bed. So, many a time and oft, the passing sufferer was lifted from bed to bed, and if the mortal throes continued hard and unrelenting in severing the "mystic union," after every bed had been tried and each one duly condemned as surely having a pigeon feather *some-*

where in it, the patient was laid on a pallet of straw to die, and after this was always considered easy. Surely it was a preferable couch. This was a common and widespread superstition.

Grievous and unbearable our forefathers considered their lives when it fell out no son was born or lived to inherit the family name and estate. Especially in settlements where agriculture was the prominent occupation was this noticeable, and when the father's steps began to falter, and his once sturdy arms to fail, it was a sorrowful house which had no son to manage the homestead acres and hand down the name. Sometimes—

> The baby boy whose young strong arm
> They hoped would till the dear old farm

died; again he never came, and so, just as this story has crept into the most noble houses of Europe and insinuated itself amid the folds of the purple, in the secluded township it was once whispered that a soft-hearted physician took part in providing an heir for a childless home. Whether true or false the story lived; so did the boy, and held name and lands fast and fair.

The doctor of whom this legend is told deserves more than a passing word. He was prominent among worthy leeches who ministered to the fathers those remedies amazing now to read of (what must they have been to swallow?) and was a cautious and popular practitioner. It cannot be learned that "specialties" were much known to early rural times, although this kind old leech had one, in fact, two. He was the most astute and successful physician in falling upon and routing that fell enemy to the peace and comfort of our sires, "bilious bile"—so called—ever known. With deep research and masterful skill our doctor had succeeded in compounding a draught called "pikery purge," of a potency so profound and penetrating that its fame went from

the depths of the vale even unto the feet of the sentinel pines fringing the mountain's side. When the old-time stomach —with that intelligence of its own which it has transmitted to all its line—became aware of the intruder, it found in the "pikery purge" of the genial doctor an unfailing remedy. Armed cap-a-pie and entering the gates of the mouth with qualms and unutterable contortions of countenance heralding its approach, on reaching its destination it attacked that demon with the yellowish green complexion and sent him after a siege, short but fierce, growling and grumbling from the citadel, vanquishing him so effectually that he lay low for many a day. Tradition does not record that the "pikery purge" ever succeeded in slaughtering this foul fiend outright, but certain it is one or two doses would end his diabolism effectually for the time being. To be sure, the excellent healer's draught sometimes barely missed sending his patient on a far journey from which history, both sacred and profane, gives but few instances of home-coming, but this in no wise detracted from its popularity. It is believed all did return eventually, though frequently in a state so limp and disheartened that their best friends averred they should scarcely have known them. But what stronghold would not quake when knights and dragons closed in deadly combat?

Our doctor's second specialty was introducing buds into society, and our own dear grandmother was one of those whom he "brought out." Now they were always genuine buds, and though in these latter days it is currently whispered they are occasionally held back until half blown by lovely mammas in terror of that odious exclamation, "Is it possible she has a daughter as old as that?" (with irritating emphasis on the "that"), no such legend comes down through the vista of the years of our doctor's buds. Sometimes there was a "tea," and though "pink teas" were unknown, the bud was invariably so, and whether son or

daughter the ceremonies were the same. Our doctor was considered lucky, and haven't we all heard that, "It is just as fortunate to be born lucky as rich." Aye! a thousand times more so, for "riches take to themselves wings and fly away," but born luck, *never!* He had some ways distinctly his own, and clung to them with pertinacity. He always insisted on dressing the "bud," for "luck," said our doctor. If it were a boy, he drew every article of its wardrobe on over its feet. If a girl, all was put on carefully over the head, and he averred this brought luck unlimited and past finding out to the débutante. Local history solemnly asserted that every bud so arrayed did live, thrive and have its being, and met teething, whoopingcough, measles and all pestilent ills of childhood a conqueror. It also declared that in the few instances recorded of interference by grandmammas, aunts and officious neighbors, who prevented the doctor from exercising his prerogative, no luck at all followed its mortal career, and it became the very football of calamity. Indeed, one, whom a "sot" and resolute great aunt fairly tore from the excellent leech's luck-encircling arms and proceeded to robe all unmindful of ups and downs, is reported to have been stolen by Indians and never found. Shield pins, those conducers to the peace and easement of modern babyhood, were unknown in those primitive days. To the ancient implement of torture with its splintered head of wound brass wire, our whimsical old leech had an insistent aversion, so he always called for a needle and thread, sighted the eye with one of his own tightly closed, and the other screwed nearly to the top of his head, inserted the thread, doubled it, and secured it with a protuberant knot; then, putting the thimble carefully on his thumb, he proceeded to sew every article on the baby's blessed back. "No pins in their pelts while I'm around," he would declare, emphatically.

Another instance of his wisdom comes down through the ages. A patient lying very ill and subject to prostrating

"sweats" was besought by the doctor to have a cool, wholesome bed of oaten straw to lie upon, mattresses being unknown. It was fall, the straw sweet, golden, and making a delicious couch, but in vain did the doctor beseech her to give up the feathery abyss where she lay in perspiring weakness. She was evidently "a woman of will," a class the stoutest heart may well shiver at encountering, for her family, seconding the doctor's orders, were powerless to enforce them. So it befell that one afternoon, after his usual visit, the patient fell into a sleep profound and lasting, and when she awoke found herself on a restful bed of newly threshed straw. Protest was in vain. She had but one feather bed; that the doctor had carried off, and it was snugly ensconced in his garret. Thereafter she recovered, and the feathers got a thoroughly prolonged airing.

Our doctor had a wife, a thrifty, notable housekeeper, very loquacious and known in the vernacular of the day as a "goer." And why not, pray? She had no family of her own, and when all was spick and span in the low-roomed, broad old house, why shouldn't she put on her sunbonnet, slip the doctor's blue yarn stocking into her capacious pocket and chat and knit a while with a friendly neighbor? She was a good wife, kept his shoe-buckles bright as the teaspoons, his clothes brushed and pressed from the suspicion of a crease, his saddle-bags oiled and polished, and allowed him to ride her own good steed when his Rosinante was weary and footsore. Also did she, as became a doctor's helpmeet, see with vigilant eyes that his lancet was in its case and the bottle of "pikery purge" full and well corked. Indeed, the good healer was a lucky man, and no wonder luck, as it were, dripped from the tips of his plump and rosy fingers. But two earthly gifts desirable were denied him. He had no heir, and he had no hair. He was utterly, hopelessly bald; his fine, well-shaped head, rubicund and shining. But he took these haps with the philosophy and urbanity

characteristic of him, and used to remark, "Matilda can't say I have a single jealous hair in my head." This peculiarity gave him a gentle, almost infantile appearance, and when a little harassed by unforeseen complications arising from conflicts of unlooked-for fiereeness between the "bilious bile" and the "pikery purge," he would rub his small fat hand over his perplexed brow in the most quizzically perturbed manner, and ejaculate, "Drat it all, I say!"

And now, surely our physician has had more than the passing notice he was declared entitled to, and no apology is deemed necessary in giving to the small world where he once lived and flourished the following story. For the legend runneth that in the town dwelt a pair with generous fortune and many goodly fields, and graves in the ancient God's Acre holding all those they had fondly hoped would inherit them, and like those of old, they grieved greatly over it, and lamented their desolate home. In this strait they appealed to the kindly little doctor. No doubt he rubbed his shining pate, and puckered his rosy fat forehead, but in due time, it is asserted, he did find and convey to that homestead a hapless waif, born with no "gold spoon in its mouth," who was received with joy unspeakable, became "a wellspring of pleasure," and was duly accredited as their own. And "nobody knew whether it was, and nobody knew whether it wasn't," echoed puzzled Rumor. "Ten years since little Nathan died," said the gossips. "And it's very strange," and "Who'd 't thought it?" went round and about the countryside. And the story came to the ears of our doctor's thrifty and bustling spouse, and they fairly tingled with curiosity under her immaculate sunbonnet. One night, seated beside the blazing hearth, she plucked up courage and asked him, plump and plain, whether it were true or not. Now our doctor snuffed, and the fragrant maccaboy was grateful to his nostrils, and, furthermore, he owned a most

beautiful snuffbox, with a history, it was said, but no one ever heard what the history was, for the doctor never told it, and that added intensely to its interest. On its polished cover was a picture of a famous English beauty, in a sweeping riding habit of forest green, a stunning cap of scarlet velvet on her prideful head, and hands more beautiful than sculpture tilting shrouding skirt from dainty feet. Our doctor's good dame was far from beautiful, but capable she was, and had comfortable possessions. Many a time and oft, the labors and cares of the day past, demands on the "pikery purge" in abeyance, and no buds ready to introduce, our doctor would stretch himself luxuriously on the settle, pull out the box, tap it gently, take a pinch, and then look long at that lovely aristocratic face. He was thus engaged the very night his Matilda asked him concerning the rumor, and worthy soul! it is not believed she ever once had a suspicion that her liege lord in this surreptitious manner was indulging a beauty-loving nature, and seeking in the fair face on his snuffbox what he did not find in that homespun countenance presiding over his hearth. And this is what she told my own great-grandmother, her nearest and dearest friend, of the amazing and unheard-of conduct of the doctor in answer to her legitimate wifely question. First he made his eyes very round and faraway, a trick it is thought he probably contracted in repelling too persistent questioning in regard to unaccountable antics of the "pikery purge." Then he rapped his snuffbox, lifted the lid, took a generous pinch, and slowly inhaling the last dust, leaned back in the capacious depths of the settle, and sneezed and sneezed and sneezed, and sneezed and sneezed and sneezed. Taking out his red silk handkerchief, he wiped his nose dubiously, closed the box, shut his eyes, went to sleep, and snored and snored and snored, not aggressively, nor rumblingly, but as gently and peacefully as if a question mo-

mentous and stirring all womankind round and about had not just entered his ears. Like a discreet mate as she was, his spouse let him snore undisturbed until ten o'clock, when she awoke him and saw that he was safely bestowed in bed; and nevermore did this ensample of a woman broach that question again. May all wifehood copy her, and nagged husbands reverence her memory. And whether there was an adopted heir to this estate in the secluded township there has never existed the necessity of another. If the tale be true, one old doctor helped to graft goodly stock on a failing ancestral tree, and buried the secret in his snuffbox forever. So with this bit of local tradition let the curtain fall gently on the little doctor, a few more of whose whimsicalities are left on record. He was wont to declare that "Matilda never could say that he found any fault with her management of their children," and that "nobody could feel hurt at not getting a lock of his hair after he was gone"; also did he leave in his will directions explicit for the compounding and administering of the "pikery purge," asserting that after years of practice he had found it the one unfailing antidote for that foe to humanity, "bilious bile," for whose onslaughts he considered it "beyond the beyondest."

As has been mentioned, especially in agricultural districts of our new world, was this fervent wish of the hearts of our forefathers for sons evinced. "In a son," says an old writer, "seemed the one desire of the heart. Sons are cedars of Lebanon, daughters are roses of Sharon." They continued undeterred in this longing, though they saw many a time and oft that the fibre of this yearned for cedar was of poor quality. "A son renews the links with life," said another ancient. Even our immortal first chieftain, whom "Nature left childless that his people might call him Father," frequently expresses in his well-kept diary and in letters to friends the insistent wish for children of his own. That he

was a most affectionate and devoted stepfather to his wife's children is well known, and if all accounts of Lady Martha's spirit, loyal love and devotion are correct, it is not to be believed that he would have had easy quarters of hours had he not been, Chief Magistrate of a nation though he was.

As I have pulled the bobbins to loose the latches of these old-time homes, I have culled from the few papers and magazines that came in those early days to cheer their hearths numerous bits of verse bearing on this soft spot in our grand sires' hearts. Out of the many gathered this seems most sweet and sensible:

KEEPING THE FARM.

They sat on the grassy terrace
  That sloped to the setting sun,
The farmer gray and his kind old wife,
  When the golden day was done;
And like a picture at their feet,
Stretched the homestead farm in the summer sweet.

Bronzed was the wheat for the sickle
  On the upland to the east;
The meadows low, too wet to mow,
  Should be dry in a week at least,
But the old man's arm would never again
Guide the harvest home in the loaded wain.

The buckwheat ground was awaiting
  The path of the furrowing plow;
Oh! once how his hand could hold it,
  In the time long gone by now.
With a sigh he looked in his wife's mild face
And said, "I think we must sell the place.

"For we are too old to work it,
  And labor is scarce and high,
With all I can do things go to rack,"
  And he breathed a heavy sigh
As he raised his eyes to the old elm low
That mingled its green with his locks of snow.

Then the good wife looked up fondly
  To the dimming eyes at her side,
And a quiver stirred her patient mouth
  As she thought of the babe who died—
The longed-for boy who when they were old
  Would have taken the farm to have and to hold.

They were busy with thoughts of the future,
  They were groping in the past;
The sad old pair—so they failed to see
  Two forms that lengthening cast
Their blended shades on the terrace green,
As slowly they came upon the scene.

Two aged brows lifted in greeting,
  Blushes hidden on mother's breast,
A faltering boon at the father's knee,
  And then we can guess the rest;
As the loving mother, smiling through tears,
Sobs, "God has been better than all our fears.

"He hath not taken our daughter
  But given us back a son;
Yes, now the old farm shall look up, John,
  And the work in season be done;
For our girl has whispered in my ear
That Reuben will stay and help us here.

"We had thought and talked it over,
  And worried and grieved to our harm:
And still could see no good plan, John,
  By which we could keep the farm;
But with God's good help our girl to-day
Has shown us the best and easiest way."

VI

A Sister and a Brother

VI

A Sister and a Brother

OF ALL the old-time residents of Warwick none seem to have had a more interesting and romantic life story than Hannah Bennett and her brother Jonah. She was born in Fairfield County, Conn., in 1759. Her father, Jonah Bennett, purchased a tract of land there, cleared it from the "forest primeval," and, building thereon a log cabin, roomy and comfortable, married and settled down. It was a happy spot, this lowly home in the wildwood, for love and peace (so often strangers to palace halls) dwelt therein. When Hannah was twelve years of age a son was born who was named Jonah for his father, as was old-time custom almost universally. Great was the joy and pride in the home at this event. He was a handsome child, with large, black eyes, very dark hair, tall, straight, and so bright and winsome he won all hearts, and from his birth was the family idol. When he was two years of age the loved wife and mother suddenly died, leaving a lonely home and stricken hearts indeed. Hannah was just fourteen, and hushing her grief, she sprang earnestly to the call of duty with the strong affection and devotion of her nature, and exerted every energy to care for the household. There was not much of adornment within that home. The floors were bare save for the bark mats, a little clock with a red rooster on it stood on the shelf; no picture brightened

its rough walls. That "book of books" of which a long-gone writer said:

> This little book I'd rather own
> Than all the gold and gems
> That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—
> Their royal diadems.
> Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
> The earth a golden ball,
> And diamonds all the stars of night,
> This book were worth them all.

was the only literature the home knew.

This home spot was full of beauty to the imaginative girl, a true poet, though she never wrote a line. Its staunch logs, wrested from the forest fastnesses, were toned down to a soft, dark gray by sun and snows and beating storms; the woods were fragrant with the beautiful flowers of early times, and as she wandered there with the baby brother in her arms, sunlight and shadow trembled and quivered through the interlacing boughs upon her young head. To this lowly birthplace, so soon to be rudely severed from her life, her thoughts ever turned with fondest affection. She used to tell her children of the wonderful flower-shaped forms the snow drifted in the chinks of the logs around her window and the delicate windrows blown against the huge foundation oaks, to crystallize there, for where art is not nature reigns supreme in attraction. In a year and a half her father informed her that he was to be married again, and in a short time a young stepmother was brought to fill the sad vacancy made by the mother's death. Long, long ago a father on the eve of taking a young new wife found pinned to the mother's portrait in his room these lines from a daughter's hand, aye! and from her heart, too, I am sure:

> Father, thou hast not the tale denied;
> And they say that ere noon to-morrow,
> Thou'lt bring back a radiant and smiling bride,
> To our lonely house of sorrow.

I would wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
On my mother's dying blessing.

To-morrow when all is festal guise,
And guests our rooms are filling,
The calm, meek gaze of these gentle eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling.

Then father, dear father, oh, grant to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
I remove this picture from thy sight
To my chamber's still seclusion.

She will heed me not in the joyous pride
Of her pomp and friends and beauty,
For little need hath a new-made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Poor Hannah made no appeal in the humble home to her father, and the young wife's feet crossed the threshold not to bring comfort and healing to the smitten household, but sorrow and discord perverting her mission and making her new name a misnomer as far as the orphan babe was concerned. From the first she evinced a marked dislike for the boy, and readily found occasion to display her jealousy and ill-feeling, nor had this new mother any need "of a daughter's quiet duty."

When the prospect of a child of her own became apparent, her animosity increased and took the form of active unkindness This was noted with pain by the indulgent father. He tried to reason away her dislike, but the heart that should of all hearts been tender, was cold and obdurate, and no expostulation could change her attitude. The loving and spirited Hannah saw all this with anguish. She felt her dear father's domestic peace was destroyed, beheld her mother's idolized babe the target for unreasoning hate and ill-treatment, and the situation became unbearable. There was no more joy in that pleasant cabin home, with its red cherry trees bending above the roof; no more merry play at "Puss in the Corner" evenings with little Jonah before the

great fireplace sending the glow of its logs through the room. A constrained quiet was over all; the homely nest of sweet domestic comfort and content was gone for her forever. Hannah Bennett was not of that mould, spiritless, inert, that can behold an existing wrong and seek to devise no remedy. Day and night she pondered on some course of action. A short time before the death of her mother friends had removed from Connecticut to Warwick. Some members of a family returning on a visit had brought the news that it was a beautiful, goodly land and of their delight in it. As she ceaselessly turned over in her mind a thousand plans for relief, the thought of Warwick came to her. The young wife had for several weeks displayed unusual irritation, and the distracted father had finally decided to take her on a visit of a week to her parents, a journey of about ten miles. Hannah assisted industriously to make them ready and saddling their horses they started. His children kissed him a fond good-by (alas, how little he knew!), and, with sorrow tugging at her young heart, the girl went into the house to carry out her resolve. Her opportunity dawned, and she seized it.

For two days and nights Hannah worked diligently making Jonah a cloth cap, with broad ear-laps, from a remnant of her father's new suit, and a long, warmly lined pair of trousers of the same, for it was chill, early spring. She then put such needful articles as would not impede her journey in a long linen pillow slip (her only suit-case), securely hid the little sum of money she possessed in Jonah's cap, and made ready to start. Old memories came thick and fast upon her mind while preparing to start, and chief among them crowded thoughts of that dear lost mother whose cherished babe she was endeavoring to rescue from oppression, and her tears fell freely as she took a last look around the once glad spot. But a short time before her mother's death she had asked her to make some "jumbles,"

a hard, sweet cake in which little Jonah was very fond of putting his white teeth, and had heard her express a wish for a new rolling pin to press them out. Ever ready with her hands, Hannah set to work, and from a limb of red cherry fashioned one and presented it to the pleased mother. As she was leaving, her eyes fell upon this homely domestic implement as it lay upon the dresser. Like a flash came back the pleasant scene of their old-time happiness; the kind mother as she stood in the glow of the firelight preparing some good thing in the shape of dainties for them, while she sat by her side with the loved boy on her lap. Often she would print a border on the cakes and pies with the dried capsules of her poppies, while little Jonah's pleased, bright eyes looked wonderingly on. She had donned for her journey a warm flannel dress in which she had made a pocket deep and wide, in anticipation of her flight.

"Stepmother shall never have the rolling pin I made for mother," she said, impulsively, and, seizing it, dropped it in her pocket. Then, hurrying out, she saddled her strong, gentle horse, set little Jonah in the saddle, fastened the pillow-case containing all their earthly possessions securely across his back, locked the door, and, placing the key under the rough bark mat, turned her horse's head for Warwick town and the friends there. As she mounted her horse Jonah, perched there in his long trousers and overshadowing ear-laps, whispered in a voice awed by this uncanny flight in the early dark, "Hanny, can't I take the little clock with the red rooster, 'cause youse got the rollin' pin?" Poor child! it was perhaps his only semblance of a real toy and had been the object to which his first baby glances had been directed. Knowing Hannah as well as we do, we almost wonder she didn't attempt to accomplish it at the pleading of that loved voice.

It was not daylight when Hannah set forth, for she wished to avoid the eyes of the scattered neighbors near. She had never been twenty miles from home in her life;

the way after a short time was entirely unknown to her, much of it lying through long stretches of wood, and she had constantly to inquire and study her route with patience and care. But the pure, loyal love of a true woman's heart is ever a safe compass. She fed herself, the child and horse at farm homes on the way, and rested therein at night, paying for it out of her slender store. Numerous adventures befell her which would have appalled a more timorous nature. Once, riding through a heavily wooded stretch, her trusty horse shied violently, and, reining him in, she saw a wildcat in the trees above her head looking down upon her with greedy eyes. Other skulking animals frequently fled her path. Of Indians she always declared she felt fear. Once she was refused shelter at nightfall, at the only house she came upon for many miles, by a straight-laced Puritan matron who distrusted her simple story and thought all was not right with a girl riding alone through the country with a child in her arms. Poor, narrow purist! As if such a girl more than any other should not have appealed to her woman's nature. Her husband, all honor to his good, Christian heart, looked on the desolate girl with pitying eyes, assuring his wife she was too young to possibly be the mother of a boy as large as Jonah. She was reluctantly allowed to remain and rest the night, though the forbidding looks and scant courtesy of the wife caused her the chilled comfort of the unwelcome guest. Frequently she rode in heavy rains; often saw the day fast waning and no shelter near. Sometimes she became so sleepy with the strain of holding the child (who often slept during the journey, a dead weight on her arm) that she was in danger of falling off and breaking her adventurous young neck. But "love is strong as death"; she did not allow her black eyes to close, but held on her way—her pole star Warwick.

Her horse was a young one, very gentle and well broken by her father for her own use, but many wildwood sights, sounds and odors caused him to require her firm hand and

vigilant eye constantly. Once a thorn pierced his foot, and she was detained for a time by its removal and the healing of the hurt.

On arriving at her destination Hannah was received with amazement by her friends. Scarcely were their senses able to credit her act, but their kindness and cordiality were boundless. She obtained a home in the family of a Mr. Minthorn, near Warwick. He bought her horse, paying her one hundred dollars for it, which gave her money for present need, and, being very skilful with the needle in sewing and embroidering on linen, she readily found employment. The daring venture of the intrepid girl of but sixteen years caused widespread astonishment. Little Jonah, the innocent object of her flight, came in for his share of notice and interest. The secluded hamlet boasted a small hero and a handsome young heroine.

One day, sitting at the window of the Minthorn home finishing a vest for the owner, Hannah saw two riders rein up at the gate. They were men of goodly presence, in riding suits, cloaked and spurred, mounted on the handsomest horses she had ever seen. They asked for a drink of water, and Hannah, laying down her work, rose, went out to the well, drew down the tall sweep, and, filling the great gourd dipper, carried it to them. They drank freely, handed back the gourd, and, thanking her politely, proceeded on their way. No doubt her dark eyes followed these unusual-appearing strangers with interest as they rode on.

One of the riders was William Wood. He and a friend had ridden from the western part of New York State for the purpose of introducing a fine breed of horses in Orange County. The next spring a tournament was held in Warwick, in which the young men of the neighborhood and adjacent towns competed in various athletic games. A string of beautiful amber beads was offered as a reward to the champion in horsemanship. William Wood had returned to the village, and, entering the lists, won the trophy. Tak-

ing it on the point of his sword from the post on which it hung, he wheeled his horse to the grand stand, where Hannah Bennett sat amid the spectators, and threw it about her slender neck. The astonished girl sat spellbound as the crowd cheered. It is well known that the fossil resin of which the beads is composed, and which is tinted like the evening sky, has the power to become electric, and some way, as it rested on her bosom, it sent the electric spark of love there. In a very short time her marriage to the gallant champion occurred at the Minthorn home. On a spot of land between Bellvale and Warwick they bought a farm, built a house and settled. Her love for her handsome young husband partook of the innate devotion of her nature. From the hour of her bridal, he was her pride and happiness.

Let us not all this time forget Jonah, who was steadily attending school and growing into a fine, sturdy boy. His sister's love for him never flagged. His brother-in-law owning some of the finest horses ever known in Warwick, he was taught to ride fearlessly; a fine shot, he trained him to become an expert marksman and an adept in all athletic sports. When he grew to young manhood, a gentleman came up from New York City to purchase horses of his brother, bringing the thrilling news that there was a determined uprising of the Pottawattamies and Wyandottes in the West, headed by the wily Blue Jacket, active chief in command. From the first Jonah's resentment burned fiercely against the cruel slayers of his countrymen. Anon the fighting spirit rose in him, and he communicated to the family his determination to start and assist in wiping out the redskins. His resolve was fixed. There was no protest from the sister, whose whole life had been a sacrifice to duty. As she had fitted him out for his baby flitting, again, with sorrow wringing her heart-strings, but no word on her lips breathed to dissuade him from what she felt to be his loyal duty, she prepared him for his journey. She carded the wool, spun the yarn and wove the cloth heavy and strong

for a full suit, dyed it blue, cut, fitted and made every stitch of it with her own hands. At length all was ready; his bundle packed with everything she could devise for his comfort; there was a little gathering of friends to bid him good-by; her husband drove him to Newburgh, and from there Jonah started West. By boat, on foot, by wagon train, he at length reached the scene of hostilities at what is now Maumee City.

On the 20th day of August, 1794, on the Maumee occurred the battle of Fallen Timbers. In it Jonah was terribly wounded by a bullet and left for dead on the battlefield. The ground was strewed with dead braves. In the night an Indian girl stole to the place to seek the body of her lover. She discovered him among the slain and wept. Her sobs roused Jonah. He raised his head; she saw him and fled to the tents and told her people. Ere morning dawned they sought the spot and bore him away a captive. Wayne proceeded to lay waste all the adjacent country, and the tribes fled across the Canada border, bearing Jonah with them. Pottawattamie was a savage antagonist in warfare. Wayne called him "The Wind," so relentless were his onslaughts; but in his custody Jonah Bennett was a kindly treated prisoner. They nursed him carefully, his wound healed, and, dressing him in their own clothing, they signified their desire to adopt him into their tribe. His piercing black eyes, dark hair and fine, erect form no doubt attracted his savage captors and made a favorable impression. To their proposal, Jonah, to lull suspicion, signified his willingness to agree, but notwithstanding, felt himself never free from espionage. It was an Indian who said "White man very onsartin." They did not trust Jonah. At length he almost felt hope die within him, and decided he would never again see old Warwick's green, secluded valley and the dear friends there.

Time wore on, and one July night there arose a tempest of fearful power. Its fury fell on the Indian settlement,

scattering destruction. The blinding flashes of lightning were appalling. The savages thought the Great Spirit was angered with them and were panic-stricken. In the tumult Jonah's tent went over, a great tree near by was riven with lightning, his watchers fled. He looked wildly about him, discovered he was free, and plunged forth into the drenched and storm-tossed woods. The tempest continued for an hour, and under its cover he rushed on. Rain-soaked, beaten by whipping branches, torn by briars, he flew until daylight. He was agile and fleet of foot, and as the sun rose found himself miles away from his Indian captors, in the heart of the dense forest, without arms or equipments of any kind. Wet, weary with the tumult of emotion that possessed him, he lay down and slept some hours, and awoke to find himself very hungry. He had been an adept in setting snares in old Bellvale mountain in his boyhood, became more skilful while with the Indians, and now, with but his dextrous fingers, wove some, and lay down and awoke to find with joy they had not been set in vain. He had trapped a small creature, which he dispatched and ate and then proceeded on his way. He studied the sun as well as he was able, and struck for New York State, but felt each step, he was lost indeed; totally unarmed, he subsisted in the pathless forest on berries, roots, and with what he could slay with sticks and stones and capture with snares while he slept. He felt the need of salt greatly in his raw food diet. Well for this young David that he could throw a stone so unerringly. Not least among his troubles was the fear of skulking savages. Of these he was ever in terror. The crackling of a dry twig, the flutter of a leaf, thrilled his heart, for he knew to fall in their hands again meant captivity or a cruel end. He had known two years as a prisoner; his was a brave, free spirit, and he ever declared capture seemed to him worse than death.

But now a new danger menaced him. With wandering, exposure and insufficient diet, his old wound began to

trouble him, and at length he became feeble and very ill. Oh, we, surrounded by every comfort and blessing in hours of pain and illness, with the tender ministrations of the skilled trained nurse ever at command, let us think of this poor young volunteer lost in the solitude of wild, dense woods, alone, too worn to take another step, as one night he crawled under the shadow of a rock in this weary land, and laid his body, racked with pain, down on the wind-gathered leaves, never expecting to rise again! What thoughts of home, of his loving sister, of friends, of dear old Warwick must have crowded on his mind. He lay that night and all the next day too weak to rise, without food or a drop of water to his lips. As the shadows of the late afternoon crept around him, a rustling in the leaves near startled him; the dread of a moccasined foot electrified him. He raised his head and saw an immense rattlesnake gliding along. A sudden thought seized him—here was food! He caught up a fragment of rock and dashed it with all his newly roused force on the sinuous reptile. He struck the head squarely and crushed it, for Jonah always struck *square*. Grinding it off on the rock he put the warm, palpitating flesh to his lips and drank of the blood, stripped down the skin and ate greedily, lay back and rested, then arose and dragged himself from the dangerous proximity of a possible mate. Night drew on and he fell asleep and slept until morning; awoke refreshed, and the courage to live again filled his brave young heart.

Fresh strength, new life and desire to rise and take up his struggle went right through him. It must have given him a wondrous reviving, for that morning he marched on and, inexpressible joy! came upon a fort with the glorious stars and stripes floating over it. Here the dauntless young recruit was received with hearty welcome; a young physician at the fort bestowed upon him every care and attention; he was given a new suit of clothes, and after two months proceeded on his way. One evening William Wood, his

wife and children sat around the fire. The door opened, an Indian in full dress entered. The little girls ran to hide behind their father, but his sister knew him instantly. Her arms were around him, her warm, true kisses on his cheek.

Wild was the excitement in the valley, for Jonah had been mourned as dead. Even his sister had almost yielded up hope. From the hour of his home-coming he was the centre of an admiring group wherever he might be. His Indian costume, which he carried home with him, was kept for years in the family. This suit, so elaborately embroidered with beads by the deft fingers of the squaws while he was in captivity, was hung on a peg in the roomy garret of his sister's home after being duly admired. Many a night, after all the house was still, the three little nieces stole noiselessly as mice from their beds, mounted the ladder to the garret, and carefully snipped here and there a bead from the compact symbols and figures. These they strung on strong linen thread until Sally had a double row of blue, Mattie of pink and tiny Polly a gay necklace of rainbow dyes. They were only worn secretly at play and vigilantly guarded from the eyes of their parents.

All loved to gather around the hospitable hearth and listen to Jonah's stories of the warfare; Wayne, whom he almost idolized; of the sagacious Little Turtle, and Turkey Foot, who called Wayne "The man who never sleeps." Well was it to keep open eyes with such a foe. His struggles, trials, adventures from babyhood would fill a volume. His life was a romance that put fiction aside. He declared that the Indians treated him with uniform kindness, but were most vigilant in guarding against his escape, and never allowed him arms. He learned to speak their language, and became familiar with their customs. His home-coming was saddened by news of the death of his brave commander, and he mourned him as long as life lasted. Sad to relate, it was not a long one. The old, terrible wound through the thigh troubled him. His splendid constitution was greatly im-

paired by wanderings in the wild, pathless woods and through privations and exposure, and he passed away after a heroic struggle to get well. His ashes lie in the First Baptist yard at Warwick. A great concourse for those early times followed him to the tomb. The red stone marking his resting place, erected by Hannah, is gone.

This little sketch alone rescues his memory from oblivion. Why this early "God's Acre" containing the precious dust of so many of Warwick's pioneers was once allowed to become a common, its graves obliterated, the stones overthrown and lost beneath the clods, is amazing. Honored dead lie there, now indeed "dust to dust"—Elder James Benedict, Daniel Burt, the Sayers—so many, many of the grand pioneers who settled our native home. As for years I have sought every item I could collect concerning them, I have ever marked the "culture and observance" of these rugged settlers. How grand they were! Why did their children not observe the care of their hallowed graves? With the removal of the church seemed to die out interest in the yard.

Hannah Bennett's grief over her brother was pitiful. To his last hour her home was his. Her tender hands ministered to him with all the devotion of her nature.

William Wood was among the first breeders and best judges of fine horses Orange County knew. He was offered £400 for one team of colts of his own breeding—a fabulous price for those early days. It was refused, his love and pride in them being too great to allow him to part with the splendid creatures. This team was coal black, of great beauty, style and speed, and so perfectly matched they could not be distinguished the one from the other by a casual glance. He drove from his farm with them to Newburgh in early autumn, carrying a load of produce to be shipped by boat to New York City. He remained over night and started for home early next morning. In crossing a stream protected only by a rustic bridge without a rail-

ing, it was supposed the near horse, more spirited and mettlesome of the pair, shied, became unmanageable and crowded the other over in the water, dragging all with it. One horse and the owner were found dead in the stream by a near neighbor who made the trip at the same time, and was not far behind. The wagon was overturned upon him, causing his death by drowning. The news came swiftly to his home. Friends hurried hastily to the scene of the disaster, and he was borne sadly back with the remaining horse. James Burt, Esq., of Warwick, has told me often he stood in his father's door, saw him pass in the morning driving his fine team, and saw him borne back the next night in a large farm wagon, accompanied by a solemn concourse, the remaining horse led behind, slow paced, with drooping head, as if he felt the awful tragedy he had precipitated.

My first visit to New York City was made with Mr. Burt, and on the Erie he pointed out to me the spot where the accident occurred, and related this incident. When all had been arranged for the removal of the body to his stricken home, it was proposed to drag the horse out of the way to a piece of woods, when a sturdy young farmer living near stepped forth. "No, boys," he said, "such a horse as *that* shall never be left in the woods for crow-bait. He shall have a grave like a Christian. No cur shall tear his satiny coat. Get your shovels and we'll go to work." A grave deep and wide was dug, the horse was laid in it, covered with green boughs, and the earth banked and sodded above him. His place of rest was long visible. His beauty is remembered down the ages.

Poor Hannah, again bereft, laid the body of her adored husband by the side of Jonah. Father, mother, brother, husband had been torn from her life. She was left with four children. Sally, the eldest, married Lewis F. Randolph; Martha married William Benedict, eldest grandson of Elder James Benedict; the youngest daughter, a very

beautiful girl, married Thomas Welch. There was a son, Jonah, named for his uncle. In the winter of 1815 there was a merry party of guests assembled at the old stone house of James Benedict, where now stands the dwelling of Mrs. Laura Benedict. All was merriment—a jovial neighborhood gathering. A knock was heard at the door. It opened to a stranger, white with falling snow. He sought the sisters Sallie and Mattie, who were present, to tell them little Polly had died the day before at New Windsor, leaving an infant a few hours old. This babe, named Micah, was brought to Warwick and nursed by his aunt Mattie, a foster brother of her boy, William L. Benedict. Here was another adopted son of Warwick to shed honor on the roll of her brave soldiers. Enlisting in the Mexican War, he was in some of its hardest-fought battles, and under the command of Gen. Winfield Scott, "before the halls of the Montezumas," his leg was shot from his body. Recovering from the wound, he lived many years, a gray-haired veteran of that sanguinary conflict. Wild was our delight when we saw Micah gallantly wielding his crutches through the gate, and "sleep fled our eyes and slumber our eyelids" as he told around the hearth of Taylor and Worth and Scott, our brave generals; of the fierce battles, and of Santa Ana, whom they routed and thrashed to a finish.

Micah Welch was one of the original 50,000 volunteers, and Hannah Bennett's fourth grandson. While visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Benedict, Hannah was one day seized with excruciating pain in her foot; the leg became useless and commenced withering. Physicians were summoned from the first, and finally in consultation decided it could be brought back to life and usefulness. Poultices of the biting *Arum trifillium* were ordered upon it as hot as could be borne. In a short time this astounding blunder of the bygone doctor had completed its work—the limb had to be removed. This was done at our home by Doctor Elias Coe, and another sorrow was added to the life of her who had

been stricken so grievously, who had borne so bravely. To one so active to be crippled was a heavy cross. She was ever a fearless, graceful rider, and she deplored the loss of this exercise. Two attached slaves attended her faithfully and were never absent from her side. She was a gentle mistress and they loved her with devotion. Their names were Rosy and Dilly. Her health gradually failed and she passed away at New Windsor, but was brought to Warwick and laid by the side of her brother and husband and a little daughter, who died in infancy. Often as I have stood by that quiet spot I have felt as if the grass waving above it must almost whisper of the happiness, the struggles, the triumphs, the trials of this loving, loyal adopted daughter of old Warwick town. I trust I may yet see her beloved memory on something more enduring than a scribbler's pad, a publisher's pages.

The rolling-pin of red cherry which Hannah carried in her pocket all her adventurous ride is a treasured memento in our home. Her children were charming raconteurs, especially Mrs. Lewis F. Randolph. She used to tell many amusing stories of her childhood. Her sister Martha was equally interesting. Parents trained their children to exact obedience and reverence in those primal days. Sunday was a time of rigid discipline. After "meeting" they were obliged to sit around the table and read and study the Scriptures. Then an early supper, and to bed at seven. Any evading of strict Sabbath rules was punished by a supper of "suppawn and buttermilk," and to bed at five. Fiction was considered the very snare of Satan for the young soul. One day a friend lent the little girls the wonderful life of "Mrs. Margery Two Shoes," the first story book they had ever seen. It was carefully examined by the parents and they were told they might read it on week days but *never* on the Sabbath. One hot Sunday they sat around the table reading by turns from the Bible, when in an awed whisper one of the three proposed getting "Goody Two Shoes" and

reading surreptitiously. The proposal was received unanimously, and Sally read *sotto voce* to the others while the parents conversed on the porch. The day was excessively hot; the walk to the old Baptist church had been dusty and tiresome. Elder Benedict's sermons were never deeply permeated with that quality—rare in old-time preaching—brevity. Finally two little heads went down on the table. They were Mattie's and Polly's. Soon they slept sweetly. Sally resolved to keep vigilant watch and read on. Alas! she was not the first sentinel to sleep on the post of duty. For just a moment she allowed her head to go down on the old Bible. She knew no more until a hand was laid upon her shoulder. She raised her little sleep-dazed head to meet her father's grave, questioning eyes. The book was in his hand. It is a formidable volume, just three inches in width and four and one-half in length. It was printed in London. Alas! the way of the transgressor is ever hard, and thus it befell these small offenders against parental law. Mattie and Polly were awakened. Some chord of pity was touched in the father's heart. He did not chide them severely. Hannah Bennett was born under the blue laws of early Connecticut; William Wood in Holland in 1747. They consulted gravely together and decided the suppawn and buttermilk *must* be administered. So for three consecutive Sabbath evenings three little wooden bowls, made by old Waan, an Indian squaw living above Bellvale, and cunningly stained with juices of bark and berries, were set before these culprits. Such was the severely strict observance of the Lord's Day by our forefathers. Reading this to a small guest one day her eyes lighted, darkened, fired. "Is *that* old times?" she inquired. "Certainly, my dear," was answered. "Did they *eat* that awful supper?" "Surely." Rising and shaking her curls: "Then I'm glad I wasn't born *then*." This history of Goody Two Shoes is a family treasure, well into its second century.

Mrs. Fairfield, a Connecticut lady visiting Warwick, was the first to learn of the whereabouts of fleeing Hannah and her brother, for her Warwick friends had been loyal to her secret and never disclosed their presence among them. Mrs. Fairfield painted the father's sorrow and fruitless search for his lost children, and Hannah, happily married, sent him a kind message. He had other children and made no attempt to regain his boy, perhaps deeming it best, with the elastic philosophy we are prone to develop when helpless to improve our situation, "to let well enough alone." Of all her descendants Mrs. H. K. Morford, her granddaughter and namesake, inherited in a marked degree her beauty. The same dark, bright eyes, fine carriage and high spirit were characteristic of her. She was said in her youth to be one of the most beautiful girls in Sussex and Orange counties.

The spirit of this brave pair did not die with them. In addition to her grandson Micah's splendid record in the Mexican War is the worthy one of her great-grandson, Corporal Frank A. Benedict, one of the first volunteers of the Civil War. It was ever remarked that Frank was like his uncle Jonah—the same erect bearing and agile form, the same courage and endurance. Charles E. Benedict, another great-grandson, an elder brother of Frank, was also a volunteer. Commissioned to raise a company, he died of camp fever just as it was recruited. The Civil War veteran, William Wood, was her grandson. Guy Benedict, a great-great-grandson, served in the beginning of the Spanish War on Admiral Sampson's flagship, the Brooklyn, and afterward at the final great battle of Santiago, on the Iowa, under "Fighting Bob" Evans. The well-known railroad man, Mr. John Morford, is her great-grandson; Dr. C. P. Smith, the skillful and popular physician of Chester, her great-great-grandson.

William Benedict and Lewis F. Randolph, her sons-in-law, went to the conflict of 1812, awaiting orders to march on Long Island when peace was declared. When the time

for the removal of her leg became imperative, she came from her home in New Windsor to Warwick to her daughter, Mrs. William Benedict, to have the operation performed by Doctor E. V. A. Coe. She refused any opiate, declaring if she died she wished to meet her end in full possession of every sense. She bore the ordeal unmurmuringly, while her daughter was led fainting from her side. When all was over Dr. Coe, laying his hand tenderly on her pale forehead, said, "You are a brave little woman." He did not quite express it. She was ever a hero!

VII

Warwick Weather and Celestial Phenomena

VII

Warwick Weather and Celestial Phenomena

NONE may dispute that the weather has as large a part to play in the economy of human work, happiness and comfort as anything to which we are subject. It has ever been the fountain head of troubles seen and unseen, for is it not weather that gives baby the croup, scaring terrified mothers out of bed at uncanny hours, and Grandpapa extra twinges of rheumatism, whereat he groans dismally? In cloud and storm does it not obscure the blessed life-giving sunshine from the poor consumptive and invite the persistent cough; does it not lie in wait, with chills, fevers and woes innumerable at times, and suddenly unload them upon us until we aver, "Well! this ought to make the doctors happy"? It dries and burns, drowns and washes, blows and tears just as it pleases, and we can't help ourselves one bit, and neither could our own dear forebears in the days gone by.

In 1814 occurred one of the most terrible droughts ever recorded in the history of Warwick. It lasted nearly half the year. Leaves dropped from the trees, curled and withered; grass was literally burned black, and fell to charred dust beneath the feet; gardens and crops were ruined; no fruit grew to perfection; small wild animals and birds suffered from want of food and water. Residents of Orange and Sussex counties having cattle turned on mountain lands, weary of seeing the famished creatures agonized for

pasture and drink, shot them down, one wealthy New Jersey farmer slaughtering eighty. Wells dried and people carried water long distances for family use; the roads were lined constantly with cattle driven to the creek and ponds where any water was found. A poor, half-crazed creature called Old Enos declared that, lying by the side of the road, he saw numbers of rattlesnakes, blacksnakes, pilots, adders and racers crawling from the mountain across the road to drink from the brook running by the old Sayer homestead, but as to the truth of this the narrator was not able to vouch to the writer. To corroborate his story he did bring to the village of Bellvale a rattlesnake with thirteen rattles he averred he killed while it was drinking at this stream. The creek was almost the only source of water supply left, and that was very low.

On the night of the 27th of June no signs of rain were visible. The sun hung lurid and dismal in a smoky west, and many had begun to predict and really supposed the end of the world was come. Prayers were offered in the churches, but supplications seemed in vain—the heavens were brass. On the aforementioned night, just after twelve, suddenly a gentle rain began to fall, which lasted four days. Never before in Warwick valley was such joy unspeakable known. The clergymen in the village churches on the Sabbath tried to frame prayers of thankfulness, but broke down in so doing and wept; sobs were heard throughout the congregation. Neighbor shook neighbor by the hand with warmer grasp than was their wont. Wives told wives how when their husbands heard the soft, small rain come gently pattering on the roof they could not credit their own trusty ears, but plunged hurriedly out of bed to see if it could be true. One worthy citizen went out lightly clad, and remained so long his anxious spouse besought him to come in or he would "get wet." "Get wet! get wet!" he retorted. "Praise God! Betsey, I could wring my shirt now." An anxious father, living below Warwick, having a son residing

at a place called Pole Ridge, rose in the dead of night and rode there to see if the blessed rain was falling on his son's farm, and found that it was. It fell everywhere; the stubborn vertebræ of the most destructive drought ever known since Warwick was settled was broken. Late gardens were planted, fields looked over to see if anything could be done. The animal creation seemed to gain a new lease of life. Even ancient grudges (more common then than now, when men were closer to the old feudal time, during which neighbor fought neighbor) were literally washed out in the beautiful, beneficent downpour. During the four days, two thus under the ban of each other's ill-will met on the road. "I can't hold out after this," one cried, truly repentant; "the Lord is too good. I won't go against Him and let the sun go down on my wrath any longer," and it is to be hoped they were friends forevermore after making up and shaking hands, wet with that blessed heaven-sent baptism. It is not believed that there were so many new fancies and theories in religious matters in those times as now, but one good dame, whose mind had probably been greatly exercised by beholding the family garden supply and potato patch slowly cremated, remarked to her minister, Elder Lebbens Lathrop, who preached in Warwick from Oct. 25th, 1801, to May, 1819), in a doubting spirit, "When you prayed *so hard* for rain, why didn't the Lord answer?" "We were not ready to receive it, and He wasn't ready to send it," was the sententious reply. Perhaps the worthy minister knew of the two neighbors from whose hearts the drought burned the feud. The terrific parching of old Mother Earth was done, but the bitter effects were felt all the next winter severely. Pork was leaner, eggs scarcer, the family butter tub low, the strings of dried apples and peaches very brief, potatoes almost invisible, and in many other ways the stricken town of Warwick remembered this awful visitation.

In the summers and autumns of 1843 and 1846 other droughts fell upon Warwick, and, though not quite so long

or severe, were protracted, causing much suffering and inconvenience. Many of the hardships portrayed were lived over again, and there was scarcity in all the usual productions of the earth. Springs were dug in the borders of the creek, and families carried water therefrom to their homes. Farmers with teams drove into town with churns and barrels full, and presented it to suffering housewives to cleanse the family linen, for all cisterns were dry.

One of the longest and most frightful electrical storms recorded in the last century occurred at Warwick. Immediately after noon on a very hot day a sudden ominous hush and darkness fell on the town. The latter was so deep that fowls sought their roosts. For some time this strange darkened stillness brooded over the face of nature—it was absolute; not a leaf, not a breath stirred the air. Suddenly lightning began to illumine the heavens, and thunder to mutter. This increased until it became appalling. A vivid description of this storm was wont to be given by Aunt Sarah, an aunt of Capt. James W. Benedict, who lived and died in the old stone house. At its height she went to the west window of the homestead to survey the scene. She described the whole face of the heavens as like burnished copper. The lightning poured forth in streams, forked streaks and vicious zigzag bolts. The peals of thunder were ear-splitting and incessant. There was not much rain, the wind was not violent, but the blazing of electricity was as if the universe were on fire. Mr. Nathaniel Jones was then master of the village school. From this point he witnessed the storm and said he thought the Dutch Reformed Church and the old Baptist steeple were struck several times, but no accident took place of which there is record. He was kept busy in calming and reassuring the dismayed children. Timid persons were frightened almost out of sense and life, and aggravated cases of "'sterics" were reported among the feminine portion of the community from fright. Feather beds, the ancient rock of refuge in severe thunder storms,

were in much demand; many huddled in the family closet to shut out the terrifying sight. An old resident gave her experience during this storm. Her husband was working on the farm of Mr. John Wood, on the back road leading from the village, and she was alone in her house, on a small farm near town. She said she was firmly convinced the last day had come, and the end of all things. Her children were at school, and she longed to fly there and look upon them once more, but was deterred by the awfulness of the bolts. Finally she drew a feather bed to the floor, rolled it around her, and awaited the end in silence and suffocation. Between four and five o'clock the violence abated, children fled gladly homeward, the "milking time," said never to fail, was taken advantage of, and the scared denizen of the isolated farmhouse crept out of her feather bed, bathed in perspiration, but happy to find the world still going round. A calm and beautiful night followed this appalling display of electrical forces, and no injury seemed done by it. It cannot be learned that in fury, duration or elements of terrorizing it was ever exceeded.

A singular visitation of cold once fell upon the town, so curiously sudden and uncommon as to be worthy of note. Its exact or approximate date I failed (an unusual act) to record when it was related to me by one who nearly fell its victim, who had started to a ball at a hotel in Goshen the evening of its visit, attended by Mr. William Vandervort, of Warwick. A proprietor named Evans kept the hotel. The day had been quiet and not severely cold. The previous night there was an abundant white frost. At about two o'clock the wind rose, and began to blow keenly. It increased in velocity, and, to quote the narrator, "Every fresh blast seemed ten times colder than the last." This grew worse and worse, until the cold was terrible. Unable to go farther, so intense it became, Mr. Vandervort and his companion drove into a farmhouse beyond Florida and were safely housed. The reins before this had dropped from his

hands, and she had grasped them, and given him her muff to relieve him. When taken from their vehicle they were almost entirely benumbed, and were forced to remain through the night. This wind blew until eleven o'clock the next day. Over one hundred fowls froze in and about Warwick that night. A horse perished standing in a barn back of the town. Vegetables froze in cellars, and residents remained up through the dark hours of this fierce, biting blast and heaped high the hearth to protect themselves from its effects. It is very doubtful if many thermometers were owned in Warwick at that time, so no record is handed down of the prodigious fall that invaluable instrument must have made. Barns, fowl houses and stables were not then the warm and cheerfully ordered enclosures they now are; fowls frequently perched all through the winter outside; cattle sometimes had no stabling. No wonder in such sudden Arctic severity they succumbed and were found dead. A poor, hapless creature, illy housed near Sugar Loaf, was so terribly frozen he died from the effects of his exposure. To quote a resident of the time, "It seemed all in the winds." When the sudden sweeping blasts calmed the cold as quickly died away. The winter of 1835-'36 has gone by the name of "the hard winter" ever since. Snow commenced falling in November, and with consecutive severe storms it accumulated to a great depth. The cold was unintermittent and excessive. Woodcock, partridge, quail and various small game were almost utterly destroyed. Great inconvenience and much suffering were experienced by the inhabitants of Warwick. Business at times was almost at a standstill from the depths of snow that impeded travel. Children were detained from school, physicians could frequently not be sent for to patients, nor attend them if they were. Stock was cared for and kept alive with difficulty. At one time five bodies lay unburied in the township, the snow being so deep that the last narrow home could not be prepared nor the dead transported to it. Among the saddest of these cases

was that of little Christian Elizabeth Wood, who died a short way out of Warwick, on the road to Sugar Loaf. Her parents owned no horse, and she was seized with illness in a blinding snowfall, adding to the great depth on the earth, and no doctor could be called, as they were literally "snowed in." The poor child died, was robed for her last home, and the parents waited for favorable weather for the funeral and burial. It did not come, and finally they found they must keep the little body indefinitely. It was carefully laid away in the drawer of a large bureau in a cold room, securely locked, and every night and morning the sorrowful parents opened the sad receptacle of their little lost one and looked upon her peaceful face. She was kept so over three weeks before arrangements for interment could be made. The bereaved mother was accustomed to relate how at last a strange clinging yearning grew upon her to keep the little beloved dead, frozen into marble loveliness, and she dreaded to see the stress of weather abate that would bear it from her. When at last it was so that the child could be buried, she could scarcely be persuaded to give it up, and her grief was so excessive that she was ill from the effects.

Senator James M. Burt, of Ohio, related on his last visit to Warwick many incidents of this severe winter. He led a party of thirty men with implements for clearing away the snow to bury a well-known resident of Bellvale, in the old Baptist yard. It was a common thing to ride in a road cut out through walls of snow that rose above the rider and sleigh. There was little business and interchange of money. One old lady used to remark with indignation that she was unable to procure tallow for her candles, and that it was the first time in her life that she was obliged to use a lard light, poverty's own illumination.

There was serious want from the utter inability to get "grist to mill," or to get it ground. One mother crushed wheat in a coffee mill to feed her children. Vegetables, securely stowed in cellars, every crack and crevice filled, kept

well, which was one advantage of the heavy mantle of snow; there was no loss from freezing, and this proved a blessing.

Hymen, poor deity of many tribulations, had several unlucky contretemps this Arctic winter. Where Cupid, all undeterred, had prepared the way, this graver and more important god was ofttimes in hard and grievous straits. In an ancestral home in the vicinity of Warwick a wedding was on the tapis. Tables groaned in anticipation of all the good things the cellars held for them, and felt deep concern as to the strength of their much enduring legs; the life-blood of turkeys and chickens crimsoned the snow; the bridal trousseau, in those days costing back-aches and tired eyes unlimited, had felt the prick of the last stitch, the forty-ninth pull of the final "trying on," and all was ready, when a Boreal blast arose, drifted the last snow and subsided for another, effectually blocking Warwick township. The night of the bridal arrived, but the snow that preceded it lay thick and deep over all that small world. A few near-by guests, by dint of hours of shovelling, reached the scene, but when the appointed hour came neither bridegroom nor clergyman was there. At about nine in the evening the former appeared, but the much-needed and important functionary was not forthcoming, and a sad and disappointed party sat down to the disconsolate supper. The ceremony, held in abeyance, did not take place until a day after that, being the earliest opportunity the belated clergyman could be "shovelled through" to the deferred nuptials.

A lady in Warwick used to give an amusing account of an experience of that winter. Her first babe was about six weeks old and with her husband they set forth to visit a sister. The inevitable shovel was in its usual place under the seat, as drifts were constantly encountered that must be dug through. Her husband was out of the sleigh, vigorously dissipating one of these, when the horse, a young and spirited colt, took fright at a shovelful of snow, and started, throwing herself and infant out. The startled husband

easily caught the floundering animal, and, righting the sleigh, ensconced therein his spouse, when with a shriek she cried, shaking her voluminous wraps, "Oh, where is the baby?" Sure enough, though "to memory dear," the precious infant was "lost to sight," and, almost distracted, they commenced their search in the surrounding drifts. In vain, baby could not be found. "It is lost, killed, smothered," cried the frantic young mother, wringing her hands as she flung the drifts aside in vain search. At length a voice no mother can mistake was heard, and the youthful scion of the house was discovered, feebly protesting against its chilly bed, close down to the just visible top of a rail fence. It was promptly rescued, none the worse for its impromptu bath in the snow, and with relieved hearts their journey was finished. It was no unusual thing for choice and convivial spirits on their way home from the village taverns to sink in the drifts for a comfortable snooze, and a regular scouting party was sometimes started forth to keep an eye on these and rescue them from "the sleep that knows no waking." These are a few of the incidental and stern realities of the winter of 1835-'36.

The year 1816 was the coldest ever known in this country. It is remembered as the year without a summer. There were snow and ice every month. On June 17th a terrible snowstorm swept from New England to New York, in which travellers were frozen to death. Farmers worked in overcoats and mittens to but little purpose. Scarcely anything planted grew. On our home place were a number of fine fruit trees. The young fruit managed to get a start, when there came a freezing rain. Every cherry, pear, apple, plum and peach was encased in an armor of ice, and was literally shaved from the trees by a fierce, cutting wind. On the 4th of July ice formed an inch thick. There was great scarcity and consequent suffering during the ensuing winter. The grain crop was a total failure.

The year 1833 was remarkable for the most wonderful meteoric shower ever seen in Warwick. People of the nervous type were greatly frightened. Innumerable meteorites fell thickly throughout a whole evening. Some thought fire from heaven was about to destroy the earth, but they dropped harmlessly around. Many predicted all the *stars* would rain from the sky.

In the fall of 1827 a wonderful celestial phenomenon was visible—a magnificent exhibition of the aurora borealis. Grand columns of light shot from horizon to zenith; arch upon arch, beautifully variegated with color, rose against the heavens. This rare physical phenomenon appeared during several nights, and was a truly wonderful sight, said never to have been surpassed since the years 1772 and 1777, when wondrous appearances were observable in the heavens. The nights of December 6th and 7th, 1777, the whole sky flamed with intensely vivid crimson shafts of light of exquisite beauty, and people were up throughout them gazing upon the wonderful sight.

The year 1807 was remarkable for the severest hailstorms on record. It was said a belt of hail passed over the country and that hail stones fell as large as eggs. A horse was pelted to death with them in his pasture a half mile from Warwick, and young lambs were killed in numbers. In the thirties a terrible hailstorm struck Warwick. Some houses had not a pane of glass on the west side left uninjured by this storm, which lasted unusually long, with very high wind. From our own home ninety-six panes of glass were broken.

On Tuesday, the 21st of February, 1882, it rained, hailed, snowed, thundered and lightened in a single day, and finished by clearing off cold. In 1790, after a warm rain in early summer, portions of the country were literally alive with small frogs. It was said that the earth swarmed with them. A step could not be taken without crushing numbers. They were very lively and of almost uniform size.

Children gathered them by the apronful and threw them into springs near their homes. They gradually disappeared.

In the spring of 1847 the Rev. P. Hartwell arrived in Warwick as pastor of the Baptist Church. He reached the town the second week in March, and fruit trees were in full bloom. It was said to be the earliest spring on record.

Freshets of unusual severity have been known in Warwick. Three times in remembrance communication with the village at different points has been cut off by the volumes of water inundating the country; bridges were swept away, and families living beside the creek were carried in boats from their houses. The townspeople paddled around their cellars in washtubs, gathering the debris of family supplies, and one very youthful citizen was nearly precipitated to a watery grave from this impromptu boat while endeavoring to reach the family apple bin with a small brother paddling.

The late Doctor T. F. Cooper, of Warwick, used to remark that the place was subject to the severest thunder storms, with the fewest casualties, of any he had ever known; that he had inquired of the oldest residents and could find remembrance of but four fatalities by lightning; injury to buildings, animals and trees was also comparatively infrequent. He was wont to give some graphic descriptions of storms faced while on his lonely beat over Bellvale and Greenwood mountains to patients, when, with much ado, he guided his frightened horse amid the reverberations and vivid flashes. A gentleman residing on his own farm near Warwick once discovered a curious freak of lightning. A bolt struck a fine, tall chestnut on his place, and, cleaving it asunder, literally reduced a part of the tree to shavings. Of these, some two hundred, from ten to twenty feet in length, lay scattered in all directions. No artisan could have shaved them with finer precision.

Some of these were on exhibition in Warwick for a time at the *Advertiser* office, and attracted much attention.

In the year 1853 there occurred an unusual number of violent rainstorms in Warwick. Two produced deluges, one lasting four days. A landslide took place on my father's farm, burying a fine piece of spring wheat under a pall of mud. A well on the place, thirty feet deep, overflowed twice. The academy was damaged by lightning.

The winters of 1806 and 1807 were visted by snowstorms of unsurpassed depth. It once snowed five days almost continually. The snow accumulated until business was suspended. A colored family living near where the home of the late Mr. W. F. Dunning's residence stands were entirely snowed under in their lowly cot, and were obliged to be dug out. In the early twenties of the last century Warwick was visited by the most appalling hailstorm ever remembered. One stone fell on the Bradner homestead measuring nine inches in circumference. They pounded the springing corn to pulp, rattled the young fruit from the trees, threshed away the leaves, shattered windows, and killed and crippled poultry, lambs, pigs and birds of tender age. Its destruction was unprecedented.

In the years 1811 and 1812 shocks of earthquake were felt in Warwick. Once they were so severe the earth trembled. There were terror and excitement, and, as usual, predictions of the end of the world.

The hygrometrical changes of the atmosphere were ever of deepest interest to our forefathers. Their weather prognostics were legion. Among a host which I have gathered, this seems most fitting to be handed down. It is certainly comprehensive:

> The hollow winds begin to blow,
> The clouds look black, the glass is low;
> The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
> And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
> Last night the sun went pale to bed,
> The moon in halos hid her head;

The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky!
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack,
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her.
Loud quack the ducks, the sea fowls cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine,
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then, spreading back, to earth it bends.
The wind, unsteady, veers around,
Or setting in the south is found.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the cautious flies.
The glowworms, numerous, clear and bright,
Illum'ed the dewy hill last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.
The sky is green, the air is still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
The dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast.
The tender colts on back do lie,
Nor heed the traveller passing by.
In fiery red the sun did rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies.
'Twill surely rain, we see 't with sorrow—
No working in the fields to-morrow.

VIII

Drifted Down

VIII

Drifted Down

PRIMITIVE "TRAMPS."—Ere the county poorhouse was built, Warwick township literally swarmed with what is now called the "tramp," but in early days dubbed "straggler." Many farmhouses kept a back door restaurant, and beds in some outbuilding for these unfortunates. Some were women, often girls with babes in arms; the demented, lame, deformed, crippled and aged begged from house to house. The beds kept for them by the charitably inclined were seldom empty. Who that ever saw her could forget poor, stricken, half-crazed "old Bridget," who, never sober, fell face down in the tan-pit on the highway one night with her baby Mike in her arms, and, stupefied by her last drink, could only partially extricate herself, and was dragged forth by an early passer by in the morning with the babe dead in her arms? With wild, insistent "keenings" fit to curdle the blood, over the little, still form, poor Bridget went melancholy mad, and roamed ceaselessly. She ever carried tucked in her bosom a fragment of the little blue linen slip Mike was drowned in, and when she became partially intoxicated always took it out, pressed it to her lips with fervid kisses and wept over it, heart-breakingly. Her hair was indeed a glory; all unkempt, uncared for, for days at a time, still magnificent in length, blue-black as a bird's plumage, wavy, tendrilly, it curled about her weather-beaten face with a grace no art could compass, and when unbound fell almost to her feet, a furrowed veil. As she grew old, shimmering silver frosted it, adding to its beauty.

One windy night, in a heavy rain, Bridget appeared at our door. It was the evening of Election Day. She staggered to the fire, was given an easy chair and, huddling in it, fell asleep. Our mother, with the assistance of the kitchen girl, was stretching the homemade linen sheets. It was considered desecration to put a hot iron upon them, as it destroyed their sweetness; they were folded, snapped and pressed, then laid in lavender until used. As the sheet was snapped it aroused her from her doze. "Lord save us!" she exclaimed, angrily springing to her feet. "I believe you've all been 'lectioneering." Gathering herself together, wringing out her dripping wealth of hair, and winding it around her head, she declared her intention of leaving. In vain she was urged to go to her usual bed. She firmly persisted, and started out in the beating storm. Three nights after poor Bridget was found dead, shrouded in her lustrous hair, face downward in a small pond near Monroe. She was drowned precisely as she had drowned her baby many years before, poor little Mike, over whom she had wept so many piteous tears. Poor mother!

Whining Betsy, whose one cry was "A little paper o' tea, ma'am, it's all me poor weak stummick'll hold," filled the dual role of beggar and wanderer all her life. Betsy's babies were perennial. One winter night on her way home she called for her usual tea, with a very new little one cradled on her arm. "When you have such a struggle to get along," said our sympathetic grandmamma (as she placed a package in her hand), "it seems hard to have another baby to care for, don't it, Betty?" The pale, weak blue eyes overflowed, she drew the little one fondly to her breast, replying with her inimitable drawl: "Well, ma'am, I didn't *want* 'er no how, but now I've got 'er, I wouldn't lose her for a new green silk bunnit with red ribbins."

Ever vivid in memory is Patrick Riley, who froze his feet and lost his toes on a disabled sailing vessel pounding the

icy seas six weeks between Ireland and America. Drifting to Warwick he wandered there, half mendicant, half worker in its farm homes. What a delight when we saw him coming up the road, for entrancing were his stories of fairies and bogies, leprechauns, and the magical folklore of the Green Island of beauty, song and glory! I have heard a very few of the stars of grand opera, but never one that could at all compare with Patrick when he sang,

Her chakes was like roses,
Her lips just the same,
And swate as twin sthrawberries
Smuddered in crame.

Once there was an Irish knight
Who loved a lady fair to see,
And she had silver and she had goold,
But the Irish knight, O, poor was he!

But "brave and bowld." Being "turned down," as we now say, by the cruel father, he rode up to her "windy" one wild black night, on a sthrappin' red horse, and bore her off right under his very nose. What a prize Patrick would have been in these days when "thrills" and "shivers" are in demand. How it rounded our eyes, and creepied down our backs, and made insinuating gooseflesh granulate our small bodies when he told, with racy brogue, the story of the two brothers who quarrelled over a bit of the "ould sod," till one clove the other down and hid his body deep, deep, "undther the very sphot they differed over." And the nixt night "the murtherer, comin' home from a wake, was met in the path by a great white dog, wid eyes of blood, walkin' along on his two behint legs, who sazed him 'round the nick an' throttled him to death." And as he gasped out his last breath the white dog, "which was no dog at all, but a wraith, looked in the murtherer's eyes wid his own brother's, and hissed in his ear wid his own v'ice, 'I'm Tim's avengin' spirit.'"

How I longed for a robe of sky-blue satin, trimmed with swansdown, just like the one Patrick's mother used to wear

in "the sthreets o' Dooblin' thralin' six feet behint her. She was a lady ivery inch," he asserted; "discinded sthraight from the Kings in Munsther." One night Patrick stopped, unusually lame, and besought us privately under the locust trees to "ask the masther to let him sthay and rist his poor hubs of fate for a sason." His wish was granted, joyfully we flew to fetch him in, and he stayed and rested there three years, feeding the chickens, watching the toddling babies, and filling our ears with his songs and stories—as true, trustworthy and amusing a friend as ever children had.

A son, Thomas, whom he "lift a slip uv a bye in Ireland," having grown to young man's estate, came over and bore his father away to New York City. There, kind Irish heart, ever true to its own, he cared for him tenderly to life's latest day. How we missed him none can tell, and I have ever had a mind to make a little book of his songs and stories, stowed away in memory.

Silly Nick was always begging "a bowl of hot water an' a little sugar and nutmeg, to keep the chills out." When given it, he would retire to some corner, introduce into it a generous libation of applejack, and pour it down his throat with resounding smacks of satisfaction.

Old Schoon, the mule-driver, was another character known to Warwick byways and highways. Driving down the storm-washed mountain way from the mines one day with a load of ore, he rolled from his wagon, and, to use his own picturesque vernacular, "busted his poll ag'in a stun," gradually losing his poor blunted wits. Ever after he wandered up and down, driving imaginary mules, which were forever balking with maddening pertinacity. Two of these, Sally and Pete, were exasperating to the last degree, and when all urging failed to start them, he would seize a fence-rail and wildly belabor the air, while oaths and maledictions amazing to hear rolled with the hoarse boom of thunder

from his deep, hairy chest, over his immense sagging lips, out into the startled air.

What actor ever had a more admiring audience than poor crazed Schoon, as the schoolchildren, books and dinner baskets in hand, clustered on fences and stumps along the way to see him belabor the invisible Sally and Pete?

Poor Charity! grievously afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, and so lightfingered she would stealthily appropriate the knife, fork and spoon she was fed with, haunted early homes with her weird presence. Once caught filching a spoon by Mrs. Hoyt, of Warwick, who had kindly given her a cup of tea, she was mildly reproved. Lifting her nervous, trembling fingers, she replied: "An' how can I help stealin' when me hands dances right at things unbeknownst to me?"

The fields, the woods, the green highways of my native home, for the "groves were God's first temples," still seem to echo with the prayers of "Crazy Charley." On bended knees, with uplifted hands, sometimes with brimming eyes, he prayed. His petitions were all-embracing, all-comprehending. He poured them forth for executives, for church and state, young and old, rich and poor, bond and free, sick and well. When he had prayed until breath and strength failed him, and frequently with a last pitiful downpour of tears, he would reverently bow his head, clasp his hands, with that most pathetic of all gestures, with the palms outward, and finish, crying brokenly, "And most, Lord, I beseech Thee to have mercy on such a poor, wretched sinner as now dares to call on Thy great and holy name." His voice was earnest and musical, and had a pleading pathos.

Farming out the poor of steady habits was a common custom and meagerly recompensed by the town. Frequently those of good report thus found settled homes and lived and died in them, attached and respected. Children, if likely, were bound out until eighteen. On leaving, after this indentured apprenticeship was completed, they were required

to be given by law two suits of clothes and a sum of money, and if worthy of it, a certificate of good character.

The Orange County poorhouse, after its erection, was not in good odor with the old-time habitual wanderer. They seldom sought it of their own free will. When complained of and deposited there by the poormaster, they usually managed to flit again just as speedily as possible, and many tramped till death. A weak, shambling creature called "Foolish Henry" was found lost and frozen to death in a stretch of woods. Unless in the beneficent shelter of the asylum prepared for them, nearly all met tragic ends.

How Elder James Benedict Came to Laugh Heartily in His Own Pulpit.—That this old-time clergyman had excellent control of his risibles and was a grave, rather stern-faced man, who held fast to every command between the lids of his old leather-bound, brass-clamped Bible, even to obedience to the king, is well known by all his descendants. But once upon a time his gravity was wholly upset, and he burst out laughing in his own pulpit, eke his deacons and congregation laughing with him. A sense of humor is a saving grace, a gift delightsome in this hard old world; and though, no doubt, when all was over, his natural sense of the fitness of things and his protuberant bump of reverence caused him qualms of conscience over the outburst, likely many of the cloth would have "gone and done" likewise, had they been witness to a similar contretemps.

Near where the pleasant farmhouse of Mr. John Vandevoort now stands, it may be said in explanation of the above event, a roomy log cabin once stood. The spot was called "Root Holler," from the quantity of sassafras growing there. In it lived a free mulatto woman with an Indian husband. Old Tine was an early disbeliever in race suicide. Her family was numerous and kept coming. Among her children was one called Sorch, or Sorchy, probably a corruption

of the grand Biblical name of Sarah. The latitude and longitude of Tine's cabin becoming cramped in accommodation for her numerous family, she, as was the custom of the day, put some of them "out," and Sorchy was assigned to the home of Mr. John Sutton. Her personal appearance was most striking. She was fully six feet tall, with the build of a gladiator, of herculean strength, and absolutely without fear. Of her utter lack of any sense of danger many instances are handed down by the Sutton family. One afternoon, being sent up to the mountain to pick berries by Mrs. Sutton, she came home toward night, her basket filled in one hand and dragging a young wildcat by the other, his head well battered. When asked how she dared attack him she replied: "No wil' cats won't eye me for nothin'; he got a club."

Once a bet was made at a hotel in Warwick that Sorchy could be frightened. A plot was laid by six young men ready for fun and mischief, and, preparing, they watched opportunity to waylay and put her to flight. But another party got wind of the project of the first and planned to rout them in turn. At length the occasion presented itself. Mrs. Sutton sent Sorchy to the village one summer evening with a basket of newly laid eggs to exchange for household supplies. She did her errand faithfully, and started for home as the shadows of night began to fall. As she reached a lonely spot adjacent to a stretch of dark woods on her way, six ghostly figures sprang forth wrapped in long linen sheets. Waving their arms and uttering dismal groans they approached her. But at this juncture six others, enveloped in black habiliments, with wild alarum shouts that would have done credit to an Indian raid, charged down upon the first. The white robed, nearly scared out of their mischievous wits, broke, and, flinging aside the entangling sheets, fled in dismay toward the village. Sorchy, setting down her basket, had remained perfectly quiet, a wondering spectator of the scene,

but as the terrified white clads disappeared over the brow of the hill she burst into shrill screams of laughter and, clapping her hands, cried, "Run, run, white ghosts, black devils will catch you." When all had disappeared she picked up the scattered sheets, folded them and, tucking them snugly into her basket, went on her way. On reaching home, Mrs. Sutton was amazed at the linen and questioned Sorchy. "Oh! some ghosts got chased by devils down ag'in' the woods," she replied, "lost their clo'es, en I picked 'em up." The puzzled lady did not learn in a long time the truth of the story, for unimaginative Sorchy really thought they were veritable ghosts and devils.

But the fearless wildwood girl was at one time on the horns of a dilemma for which her native courage had no resource.

Elder James Benedict was holding a Sabbath morning service in the first Baptist Church in Warwick and Sorchy was one of his congregation. It was a warm summer day, and the doors were thrown wide open. Suddenly there appeared near the portal a huge sheep of the male persuasion, bowing and squaring as he stepped stubbornly forward, bent on entering. Sorchy sat near the door, and with characteristic impetuosity flew to the charge. "Shoo," she said, in a loud whisper, "shoo, ol' Buck!" and endeavored to drive the intruder back. He proceeded aggressively to enter, when she planted a foot staunchly each side of the door, muttering, "You shan't come in here, this is meetin'." Lowering his horny crest, Buck made a dive at her feet, seated her on his broad, woolly back, and trotted straight up to the pulpit, where he quietly stopped, his rider holding on to his wool with desperate grip from her backward seat. So paralyzed were the assembly with the turn of affairs that not one stirred, but as they took in the utter ludicrousness of the situation, Elder and congregation burst into an irrepressible fit of laughter. There was no avoiding the outburst. Some

of the parishioners, coming forward, seized the impromptu steed by the horns, Sorchy dismounted, he was summarily ejected and driven off; but it is well authenticated that the remainder of the services was conducted shakily.

How Daughters Fared at School.—On the left of the way on the road leading from Warwick to Bellvale stood the home of William Wood. In his family were four children, a son and three daughters. Their school district lay in Bellvale. Over the roomy log cabin, then the hamlet's only seat of learning, presided a pedagogue of memory more infamous than the Simon of France. After a time Mrs. Wood learned that her son was taught to write, while her daughters were not. Troubled by this omission as time went on, she finally called to see that it be rectified. Glaring at her, the high and mighty potentate who reigned over the little world within the lowly log schoolhouse thundered: "No, madam, your girls will never be teached to write by me; it's bad enough to have a woman readin'. Don't you know there's nothin' so odious" (he said "ojus") "as a larnt woman?" Every Saturday night this pioneer instructor got exceedingly drunk, and lay so all Sunday, going to his duties Monday morning in the amiable mood of a hungry Bengal tiger. No reading of the Bible, nor prayer, nor singing of sweet child hymns for the little group who assembled for their daily routine. Instead, every pupil was made to "stand up" facing the awful presence, and savagely thrashed all around. The venerable woman who told me this (one of his pupils) said she could bear it for herself, for she was twelve years old, but when she saw the cruel welts on the white neck of her little sister of six it almost broke her heart. The lapses of this pedagogue frequently occurred on week days, also, and when the little school gathered and found no teacher present, and the word went round that he was seen at the "still," they

waited till noon, then went sadly home, "and bitterly thought of the morrow."

Town Meeting Day.—Town Meeting Day in old Warwick was a time of rough roystering and fighting. A well-known citizen going down to deposit his vote in March, 1825, was set upon by a voter in quarrelsome mood from repeated drinks and compelled to fight him. He would have conquered his attacker, but the latter seized upon his hair, which was long and thick, bore him to the ground, and holding him there gave him an unmerciful drubbing. He took it without protest, proceeded quietly home and the affair seemed forgotten. The next Town Meeting Day he went down to vote, and at the polls met his assailant of the previous year. Before starting from home he had thoroughly greased his head with warm lard. Thus fortified against the hair tactics of his aggressor, he proceeded to give him such a thorough dressing as wiped out the old score most effectually.

Obedience to Parents.—The cardinal virtue of obedience it is believed was more universal in primitive times than now. We quote an instance surely worthy of handing down. Just out of the village dwelt a young couple lately married and settled in their home. The wife's widowed mother lived near by, and almost every evening the pair walked down to call on her. One evening the little wife had a cold and the husband went down alone. On informing the mother of the fact, she said: "Tell her I say she must take a good dose of salts before going to bed—at least half a teacupful." The good man of the house retired and was soon soundly sleeping. The wife did up the few chores, got the salts, measured them out, went to the pail for water and found it dry; husband had forgotten to fill it. The well was far around the house, the night dark and windy. She hesitated to go out and did not wish to awaken her sweetly

slumbering spouse. For a moment she paused, then mentally exclaiming, "I never disobeyed mother yet, and sha'n't begin now," she took the cup and ate the contents dry to the last grain. Mother was obeyed.

Early Dentistry.—The dentist was an unknown quantity in our secluded settlement. Every doctor kept a formidable instrument called a turnkey for pulling anticky teeth. A dentist's chair was unknown, and if the offending molar proved hard to extract, the sufferer was laid on the floor on his back, the doctor knelt beside him, pressing one knee in his diaphragm, and thus patient and tooth parted company. A resident of Bellvale used to relate that at one time being seized with a raging toothache, she walked to Warwick for the services of a doctor (let him be nameless), who extracted the wrong tooth, broke her jawbone and so injured her that she was ill for many days.

Deprivations of Children.—It is a common remark of the mothers of the present day that evenings after the home work of children is done the rooms look as if it had snowed papers. A hundred years ago a sheet of white paper was an unknown luxury to numbers of the little folk. I was told by an ancient dame, once a little farm lass, that in her school days she never had but one-half of a half sheet of white foolscap paper. This was given her by a schoolmate, Miss Henrietta Hoyt, daughter of Benjamin S. Hoyt, the postmaster, in exchange for a big red apple. She deemed it too precious for use, and, taking it home, laid it carefully away in the family Bible.

Aunt Patty Minthorn and the Grandfather's Clock.—Aunt Patty Minthorn was one of those kind, helpful, capable maiden aunts who almost invariably in early days, when woman's occupations were limited, if bereft of the parental roof, drifted to some relative's home and there became right

hand to the family. Who but Auntie could so gently smooth the tousled hair, find the lost cap and school book, mend stockings and mittens, doctor bruises and cuts, and ever have a piece of pie or cake ready for the hungry?

Aunt Patty was settled in the home of a brother, with a bustling, driving wife, a family of nine children like the proverbial stairs, and work a-plenty. Here she cooked and cleaned, spun and wove, knit and sewed, and nursed the recurrent babies with all the motherly tenderness of her fond old heart—for how often is auntie the true mother of the brood! Neighbors averred that her feet and hands were never still at one time. The old grandfather's clock, as it ticked away the hours, never found Patty's duties behindhand or undone. She had reached her sixty-fifth year, when one night, after all the family had retired, she sat alone in the sitting-room, finishing a pair of blue yarn stockings for her brother. Patty was toeing off the last stitch with nimbly clicking needles, her eyes often reverting to the clock, for it was almost ten—an unheard-of hour to be out of bed in those days—when suddenly before her astonished eyes the old clock stopped. Her ears could not discern a tick. Never had it done such an unheard-of thing before. Patty was aghast and called up her brother. Vainly he endeavored to start up the family timepiece. It obstinately refused to go. Was the old clock on a strike? Aunt Patty dropped the last stitch, broke off the yarn, carefully fastened the end, stuck her darning needle in the ball, folded the pair together and handed them to her brother.

"There, Joseph," she said, "your stockings are done, and I'm done. The clock has stopped, and I've stopped."

"What do you mean, Patty?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Just what I say," she replied, quietly, and went to her bed.

In the morning Patty did not come down in the usual small, dark hours to wrestle with fires and early breakfast.

On going up to her room to see if she were ill, she calmly replied to the inquiry that she was not, but repeated her assertion that she was "done." Vainly they endeavored to urge, to reason with her; she was indeed "done." She never lifted hand to toil more, but lived on many years in a state of perfect rest. It made no difference when the family clock tinker on his round started the ancient timepiece ticking with pristine vigor. Aunt Patty did not start with it. It was whispered she was queer, stubborn, contrary. Alas! they did not know that the poor, worn brain had given out, and prompted no more the willing hands, the tireless feet, the kind old heart.

The Feather Beds.—The feather beds of our grandams were literally mountains of downy softness and warmth. Going in her girlhood to visit a friend, a young lady declared that on retiring to the roomy "spare chamber" for the night, her eyes encountered a bed reaching nearly to the ceiling. In a few minutes in bustled the mother of the home, a notable housekeeper. Mounting on a chair she patted down the pile, remarking: "Now, girls, you'll sleep to-night on two of the softest forty-pound feather beds in the country."

Quilts closely darned with quilting, and composed of pieces whose name was legion, covered beds. The patterns of these miracles of patient industry in early days were called by many high-sounding appellations, such as "Mississippi Valley," "Philadelphia Pavement," "Double Irish Chain," "Baskets of Fruit," "Bed of Tulips," "Cross and Crown," "Outspread Wings," and others too numerous to mention. They were generally composed of gayest colors and set with white. Folded over the foot of the bed, too precious for use, was the ever-present "Family Album Quilt." This was invariably made of bits of dresses donated by female friends, and often a corner from a vest pat-

tern of a male acquaintance. It was usually pieced in a pattern called "The Rising Star," and somewhere in the multitudinous rays was hidden the autograph of the donor. These album creations were dearly prized, reverently cherished and very seldom used.

The First Set of Artificial Teeth.—The exact date of an occurrence that set every tongue in ancient Warwick wagging, and caused such a peering of eyes and craning of necks as was seldom seen, when the heroine of all the excitement appeared, could not be ascertained. Who that has sat in the pews of the old churches a few decades back, and seen the gentle, toothless mouths with their soft, sunken lips and peaceful lines, but recalls them with tender and reverent memories; for up to a not far date many of our forebears refused the dentist's aid in rehabilitating their denuded gums. Of course it was a woman, for have we not been told from an old English writer down, that—

> There's not a place in earth or heaven,
> There's not a task to mankind given,
> There's not a blessing nor a woe,
> There's not a whisper, yes or no,
> There's not a single life nor birth,
> That has a feather weight of worth,
> Without a woman in it.

She was the sister of a physician, and, probably from the heroic doses of calomel common to the day, became deprived of her teeth very young. After a while she journeyed to Newburgh, and from thence to New York City on some of the good sloops plying between. Returning after a protracted visit of weeks, her lips parted in smiles of greeting to friends, and disclosed a perfect set of teeth. Great was the astonishment, wild the conjectures. Some, under the breath, averred a grave had been rifled for the fair mouth, others that a poor slave had parted with her snowy teeth for an alluring sum; again it was declared an animal's grinders

had been obtained and ground down. Others darkly hinted that the awful black art had been invoked and by its unhallowed aid a third growth had been called into existence; and so supposition ran riot. The raconteur who gave me the incidents of these artificial teeth, said to be the first known in Warwick, declared that she never heard one hint as to the set being manufactured. Any way, the owner wore them through her life, it was asserted, undoubtedly with just such discomfort and inconvenience as all of this latter-day experience when falling on such evil hap.

Tight Lacing.—The extent to which tight lacing was practised by some of our grandmothers can scarcely be credited. Here is a verbatim account of a young lady of Warwick robing for her first ball in the year 1826, and of the corset she wore. This instrument of torture was made of heavy homemade linen of four thicknesses, and fairly quilted with stitching. The stays were shaved from ash wood. These were twelve in number, the front and back stays three inches in width, the others a scant inch. When this was placed upon the débutante preparatory to lacing her down for the trying-on of her first ball dress, one after another tugged at the lacer, a homemade hawser of hemp, to bring it together tightly enough to give the requisite slenderness to the girlish waist. At length the mother exclaimed with sudden energy: "Well, girls, we'll have to do as they used to when I was young, hitch it to the bedpost and let her draw herself in." This was done, the panting victim straining and pulling with all her strength until the awful vise was brought together, the stout ash boards meeting. The lace was then securely fastened, and the victim robed a radiant sylph in snowy muslin. This young lady was of plump, rather robust build. Let us not marvel at some of the plates in our early physiologies of laced, cramped and distorted female forms. They were but pictures of the actual and real.

An Irruption of Rats.—A curious visitation of rats fell upon our town in the early forties. It almost out-Pharaohed that much afflicted king. All at once people were awakened in the night by their wild scurryings through their domiciles. Cellars were raided, granaries and barns infested, and countless hordes swarmed everywhere. A miller was attacked in the early morning hours in his mill in Bellvale and had to flee for his life. A farmer who had stored corn in a loft over his hogpen, on going up in the early morning hours to toss some down, was so savagely attacked that he was obliged to call for help. He was bitten in the ears, neck and face by the vicious rodents. A housewife was awakened from sleep with a sharp nip in her nose, found it bleeding from bites, and on lighting her candle seven fled from the room. Children were attacked in beds and cradles, and finally so countless and fierce were the swarms that many a householder resorted to arms, watching through the dark hours pistol in hand. In our own home one night an army appeared. Two little brothers were attacked and bitten in face and ears in their trundle-bed. Our father, rising to get his pistol, was severely bitten in the foot while loading it. He shot eleven before daylight. They gnawed through every conceivable place, and fairly tunneled cellars. The homestead of Mr. Isaac Van Duzer, in Warwick, was so raided that the family were in terror of their lives; also the Smith hotel, on Main street. Various rat destroyers found their way to the stricken township, and finally exterminated the unwelcome hordes, and alas! in many homesteads left behind an odor not of "Araby the blest." An enterprising individual concocted a plaster which he declared to be of such marvellous potency that, placed upon a rat hole, it immediately drew the tenants forth to its deadly surface and poisoned them with such Borgian suddenness and malignity that they burst with a loud explosion, and were scattered over their own lintels. I have in my possession a

fancy picture of this scene drawn by a wit of the day with some lines attached, which read:

Lo! to relieve us came the famous plaster
Invented by the worldwide chemist Pratt,
Of all specifics 'tis the very master,
Sure death to every pilfering, burrowing rat.
By putting one on runway or rat-hole
It straightway blows their body from their soul.

Many verses follow, equally ludicrous. The drawings are most amusing. The treacherous plaster is suspended over the opening of a runway, its lines dimly shadowing a leering, diabolical face, while the hypnotized rodents, with bulging eyes, are rushing unresistingly upon it, to perish in its death-dealing contact. The fatal explosion of the unfortunates, who are, to use a modernism, "up against it," is irresistibly comical, as an ear, a whisker, tail, foot or leg flies wildly into space. It was drawn by a descendant of the artistic Coe family, Dr. Elias Coe being one of the first portrait painters known in Warwick.

Singing at Weddings.—The custom of singing, by the assembled guests, of an appropriate song after the ceremony was almost universal at old-time marriages. The following was recited to me by a Warwick lady born in 1817. It was sung standing by the whole company at her own bridal, and she informed me that she had heard it at many others, among them the wedding of Miss Mary A. Bradner to Senator James M. Burt, of Ohio, at the old Bradner homestead. It was sung at the wedding of Emma Wheeler to Robert Penoyer and the marriage of Mary Burt to Joel Benedict. It seems to have been a favorite, doing duty on numerous occasions. It was called "The Bride's Farewell," and was quite lengthy, embracing the family circle, and the opening verses ran thus:

Farewell, mother, tears are streaming
Down thy pale and tender cheek,
I in gems and roses gleaming,
Scarce this sad farewell may speak.

Farewell, father, thou hast loved me,
Ere my lips thy name could tell,
One to trust who may deceive me,
Father, guardian, fare-thee-well!

Farewell, brave and gentle brother,
Near and dear unto my heart,
Friends, dear happy home of childhood,
From ye all I now must part,

and so on through lingering lines. When friends were about to leave home, it was very customary to have a family gathering at some familiar place, and at the final parting for all to join in a farewell song. Standing about ten rods from the highway and nearly in the rear of the parsonage belonging to the Reformed Dutch Church, once stood a quaint yellow house with a flat roof surrounded by a low railing and fronting both the east and the west, with outer doors on either side. This was the home of Daniel Burt. In the thirties there was an exodus of Burts, Johnsons and other Warwick families to Ohio. At this old home was given a farewell party attended by over a hundred. As the guests bade a last good-by to those so soon to start on the then tedious western journey, they sang the following song:

When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky,
Though the deep between us roll,
Friendship still unites our soul;
Still in Fancy's wide domain,
Here shall we all meet again.

There were many other verses, equally plaintive. From one who was present at this sad and touching farewell, I was informed it was sung with tremulos of grief and streaming tears. It seemed not to matter that the song was not always exactly fitting, it was what they had and they used it.

The Molasses Candy Pull.—This was a favorite gathering of old. In a certain old stone house still standing, a merry pull was held in the winter of 1828 by the daughters of the family. Gallons of molasses were provided. It was boiled in a big brass kettle scoured to sunny brightness, suspended from the crane. The stirring of the molasses during the boiling, by relays of lads and lassies, always brought two heads perilously near together. Two amusing events occurred at this pull. The first kettle was simmered to just the right consistency, poured in huge delft pie platters and set to cool outside the kitchen door, preparatory to pulling. A belated guest, a big, bashful young man, arriving late and wishing to slip in unnoticed, stole to the kitchen door—and planted feet of generous proportions in two of the dishes of cooling molasses. He was fast, his struggles heard inside drew the company out, and amid shouts of laughter he was dragged in shod with his unique shoes. As was usual with the day, he was, with thoughtless levity, the target of fun and ridicule through the evening. A young gentleman at this party had woven a long braid of four strands of the candy. Among the guests was a girl with pale golden hair. Stealing up behind her, perhaps with intent to compliment, he foolishly wound the braid around her curly head, saying, "Lib, this is pure gold—just the color of your hair." It stuck to the yellow head, was disengaged with much trouble, she was very angry, a scene resulted, and it took the unthinking guest many long weeks to reinstate himself in her favor.

The Singing School.—The old-fashioned singing school was a joyful place for the young of early days. Sweet and luring to the athletic young men attending them looked the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of the girls in silken hoods of cherry, blue and white, tied snugly about their laughing faces. How they chatted and sung, and after the exercises

went home arm in arm through the village street, or two by two in the cosy pung, or in merry loads to distant farm homes, in the straw-filled "pig-box" behind sturdy horses, while they sang "Oh, the singing school, what a happy, happy place!" What a grand affair was the concert at the close, when the work of the winter brought down plaudits on the flower-wreathed heads of the sopranos, when the tenor and bass did their best, and the chorus came out strong! Once, after a very severe drought, it was thought the luxury of a singing school must be abandoned for the following winter, as money could not be raised to pay a teacher. On being informed of this, a many-daughtered mother remarked, "Oh, dear! then we'll have no engagements for *our girls* this winter, and no weddings next."

Valentine Parties.—These gatherings were very much in vogue in early days, occurring from house to house; sometimes filling every evening of Valentine week. They were said to be the veritable hotbeds of love-making and engagements. Couplets and bits of verse were written and tucked in the pockets of the swains attending, and slyly found their way into the hands of best girls. Following are a few specimens of old time verse in honor of St. Valentine:

Sweet memories 'round thee twine,
My darling Valentine.

Oh! may our hearts in love combine,
Then you will be my Valentine.

If you love me
Your Valentine I'll be.

St. Valentine brings hearts together,
No matter what the wind or weather.

I'll no more peak nor no more pine,
If you will be my Valentine.

I've waited for this Valentine party
To tell you of my love so hearty,
And now pray tell me, frank and free,
If you my Valentine will be?

To be born on Valentine's Day was considered a certain augury of a happy marriage. Frequently the dancing and merrymaking at these assemblages were kept up until daylight. On reaching home numerous charms were tried by the rural maidens. One was to fill a large bowl with water, set it by the bed, and on the surface drop bits of paper with the names of favorite youths written thereon. The damsel placing it, in order to give potency to the charm, was compelled to rise three times in the night, go backward to the bowl and turn it three times around. In the morning the name nearest her pillow was sure to prove her future husband. Ardent missives were often found tied to the big knocker of the front door, the daughters of the house rising early on St. Valentine's morn and taking them off before the eyes of parents or teasing brothers espied them.

The malicious and wounding Valentine was little in evidence in early times, but a single instance is given showing that these unpleasant traits existed. In the township lived a girl of good family and fine character, born with a marring birthmark upon her cheek. She was wooed by a young man not in favor with her parents, and rightly as it proved. He was finally discarded, and took his dismissal with very ill grace. The next Valentine's Eve a letter was found lying on the doorstep addressed to her, with a rude picture of her face, the blemished cheek greatly exaggerated, and underneath some personal and insulting lines. The young lady had a half-grown brother, big, fearless and very fond of her. He read the missive, straightway sought the cowardly offender and compelled him to acknowledge his offence, then gave him a dressing he was slow in forgetting. To complete his disgrace he was socially ostracized in the town for many a day.

A Brother's Revenge.—In the old stone hotel built by Francis Baird in 1766 many dramatic scenes have occurred.

One in particular is given from the lips of an eyewitness. A young man of excellent family became addicted to drink, causing his friends great anxiety and sorrow. One night he sought the hostelry and, after becoming partially inebriated, was seized upon by a number of revelers there, tied to a chair, and whisky forced down his throat until he was helpless. A brother, knowing his weakness, and missing him from home, hurried down to the village, surmising well where to seek him. As the miscreants, five in number, stood over the almost stupefied boy, forcing still more of the liquor down his throat, the brother entered. Indignation transported the usually quiet lad out of himself. He fell upon the party, tore his brother from their grasp, and seizing a heavy oaken chair, brought it crashing down in every direction upon them. Before the astounded spectators could restrain him, he had laid four of them out, one with a broken arm, another with a fractured shoulder, and all with blows and bruises which caused them to remember their villainy many a day. He received no punishment for the vengeful rescue, and the occurrence was said to have acted as a deterrent to future scenes of the kind.

Two Tragic Happenings.—The old corner hotel on Main street, long kept by Mr. Lewis F. Randolph, was the scene of two most tragic happenings.

A ball was given one Christmas Eve, and a gay party of young folk came down from Goshen to attend it. Among them was a youthful wife, before her marriage the belle of her native town. It was an intensely cold night, and she carried her firstborn, an infant of three months, warmly wrapped in her arms. On arriving at the hotel she was taken into the landlady's own room, and laid her sleeping infant, enfolded in its wraps, in the family cradle without awaking it. Then, seeking the ballroom, she was soon dancing with the merry throng. The little one slept so long and quietly that Mrs. Randolph at length went to the cradle, un-

covered it, and put her hand on its face. It was cold in death. The young mother, in her solicitude to keep it warm, had smothered it on her own bosom during the journey down. The scene that followed needs no words.

The next winter another ball was given at the house, and a Goshen party again came over. A gay young mother brought her babe of six months with her. Soothing it to sleep, she laid it on the high-piled feather bed in the dressing room, pushed a tall old-fashioned bureau closely against it to prevent it rolling off and then sought the ballroom. Going up in the pauses of the dance to look at the child, she found it had awakened, crawled from the pillow, and, falling headforemost between the bed and bureau, smothered there. So overcome were Mr. and Mrs. Randolph by these consecutive painful occurrences that they declared they would never give another ball in the house.

The Majesty of the Law.—An instance is given of the manner in which justice was administered in our town in the long ago.

A family living on a small rented property between Warwick and Sugar Loaf was reduced by the death of the husband and father to sad straits of poverty. At length a protracted illness fell upon the widow, and she was no longer able to support herself and children by her avocation of spinning and weaving in the farmhouses about her. In the tumbledown cot, with its bit of land, she struggled on, her cow, fowls and garden her only support.

One morning, while preparing her children's scanty breakfast, she was horrified by the entrance of a myrmidon of the law who read to her an execution, seizing all she owned for debt. After the reading he straightway proceeded to strip the home of its contents. The fowls were then caught, their legs tied, and thrown on the load, the cow fastened behind and the worthy constable prepared to leave. As he

was closing the door he espied on the fire a pot of meal boiling for their meager breakfast. Stopping short, he carefully scanned the paper, and remarking, "This 'ere execution kivers everything, so it seizes the pot o' s'pawn too," he took it from the crane carefully, ensconced it on the load and drove off, swelling with the consciousness of duty performed.

A Sighing Ghost.—Olden days were replete with luring ghost stories, for what would "lang syne" have been without them? Old servitors and superstitious visitors were always their chief vehicle. One lingers in memory that had an untold charm and the "clink o' siller." Hard by New Milford, then called "Jockey Holler," stood a broad stone house in which dwelt a maiden "fair to see," with a lover, of course. Life was slow and tedious in the hamlet with the sportive name, and finally the lover, weary of trying to make his way there to an establishment with the girl of his heart, resolved to go in quest of his fortune at sea. He started for the Mediterranean with a party bound there to seek mother-of-pearl. At their last meeting a silver sixpence was filed in two, a hole pierced in each half and tied upon either neck, the superstition of the day being that even against Fate's rude shocks the severed halves would come together again. Time wore on; the absent lover was not heard from. One night the desolate girl lay weeping on her pillow, as lovelorn maidens have ever wept through the ages, when the heavy curtains suspended from the old tester parted, a salt breath of the sea floated over the bed, a cold white hand was thrust in, and the absent half of the sixpence she had cherished through all the years lay in her palm.

The lover was never heard from more, and the stricken girl, faithful to his memory, became no man's wife.

While the era of superstition lasted, in the lonely midnight hours a soft, sad sigh, low, tremulous at first, dying

away shudderingly, crept through the old house; and this is surely true, for have I not seen those who heard it many a time and oft?

Stringent Economies.—That the early mothers were made careful by pinching experiences, and economizing to the verge of penuriousness, this little story will testify. With softly shaded lamps, gas and electric lights in almost every home now, it seems a fancy picture. All the luminary of olden days was the tallow dip, or a smoky lard lamp. Often when the candles ran low the tallow for dipping more was hard to procure out of "killing season." One candle was deemed sufficient to light the room for a family during the evening; still we must not forget the gleams of the ruddy fire on the hearth that sent its glow to the farthest corner. A mother of those days related that she was one evening sitting with her husband and two children, when the latter, conning their lessons for the morrow, asked for a light of their own at the little table where they studied. Rising, she procured one and set it before them. Just as she did so there came a knock at the door and her mother-in-law entered. "Why, Emeline!" she exclaimed "what awful extravagance; a whole candle for those two children to study by. I never heard of such a thing. I always learned my lessons lying flat on the floor before the firelight. Many a time the skin peeled off my forehead, and my eyes was a'most burnt out o' my head, but I never got a light all to myself and neither must these children learn such wasteful ways," and, seizing the candle, she blew it out, carefully pinched down the wick and set it in the closet. Such were the economies of youth that made the easy chairs of our forebears' declining years.

Low Po.—Whether from lonely environment or incessant hard work, brightened by little of change or beauty, is not known, but the old-time woman was frequently attacked by

an ailment analogous to the one now dubbed by the elegant soubriquet of "nervous prostration." In primitive days the one alluded to was called "Low Po," and was quite common. Suddenly the most active and energetic housekeeper or busy mother of a family would lie down with this curious disorder and often remain in bed for months. Its symptoms were various and puzzlingly contradictory. Some ate omnivorously and talked incessantly; some refused utterly to eat, just escaping starvation by the incessant efforts of friends to keep them fed; others maintained a sullen and aggravating silence, while some wept copiously and considered themselves abused and ill-treated by all around them. In whatsoever form the complaint presented itself, its symptoms were harrowing and annoying to the last degree to the unfortunate family of the victim.

A case occurring in the midst of the village, of a despairing type, and every known means of rallying the patient having been exhausted, the physician in attendance informed the husband that unless stringent measures were adopted the young wife would surely die. The husband and doctor now laid their heads together to save her. For weeks she had lain in a seeming stupor a greater part of the time, only rousing occasionally to complain of hunger and that "tired feeling," which is of very ancient date. One evening the doctor entered and began whispering to the husband in the adjoining room. "I don't like to advise in the matter," said the good leech, in that penetrating whisper more distinct to the ear than the ordinary tone, "but there is no hope; all effort has failed, and you will be left badly off with a little family on your hands."

"Of course," replied the husband, "it's a painful thing to think of marrying again before the breath leaves my wife's body, but this girl is very pleasing, will, I am sure, make an excellent mother to my children, and I think I best speak

and secure her before another steps in and takes her from me."

There was a stir in the bedroom, a violent fit of convulsive weeping, and out of bed flew the patient. Rushing up to her husband, she shook him soundly, shrieking, "So you think you will make arrangements to marry again before the breath is out of my body, do you? You'll put a stepmother over my children, will you? Well, from this minute I'll get up and live to spite you!" She did, indeed, and went energetically to work at her old accustomed round of duties. At length the culprit husband confessed the trick he had planned to play upon her. She forgave him, but the doctor never, and it is handed down that both had the worst of the cure.

Dancing in the Hog Trough.—I have failed to ascertain where the utterly ludicrous practice here set forth originated, among what nation, tongue or people, but that it was observed in our hamlets in very early days is the testimony of a great-uncle, who attended one of the gatherings on the mountain's foot late in the seventeenth century.

In a family of daughters on occasions in which a younger sister preceded the elder to the altar, the firstborn left in the matrimonial lurch was duly notified that on a specified night her young friends would appear and invite her to the performance.

This is the account of it as it was witnessed on the borders of old Bellvale. A new, smoothly finished trough of ample breadth was brought to the house by a party of young folk. The girls of the company entering, seized upon the superseded daughter, and robed her in deepest mourning, with a long crape veil falling from head to feet. Weepers of crape streamed behind her. The trough was deposited in the middle of the room, and to the merry strains of an old colored fiddler, the girl sprang in and danced, while the

party, clasping hands, circled around her singing. After a time a young man jumped in the trough, seized the devotee about the waist and danced with her. It was said this event was frequently followed by the early marriage of the girl, some tender-hearted swain probably finding a soft spot in his heart for her, and resolving to spare her another immolation. The trough was always presented to the family. Elder Williams, a Baptist minister who frequently visited Warwick in the early forties of the last century, and who was a Welshman by birth, declared he had heard the custom was Saxon, but of this there is no corroboration. It would be most interesting to learn who brought it to our isolated hamlets in those faraway times.

IX

The Wawayanda Creek

IX

The Wawayanda Creek

THIS stream of water, the only one of its size to diversify the landscape, rises in New Jersey at a point about four or five miles directly south of what was once familiarly known as "Double Pond," now Wawayanda Lake. Its source is in a narrow valley, one of the highest lying between the ridges of the Wawayanda mountains, and running northeast downward, a sluggish stream, it crosses the road leading to West Milford and Pompton a short distance north of where stood the toll-gate of the Pompton and Minisink Turnpike, so long attended by Albert Shaw. Here it winds through a black meadow. From the color of the water, it took the unpoetic name of Black Creek.

Continuing its course along the north base of Rough Mountain, famous for huckleberries and rattlesnakes, it accelerates its pace over a more precipitous descent until it reaches the thrifty and romantic village of Bellvale, whence, after turning its mills and factories, it curves first to the northeast, and then west, where, in the meadow at the bottom of the Wawayanda Valley, it unites with the outlet of Wickham Pond, or Clark's Lake, and they together form the Warwick or Wawayanda Creek. Proceeding on its way to the southwest down the Wawayanda Valley into New Jersey, it strikes the foothills of the Pochunk or Pochuck range, a little north of Vernon. In the meadows here it receives from the southwest the Black Creek, which has come from near Hamburg, and the united streams form the Po-

chuck Creek, which turns at once to the northeast, and, flowing along the southeasterly side of Pochuck Mountain into the Drowned Lands, somewhere north of Pine Island, it unites with the Wallkill. This stream, rising near Sparta, N. J., flows along the opposite side of the mountain, on its way through Orange and Ulster counties, N. Y., until it falls into the storied Hudson, at Rondout.

In connection with the fine old name of Wawayanda, let it be remarked that its smoothly flowing syllables seemed susceptible of as many and unique changes as any in our history. A single example is given from a varied assortment of original methods of spelling the time-honored appellation. It bears on its front the dignity of years, and none will presume to question its authenticity:

Mr. Burt: Sur, be plees to pay to the bare the wheat what you o to me fur a hat what is by hind and yu will me obleege till death.

Theas frum yours to sarve,

Aperl 11 day 1783

To Mr. Burt Essquir.

War war yender

The ancient residents of Sussex and Orange were probably unaware of the true derivation or meaning of the name, and the following legend was told of it:

It ran that a Warwick townsman once did a poor, luckless Indian, the worse for too frequent potations of firewater, a kindness by rescuing from the penalty of some misdeed his mortal body from "durance vile," and in return he engaged to disclose to his benefactor the whereabouts of a rich silver mine in the mountains. A day was set, and together they started, when, on reaching the brow of a hill, this side of the creek (then densely wooded), the redman suddenly called a halt and demanded to turn into the village hostelry for a drink. Knowing his weakness, and fearing if he consented his guide would put himself in such a condition that he would be unable to locate the coveted treasure, the white man demurred and tried to urge him on. He entreated and expostulated, and at length firmly refused to

turn back to the tavern, reminding Lo of his promise, and also that an Indian never broke his word. Taking him by the shoulders, the redman turned his face toward the mountain, and, pointing with his finger, said: "Over water, way way yonder," and, swiftly turning, strode out of sight.

This tradition lends color to one local belief, that the name was the Indian's mutilated English for "way yonder."

In the early part of the last century a strolling fisherman on the banks of the Wawayanda brought to the little hamlet the startling intelligence that two strangers were erecting a cabin near its banks. As Warwick village then contained but few dwelling houses, it may well be imagined the news quickly spread. A citizen of the town, named Crampton, engaged in constructing a lime kiln near the waters, soon brought the thrilling tidings that he had with his own particular ears heard the pair conversing in a language outlandish and unknown, and the situation seemed to call for consideration and deliberation, almost as grave as aforetime seized our Dutch forefathers in events equally momentous. The land on which they located was owned by James Benedict, and his wife, going down, found a log hut constructed, two fine horses pasturing, or, rather, browsing, in the woods, and the little home almost destitute of necessaries and common comforts, even for those primitive times. With neighborly kindness some needed articles were proffered and gratefully accepted in scant broken English by the woman, and, on being sent, were received with profuse expressions and gestures of thanks, and, owing to this generosity, the impromptu sylvan home took on a more habitable aspect. The crack of the man's gun was often heard in the woodland, and they fished in the stream and gathered the berries growing in profusion. The isolated pair remained until late autumn, when the smoke of their log hut no longer curled above the tree tops. The home was found vacant, each article donated by neighbor Benedict left with scrupulous honesty. From frequent descriptions of them given

me by an aged woman who often saw them, they were undoubtedly French. Their personal appearance, polite gestures of recognition and thanks, as described, seemed to typify this nation. With their departure, as quiet and unannounced as their coming, interest in them did not fade. They were said to have been seen in Sussex County, and that the man had applied for a situation as teacher in a rural school. Then they were reported as turning up in Newburgh, and that, disposing of their horses there, they had taken passage on the good sloop Caty Maria for New York. The mother of the late Mr. J. M. Knapp, of Sugar Loaf, recollected when a child seeing the pair in the woods, sitting side by side beneath a tree, where they had been gathering the wild plum, that once grew in abundance in that region. She always recalled a vivid impression of their unusual appearance, and the woman's small and slender hands.

Through the mists of years the mind vainly conjectures as to who these unknown visitors were, or whence they came. Were they political refugees? Was the straight, dark-bearded head of the lone home an exile from friends and native land? Was a crime behind them somewhere, on some foreign shore? Were they lovers, fleeing a stern parent's wrath, and an adamantine "No"? In those early days the unearthing reporter was unknown, and the investigating mania in its infancy. From all testimony it is not to be doubted that they were persons of birth and breeding; they came, they went, giving to the early dwellers a bit of romance to brighten the hearth, as neighbors clustered around in friendly visits on the wintry nights. Faithful to its trust, the good creek locked their secret in its breast, and never in all its babbling whispered it to mortal ears. A little spring, hollowed in the turf on the banks, from which they drew what was probably their only beverage, was visible there for years.

The rite of baptism, as administered in its waters by early Elders, comes as a rare picture to those who love to recall

the familiar stream. It drew large assemblages, and it must have seemed to every looker-on that Nature in gracious mood had formed that spot for the impressive ordinance. The gently sloping green banks, the graceful low reaching elms, the natural steps leading down to the water, the pastoral beauty, all about speak eloquently of the very finger of God.

It is summer, a Sabbath noontide, calm and beautiful; grouped on the natural terrace above the stream are those whom it was good to know. Neighbor chats with neighbor in subdued tones, friend with friend, as they await the pastor and candidates, who, in a humble house a short walk back, are putting on the quaint vestments set aside for the ordinance. But now, expectation is ended, and the revered pastor appears conducting those ready for the rite; a hymn is sung, a fervent prayer offered, he carefully sounds the water, cane in hand; then the solemn ceremony takes place and peacefully the gathering disperses, but on every mind present an ineffaceable picture is left. Still the green banks and worn sod speak eloquently of those vanished footsteps, and the trees seem to murmur of those venerable heads, over whose lifted brows their shadows once played.

The waters of Wawayanda Creek were not without their ghostly legend in early days, and it was awesomely told under the breath how a poor human, who found life in those primeval times too great a problem for his tired brain to solve, in one despairing moment ended all by quietly letting himself down into the "deep hole," and thereafter at the approved hour for uncanny appearances, "his white face, looking black" (this is verbatim), would rise to the surface and long fingers would clutch at the tawny waters. Once it was affirmed that a small boy watching for muskrats heard this desolate ghost snoring loudly in his watery bed, and, fleeing home with hair on end, "musk-ratted" no more. The "deep hole" was a menace to the midsummer peace of many a Warwick mother, and in all probability this unpleasant damp spirit was held in lively remembrance by anxious

matrons, distracted by the wiles of venturesome small boys with a passion for running away to swim.

For the benefit of the descendants of all such transgressors, this history solemnly avers that this ghost is still there, ready to grab any pair of runaway legs kicking about in its watery home, and that, being forever debarred from the luxury of hot towels, its clutch on young offenders is particularly icy, and its snore (when its cool coverlet of many waters is rumpled by pranksome limbs) quickly changes to horrific groans, fit to set every individual hair on end.

It would gladden the hearts of latter-day Izaak Waltons withal, and cause their eyes to protrude, to draw from the Wawayanda such spoil as was the angler's harvest ere the iron horse on its diurnal way shook its bed, and bore to the once modest hamlet so many to indulge their favorite pastime. What joy when the word went forth that the "suckers were running," and a spearing frolic was on the tapis! The youngsters were enjoined to prepare the torches, and crotched sticks for impaling the prey were sought with alacrity. Surreptitiously we extracted a few billets from mother's precious pile of seasoned "oven-wood," and deftly we hid them in each bundle of fagots, to make them flame more cheerily. Then a bit of tow or flax was inserted in the bunch, for the purpose of lighting more easily, and when the eventful night came, and all was ready, old and young sallied forth. Over meadow and hill, till the rushing waters chime their familiar melody on the ear! A touch to the fagots, and the sport commences. Into the waters leap the "spearers"; it is close work keeping the "lights" aright; but what youthful scion was not equal to such an emergency? Shins are barked, knees bruised by falls in unseen pitholes, elbows and knuckles rasped, hair singed, clothes riddled by sparks, but soon the suckers, great, shining, firm-fleshed, splendid fellows, are flung on the banks. Proudly the crotches are thrust through the pulsating gills,

until each is so heavy with its burden that it is ready to drag its small, tugging carrier to the earth. Anon there is a commotion, a struggle unusual in the water. A stalwart spearer is making vigorous effort to land his prey; but the tables are nearly turned by the writhing, lashing booty, and he is almost down again and again in the dark stream. Slipping, panting, he tosses it on the turf. "An eel! an eel! a whopper!" all cry; not quite as long as the six-footer who lands it, but, of a verity, so extended that this generation's circumscribed bump of credulity would utterly fail to grasp its immensity, so it will not be specified. Cautiously the alert, excited juveniles seek to impale the big fellow; and when it is accomplished the boy to whose care it is assigned may be President, may be a general, but we dare assert he will never be so proud in the chair, or in the flush of victory, as, when muddy, wet, begrimed, he set forth on the borders of his dear, native creek, dragging along the first eel, squirming and wriggling in his wake. In after years of struggle and toil, memory will perhaps recall no scene more picturesque than this—the somber, fringing woods, now gone; the dark, sparkling waters, the sturdy spearers, with strong bared limbs stemming the hurrying stream, faces intent and scanning, spears poised, and the perforce quiet, but happily excited children on the brink, bearing the shining spoil and fitfully flaming flambeau.

The records of Orange County show that Mr. Frederick Dolson received deeds from the Master in Chancery, December 7th, 1826, 50 acres; July 8th, 1828, 17 acres. On this property he raised a dam and built a grist mill. This dam, it was declared, caused the waters to back up beyond the bridge, on the road leading toward Bellvale. From this Warwick was changed from a healthful locality to one scourged by agues, fevers and all their train of ills and accumulated woes. Numerous deaths occurred, not only in the village, but on its bordering lands, and far down the stream even into New Jersey.

Property in Warwick became almost unsalable; in fact, the whole vicinity was affected. Showing the mortality it created, we append the deaths that took place in one limited family circle: Mrs. Sylvanus Fancher died July 19, 1828; her husband September 8, 1828; Mrs. John Pelton, a sister of Mrs. Fancher, January 18, 1829. The citizens of Warwick were justly alarmed and indignant. They were relieved from their fears and trouble in this manner: While the greatest excitement prevailed, and they were discussing measures for relief, a thaw came, producing a freshet. The millpond was covered with thick ice, and in the night the dam gave way. Traditions of a particular family grievously afflicted by deaths, say that a young man was present at the dam at the beginning of the break, but that he made no outcry nor attempted in any manner to stop the flow. Public-spirited citizens now arose and vigorously declared that it was the time to get rid of the nuisance. Edward Welling, Henry Pelton and others decided it would be best to call a public meeting. Mr. Pelton penned a notice promptly summoning the townfolk to assemble; but before the time arrived he was smitten with the prevailing fever, and, though dangerously ill, and confined to his home a long time, his vigorous constitution triumphed, and he finally recovered. A committee was appointed to ascertain whether Mr. Dolson would dispose of the property, and for what sum. The result was that Frederick Dolson and Margaret, his wife, by deed dated April 20, 1829, conveyed to Nathaniel Jones, Samuel Youmans, James Hoyt, Joseph Roe, George Morehouse, Henry Pelton and Daniel Olmstead, described in the deed as a committee appointed by the inhabitants of the vicinity of Dolson's Mill Pond, by purchase the premises connected therewith.

The area of the land, as therein given, was 66 acres; the price paid $4,000. In the deed the Geraghty property was referred to as belonging to William Culver, probably the Culver who built the Reformed Church, the second pre-

ceding the present building, and the second erected by that society. The committee raised the sum paid by subscription, and it reimbursed the subscribers by selling the mill-house and machinery to Mr. Van Valen, who removed them to and set them up on the property owned by Hezekiah Hoyt, and by selling the land to Mr. Ackerman, May 6, 1829, reserving the full right to control the flow of the stream through the premises described in the deed. In a very short time Warwick regained, in its village and vicinity, the reputation for perfect healthfulness aforetime held, and which it has maintained to the present day. At the time of the breaking up of the dam numbers congregated at the empty pond and gathered quantities of fine fish from the pools of water left in holes here and there, and a gentleman of Warwick, then a pupil at the "Red Schoolhouse," declares he went with a companion to the empty pond, at the noon recess, and saw the fish carried away in large basketsful.

These are the facts relating to the Dolson mill and pond, as accurately as could be gathered from data and remembrance of those living at the time. Among the lamented at this sad period was Miss Benedict, second daughter of William Benedict. She was a teacher in the district so long presided over by Mr. McElroy, and was a victim of the prevailing chills and fever.

When the memorable waterspout of '57 passed over Warwick Valley, James Burt, Esq., was crossing some land adjoining the creek, and, hearing the commotion, paused to observe it. He found it was nearing the residence of Mr. A. H. Galloway, and aiming for the path he expected to take. Getting out of the way of the furiously circling vertical monster, he halted and saw it cross the creek. It churned the waters into a mass of foam, and, scooping them up, threw them to the very clouds.

The annual "sheep washings," as they were called, were once familiar vernal sights in the Wawayanda, and the trees and banks blossomed with small boys gathered to witness the

exciting event. Each farmer bore to the scene a goodly kettle of family soft soap. This was plentifully smeared into the wool, and then, scared, trembling, bleating piteously, they were shoved off the bank into the stout arms awaiting them and thoroughly scrubbed, till "white as wool" was no longer a misnomer. With bated breath each small looker-on awaited the dousing of that high and mighty potentate, the horned leader of the flock, who, belligerent, squaring, butting, resisting, frequently required two or three pairs of stout arms to shove off. But when there, how helplessly he shivered, gasped and snorted, and how bitterly he protested when the biting lye soap offended his imperial eyes, once causing a diminutive boy on the bank to exclaim: "Now you've got it, old Buck, for butting me down in the orchard, and tearin' my new breeches." When chilled, tousled, utterly vanquished, he was tumbled on the bank to join his family, every perch, log, limb broke forth into shouts of exultation, for these old monarchs, once familiar figures in our pastures, were the terror of all marauding juveniles, whom they attacked pitilessly as they went berrying, fishing or rambling through the fields. The assault (with unparalleled meanness on the part of the sheep) was almost invariably made in the rear, and was particularly humiliating and aggravating to Young America, as torn trousers and bloody noses were the almost certain result. Any indignity, therefore, to this lord of the flock and pasture was ever hailed with delight, as he was considered an inveterate enemy of the most atrocious stamp.

The creek running through Bellvale was originally called Long House Creek, from the fact that the first settlers found there an Indian "Long House," a characteristic type of dwelling used by the famous Six Nations and their allied tribes, who were the aboriginal inhabitants of this part of the country.

These dwellings were constructed by driving posts with sharpened ends into the ground, binding them together with

a network of saplings, and protecting the sides and arched roofs with layers of bark. They were strongly and compactly reared and formed the homes of congregated red families. This "Long House" was well known to the early settlers, and its ruins were visible for many years.

Facilities for obtaining soft water being scarce, even well into this century, the family washing was very frequently done along creeks, brooks and springs. While thus engaged in Bellvale, a young girl, on going to the stream for a fresh pail of water to replenish the huge brass kettle hanging from an impromptu crane on two crotched sticks, espied a gleam of bright color in a clump of alders on the brink of the waters. Thinking it a cluster of flowers, she pushed aside the overhanging growth to obtain them, when it proved to be the body of a child, afterward Mr. John Clark, of Bellvale. She instantly drew it out, and, running to Mr. Stephen A. Burt, that gentleman restored him to life, after a tedious struggle. Referring to the color of the little homespun woollen dress catching the young rescuer's eyes, the mother was won't to exclaim: "What a mercy! what a mercy I colored that child's dress madder!"

It will be observed in local history that two of the Indians who gave a deed for the land comprising Warwick township to the first white owners had the syllables Wa-wa occurring in their names three times.

Apropos of the name of Wawayanda, again we find these soft Indian syllables occurring in the pretty name of Waweewana, of whom we relate this legend: Aunt Fanny Benedict, mother of Major James W. Benedict, was Waweewana's little white friend. The Indian girl lived with her parents in their wigwam near the spring on the Colonel Houston farm. Her mother was Winapawnac. She made baskets to sell in the surrounding hamlets; wove them cunningly of osiers and bark, and stained them with pokeberries, sumach and the juices of barks. Many a day little Fanny rambled by her side, helping her gather osiers and

colors for her baskets, on the banks of the Wawayanda. Sometimes when poor Waweewana's father got the worse for firewater and brought neither fish nor flesh to the lonely hut by the spring, then there was chaos and confusion there, with the angry, hungry mother scolding the drunken father, dangerously fierce, and Waweewana would go over to the woods where Fanny's father was working, jump on the wood sled, and ride up to the house with her little white friend and get a good warm supper, and remain until peace reigned in the lone savage home once more. The children used to dress their hair with the scarlet cardinal flower that grew in profusion on the banks of the creek, only Waweewana and her friend did not know the cardinalis by its high-sounding name, but called it "nose-bleed," and wove it in a coronal for their little heads as they played by the borders of the Wawayanda.

More and more frequently the red father came home the worse for the sad firewater, and many a time and oft, when Winapawnac and Waweewana had made their baskets and sold them, dressed the otter, lynx and muskrat skins and got the money for them, he would steal or wring it from them, and it would all go for that which made him a raging fiend in the hut. So they became very poor. Waweewana took a heavy cold and gradually but surely faded into consumption. On the brow of the hill overlooking the winding Wawayanda stood a grand old pine tree, a veritable sentinel pine, and underneath it poor Waweenana used to sit, her back against its stalwart trunk, and cough her life away. She grew weaker and weaker as the golden autumn came on, and the creek murmured and rippled below her, and the great pine whispered above her head. Many a tear has dimmed my childish eyes over the sorrows of dear little Waweewana, and one of my first efforts at verse was perpetrated upon her innocent head.

Maybe she thought, poor, dying girl, as she sat by the waters, that they were telling in their low, murmurous

tones, of that happy hunting-ground to which she was fast hastening. So, thinner and thinner, and more easily chilled, she lay down in the hut and died; the woods, the waters, the sentinel pine knew her no more, and little Fanny long mourned her playmate.

A grave was made not far from the stream and she was buried there. All was quiet, hushed and beautiful when she used to sit by the waters and drink the bowl of warm milk brought by her little white companion—naught but the eternal anthem of nature, and the chiming ripples; but now there is the iron horse on its thunderous round, and the twentieth century, with rush and rout, all, all so different save the Wawayanda, on its way unchanged and unchanging.

In the deed of Thomas De Kay, dated 1724, the Wawayanda stream was dignified by the name of river and mentioned as Bandon River.

An exile from the "evergreen fields my fathers possessed," no more cherished picture hangs on memory's walls than that of the years spent at the old Academy as pupil and teacher. In the hot days of summer we studied and botanized by the Wawayanda, only remaining indoors for recitations. How the young, bright faces come back! The heads left are gray now. Many are far, far away in strange lands, and more, in the beautiful language of Whittier, lie sleeping in "that low green tent whose curtain never outward swings."

X

Henry William Herbert

("Frank Forester")

X

Henry William Herbert

("Frank Forester")

AT SUNSET one autumn evening a gentleman on a spirited hunter drew up at our gate, sprang to the ground, and, drawing the rein through the ring on the rustic tying-post, entered. He asked for a drink, the clear limestone water of the well being quite famous for its purity and coldness. Resting his foot on an Indian mortar that stood near, he drew down the old sweep, filled the bucket, balanced it on the curb and drank. He conversed a few moments with our father about the valley, the exquisite scenery tinged with the hues of early fall, and, bowing his thanks, rode away. As his hunter cleared the turn leading to the village, we were told it was Henry William Herbert, the English author. Frequently after, in passing our door at night, he called and drank from the well, and this was my first remembrance of him. His personality was striking. He was erect, distinguished in appearance, with a hauteur and careless grace in every movement. His hair was heavy, waving and dark brown in color. He wore a mustache. His eyes were gray and keen, although I was told by one of his friends that his sight was defective. He had a charming voice, the tones musical and impressive. He sat his horse as if, to use an old-time saying, "he were born in the saddle." As his party tore up and down the stretch of road in front of our home, its most striking figure was Thomas Ward, on his good roan hunter, with his liver and white bird dog Dash at his heels—Tom, whom he rightly described as "the largest heart, the wittiest tongue, the openest hand, the biggest soul in all America."

Mr. Herbert was usually dressed in a shooting-jacket of rough material shot with colors, brogans on his feet and a

frieze cap on his head. Mounted on the fine hunters he loved, with dogs of choicest breed following his erratic trail, he was an attractive figure as he wound through the Warwick woodlands. In manner haughty, even imperious when ruffled, when in good humor or engaged in entertaining conversation he was most engaging. His mustache was very heavy, and he frequently in talking twisted it nervously, sometimes thoughtfully. His hand was expressive —a capable hand, with long, white fingers and supple, restless movements. He would often pause on the porch, after drinking, and I recall an emotional warming of his cheek when he became interested and the darkening and glowing of his eyes.

One evening a crow depended from his saddle bow. He said he had shot it to get the quills for pens to do some fine drawing. He was an accomplished draughtsman, rapid, skilled, and received a diploma from the New Jersey State Fair for drawings executed with a crow quill pen. Mr. Martin Kays, of Lafayette, informed me that he saw these drawings on exhibition and heard the admiration they elicited. From Mr. Kays I had many descriptions of Herbert as he hunted through Sussex, and of his feuds with the irate old Dutch farmers whose fences were razed and crops damaged by his retinue.

Mr. Herbert was born in London April 7th, 1807. His father was the Very Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, a son of the Earl of Carnaervon. His family held three patents of nobility. It was from this gifted father he inherited his versatile talents. The Rev. Mr. Herbert, in addition to his gifts as a clergyman, was a poet, linguist, historian and botanist. His richly endowed son brought him little comfort, and came to America in his twenty-fourth year to escape entanglements at home. Herbert was one of a numerous family of children, but three of whom visited America. An elder brother, an officer in the Royal Navy, commanded a British steamer on Lake Ontario, and a young sister once visited him at Newark. Tiring of the seclusion of the author's hermit-like retreat, she soon returned to England.

Mr. Herbert was in every sense of the word a rarely accomplished man. His learning was thorough and comprehensive. He wrote with a vigor and expression that made him famous. Who could fail to admire such pen

pictures as that of the caribou in "The Wigwam in the Wilderness," from the hunter's first sight of the wild, beautiful creature to its submerging in White Falls, as it fled from the pursuing panthers. His vivid portrayal of woodland scenes in America were not excelled in their time. Who but Frank Forester wrote of a "white-headed eagle rising heavily on sail-broad vans and oaring himself out through the intrenchant air over the limpid bosom of the waters." Or compared the mother summer duck and her brood to a frigate riding at her anchor with a whole fleet of pinnaces playing around her moorings." The robbing of the hawk of his black bass prey by the bald eagle and the death of the eagle by the gun of Tom Draw is a masterpiece of description. His love of animals was a part of his nature, and some of his finest writings are of dogs and horses. His friend gave to me a vivid account of his great Newfoundland Sailor and his little pet Vixen in his home, The Cedars, and his love for them. He took Vixen with him to the hotel in New York, where he ended his life.

Mr. Herbert was at one time Greek and Latin professor in a classical school in New York City. He had a rare gift at imparting knowledge and a wonderful flow of language. The almost musical sweetness of his voice was an added charm to his teaching. In French he excelled, and at one period of his life was in receipt of a good income from his translations of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew." His first novel, "The Brothers," was issued in 1834. Such copies of it as found their way to country circulating libraries were literally read to tatters. Mrs. N. R. Bradner, of Warwick, whose literary tastes were marked, declared she and her husband rode many miles to procure a copy, reaching home after dark. Mr. Bradner was equally fond of reading, and a friendly marital dispute occurred as to which should read the book first. She conquered, all honor to Mr. Bradner, and sat up all night reading it.

Mr. Herbert was one of the fathers of woodcraft literature on the American continent. He told his friend the best paid piece of work he ever wrote was a "Carrier's Address." "The Warwick Woodlands" was originally published in *The Turf Register*, edited by George Porter. To our father Mr. Herbert deplored the lack of books of reference in writing his historical novels. He said he could never get hold of the right book here. It was George Porter, at one time editor

of the New Orleans *Picayune,* who suggested to Herbert the nom de plume of "Frank Forester."

The original area of The Cedars I could not ascertain. Judge Deane informed me he thought it contained about three-fourths of an acre. Another Newark friend of Mr. Herbert told me it comprised four acres. The beautiful cedars environing the home in their grave, stately beauty, and giving it its name, were planted by the owner's hand. When a friend asked him why he almost exclusively planted this tree, he replied he loved "a tree ever green." Mr. Kays described to me Herbert's appearance at the State Fair of New Jersey. He was dressed in a suit of check, with a shawl of Scotch plaid thrown over his shoulder. One afternoon he came in on a black horse in a very elegant English riding suit, galloping outside the fair grounds for some time.

The Cedars, situated midway between Belleville and Newark, was an attractive spot in Herbert's day. Mr. Hugh Holmes, of Belleville, described it to me as a veritable bower of beauty, with vines, flowers and rustic embellishments, giving it a retired and romantic look. In this secluded retreat he composed and gave to the world his best work. He had a wonderful memory, marvellously stored by study, research, travel and contact with master minds in the field of education, which greatly facilitated his exacting mental work. Many wondered that Herbert chose a dwelling place so isolated as The Cedars. He said he had three reasons for settling there—for absolute literary seclusion, easy access to New York City, and that the laws of New Jersey permitted the holding and conveyancing of land by aliens. Herbert had unfortunate traits. He was impulsive, precipitate and easily angered. One unchecked remark made James Gordon Bennett his enemy and relentless persecutor throughout his life. In Ulster County I met a gentleman who was his friend and spoke with regret of this trait. Both of his marriages were contracted after brief courtships. He had known Miss Budlong but three weeks. His first union partook somewhat of the character of John Alden's. He called on Miss Barker at the request of a friend who admired her, fell ardently in love with her, and they were wedded after a hasty courtship. After the coming of their only child her health rapidly failed, and she soon faded away. His Newark and Belleville friends gave me descriptions of

her portrait, which hung at The Cedars. It was a face and form of surpassing loveliness. Herbert used frequently to remark that no sculptor could do justice to the exquisite beauty of her neck, hands and arms. But alas! his union with this lovely woman was most unhappy. His was that most to be deplored of all natures—capable of intense affection, but utterly unfitted to bring happiness to its object. He bore her pictured beauty with him from the lonely Cedars to the Broadway hotel where he prepared for his tragic end, and, with the sweet eyes looking into his with their gentle gaze, took his life. Herbert, in writing of himself, frequently alluded to his impulsive characteristics. "I am myself a quick shot—too quick, if anything," he said. Archer says he ever had to curb "his hot and impetuous nature on the hunt." He was singularly prone to put himself in a false light. He says of his youth: "I was a careless, happy, dare-all, do-no-good." Instead, he was a close, hard student, first under the care of his accomplished father and tutors at home, afterward at Dr. Hooker's school at Brighton, finished a course at Eton, and graduated at Cambridge in his twenty-second year. His mother was a very lovely woman, the Hon. Letitia Allen, daughter of Viscount Allen, of Kildare, Ireland, of the Leinster family.

His description of the horse was ever admirable. Here is one: "Clean-limbed, active, beautiful round quarters, proud crest, small head, a coat of high-polished copper." His delineation of the hounds, Spot and Chase, "drawing the bogs," and of Bonny Belle, Blossom, Dangerous and Dauntless on the trail, are blood-stirring. One can almost hear the deep-mouthed bay and see the muscles grow taut and rigid. Fine as are his pictures of scenery, I have ever considered them exceeded by his pen portraits of animals. He declared there was no charm for him like "learning the innumerable and all wondrous attributes and instincts of animated nature." After the freezing out of quail in the Warwick Woodlands in 1832, Mr. Herbert used his best efforts to stock them again, once bringing up two hundred and turning them out in the region. Some of these were entrusted to our father's care. He fed them with grain, and they became very tame. During a summer which I spent at the historic old Van Cortlandt-Van Rensselaer mansion in Belleville, N. J., I learned that at the bicentennial anniversary of the erection of the storied home, no mention was made

of Herbert's name. The address, delivered by Alderman J. F. Connelly, of Newark, referred to numerous prominent men and women, to Washington Irving; but Herbert so long a resident thereabouts, was strangely omitted. Around the Warwick hills and vales, the Wawayanda House, his memory clings unfadingly. Huntsmen, steeds and fine old landlord are of the past, but the wizard touch of the author's pen has made them live forever. Gone is the gilt pineapple on the pump, the signboard with the impossible female figure, the rambling sheds where Sam, the great black 'ostler, with his bushy wool and shining teeth, reigned supreme. Good Roan and Dash are gathered to the hills that so often knew the impress of their tread. The round table, where Forester "and his merry men all" dined so jovially, where is it? The bedroom off the parlor he used to occupy they tell me is unchanged. How often have I watched Emma, the old black cook, picking game, her wool full of fluttering feathers. How many a night, after I became an occupant of his old room, did I almost feel his masterful presence at the portal. With the same pen he caricatured and idealized the generous host who made his stay bright in the Warwick Woodlands, declared "he had enough good in him to make five hundred men as men go, and was full of the milk of human kindness." In all his life he never wrote a truer word. To family, guests, servants, retainers, old pensioners, Tom Ward's largess was unstinted. It was a memorable morning when I last visited the grave of Herbert. A terrific tempest had spent its force on beautiful Mount Pleasant Cemetery the day before. Great trees were riven by lightning, twisted up by the roots, or hurled down, and the trail of the wrenching storm could be traced by scattered boughs and leaves. But the succeeding day was one of quiet, softly veiled beauty. Upon his grave not a leaf was stirred. A bird alighted on a shrub near and poured forth a wild, sweet carol.

At the last visit of the friend who loved him well, he remarked: "How I should like to be with Tom at Warwick on those beautiful hills once more." It is said a more fitting memorial to the memory of this most remarkable man has been agitated. Should it ever take permanent form, let it be hoped the sad motto he left to be engraved upon his

stone will never find place there. The despair of poor human hearts should not be graven above the peaceful tomb.

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Judge Deane, of Newark, was an intimate and valued friend of Henry William Herbert, and was present at the last dinner given by the author and sportsman at his residence, The Cedars, near the same city. These reminiscences are gathered largely from the lips of this venerable and interesting man, and to them are added others related by residents of the Warwick Woodlands, which he loved to celebrate by tongue and pen.

Judge Deane held the opinion that biographers and penny-a-liners, anxious to color with the variegated hues of sensationalism his memory, grievously maligned and misrepresented Herbert. The fatal step that led to his regretted end was clearly the outcome of a mind unbalanced by recent trouble. A close friend, some days before his death, had declared that his conversation and acts indicated unsettled reason, and expressed anxiety concerning him. In all connected with the affections and his domestic life Herbert was most unfortunate. After a residence of about nine years in America, he met the daughter of the Mayor of Bangor, Maine, to whom he was wedded in 1840 after a brief courtship. She died in six years, and their married life was declared to have been most unhappy. A son, born early in their union, he sent to England after his mother's death, and he remained there. It was after the loss of his wife that Herbert's pen was most prolific. He seemed devoted to his work, and it was a surprise when it was learned that, after years of single life, he was about to wed a Miss Budlong, of Rhode Island.

To friends he expressed the highest anticipations of happiness in this union. He was at the zenith of his fame as an author, she was charming and wealthy, and his cup of joy seemed about to brim. The marriage took place in February prior to his death. The papers, private circles familiar with Herbert, rumor's split tongue, filled all space with the reasons for the almost immediate rupture of their relations. The friends who knew him best declared that it was his ardent wish to return to England, pay the debts that made him an exile from his home, and spend the remainder of his life there. He appealed to his wife to aid him with

her fortune in doing this. Relatives who had opposed her union with the author suggested that his motive in the marriage had been to secure her wealth for the purpose he had indicated, and that he had no true affection for her. It was also hinted that a crime had driven him from England—a cruel falsehood; it was simply debt. She was angered and indignant, and in an interview told Herbert her fears and distrust. His rage was terrible; she left him, and he vainly strove to win her back. She refused utterly to meet or communicate with him. He seemed almost maddened by this overthrow of bright hopes and fond dreams, and expressed himself as most wretched. In this state of mind he took his life by a bullet at the Stevens House, on Broadway, New York City.

His friend, Mr. Anthon, knowing his disappointment and unhappiness, had expressed grave fears of some such outcome of his sorrow; also Mr. Picton, with whom he was associated in editorial labors on the publications under his management. To those who accused Herbert of mercenary motives in marrying Miss Budlong, who fanned by cruel slanders the trouble that flamed up between them, if any such emotion as pity or remorse could find place in their hearts, it must have risen there, on reading the following poem, found lying on his desk after his death. It was said to be addressed "To Adele," his wife's name; but his friend, who saw the poem, says it simply bore the inscription "Come Back." As he had spent every energy of his life for days in the one vain endeavor to win her to him once more, with no result, none who knew him ever doubted it was penned as the last agonizing appeal of a broken heart to her. It ran as follows:

Come back and bring my life again,
  That went with thee beyond my will!
Restore me that which makes me man,
  Or leaves me wretched, dead and chill;
Thy presence was of life a part,
  Thine absence leaves the blank of death;
They wait thy presence—eye and heart;
  With straining gaze and bated breath.

The light is darkness, if thine eyes
  Make not the medium of its ray,
I see no star in evening skies,
  Save thou look up and point the way.

Nor bursting buds in May's young bloom,
  Nor sunshine rippling o'er the sea,
Bears up to Heaven my heart's perfume,
  Save thou my monitor can be.

There are two paths for human feet;
  One bordered by a duty plain,
And one by phantoms cursed, yet sweet,
  Bewildering heart and maddening brain.
The one will right and reason urge,
  But *thou* must walk beside me there,
Or else I tread the dizzy verge,
  And thou some guilt of loss must bear.

Come back! There is no cause on earth,
  No word of shame, no deed of wrong,
Can bury all of truth and worth,
  And sunder bonds once firm and strong.
There is no duty, Heaven imposed,
  That, velvet gloved, an iron hand
Upon my heart-strings crushed and closed,
  Thy hate should all my love withstand.

Days seem like ages, and, ere long,
  On senseless ears the cry may fall;
Or, stilled by bitter shame and wrong,
  The pleading voice may cease to call.
Come back! before the eyes grow dim,
  That keep but sight to see thee come;
Ere fail and falter hand and limb,
  Whose strength but waits to fold *thee* home.

It was believed by his associates that a copy of this poem reached his wife; but it was never known whether such was the fact. If so, its pathetic appeal evidently elicited no response, and the "senseless ears," the hush of the "pleading voice," were invoked by his own hand. The sensitive, emotional temperament, combined with the poetical, as in Herbert's case, was above all others the one to urge on to the commission of such a deed under the stress of heart and mental strain. That Mr. Herbert was naturally of a morose and unhappy nature his friends distinctly denied. To this frame of mind he was driven by the overwhelming anguish of his life. He was a poet of no mean order, and his "Ballads of the American Revolution" were remarkable as the outcome of the pen of an Englishman and grandson of an Earl and a Viscount. Their fire and sentiment would do credit to the veriest patriot, and at the time of their publication they were greatly admired. His genius was of the

most wonderful versatility. In the field of romance he had high honor in his day. "The Roman Traitor," "Cromwell," "Marmaduke Wyvil," "Brothers" and "Wager of Battle" held an enviable place in fiction. He was but twenty-four years of age when he came to America, and made it his permanent home. He loved New York City, but for quiet in literary pursuits spent much time at "The Cedars," near Newark. From these two places he rarely went, excepting on sporting excursions wherever his fancy led. One of the most extended of these was made in the British Provinces, and his works on field sports and fish and fishing there are among the best products of his vigorous pen.

Herbert was preeminently an industrious, faithful and most truly successful writer. His published works would comprise nearly sixty volumes were they all gathered and arranged. He would say of himself, "When out of the saddle I drive the pen." He boasted he had hunted and fished in every field and water of North America and the Provinces of Great Britain known in his time as worthy of notice, and it was literally true.

While seemingly sporting he was an alert, wide-awake, keen observer, an eternal student, storing, garnering for the harvest of his wondrous pen. Mr. A. D. Patterson used to remark that would Herbert confine himself to magazine work he would excel any man living in that field. He hated its dull routine, and though he was willing and did engage in it, he would not submit to its inevitable bondage, though his fugitive articles given to the public through that medium are among the finest he ever wrote. His articles in Porter's *Spirit of the Times* were among the most interesting and attractive of all his work, and were eagerly perused by all lovers of field sports.

To Warwickians his "Warwick Woodlands" will always appeal most strongly. They find in it their own loved hills, woods, meadows and streams. The game he wrote of is delicious to their taste. Each nook and covert pictured by his pen is a familiar scene. They knew the old Ward House when it swung its sign-board merrily to the breeze, and welcome and good cheer awaited all. It recalls most vividly the figure of the "Prince of Sportsmen" on his magnificent hunter, as he swept over the hills of Orange and Sussex with troop and whoop and hounds and guns, while Tom Draw at his side, with Dash, his liver-and-white bird-dog, started

the covey from the covert and brought it down with unerring aim. Herbert loved Tom Draw, and of all the days of his life counted those happiest in the woodlands while sojourning at the old hostelry.

He had the eccentricity of genius in a marked degree. He would speak with pride of his proud and aristocratic lineage, of old England, with tears in his eyes, and in the next breath berate it, its institutions, people, and assert they were a hundred years behind in all that made a nation. He would declare that in leaving England he shook its miserable clay from his feet, and that he desired to become an American of Americans, and then criticise his adopted country with unsparing sharpness. He hated the strict and formal method of rearing children in his native home, and had perhaps experienced something of its rigors from his own father, the Hon. and Very Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester; yet he sent his only child, the offspring of an American mother, to England to be reared and educated, and through family influence gained him a position in the artillery service, where he early rose to the rank of Lieutenant. His editorials on America were unstinted in praise and admiration, so much so, that they were asserted by some not to be the product of his pen. For his mother he had the most passionate affection, and she, perhaps, of all with whom he was brought in contact, best understood her brilliant, comet-like boy. He loved, while in Warwick, riding through its broad woodlands, to rein his fine hunter by the side of some resident, and glean such information as would avail him for future use. He carried a note-book to which he was ever referring and adding. He loved the horse with intense enthusiasm, and wrote a book called "The Horse and Horsemanship of America," which a reviewer, in criticising, said was so deep in research that it seemed the author must have made horses the one and sole study of his life.

Though Herbert had in his aristocratic veins the blood of Earls, in his fine brain the "talents of angels," Tom Ward was no respecter of persons. He was truly one who would "shake hands with a king upon his throne and think it kindness to His Majesty." In his hunts over wood and fell Herbert would, in hot pursuit of game, ride ruthlessly over fields of grain, and scale fences, sending them scattering behind his horse's heels, until the farmers became very indignant. His host would often berate him soundly for this,

with emphatic expletives, and roundly forbid further depredations. Once, after damaging a fine field of grain on a farm east of Warwick village, Mr. Ward declared he should go and offer reparation. He did so, and was politely refused. Returning, he said, "That farmer wouldn't take a shilling, and had the air and speech of a Duke."

His nature was imperious; the old strain of the Leinsters of Ireland and the Earls of Caernarvon was in him, and it broke forth often. A dramatic scene, in which he was one of the principals, was once enacted in front of the Wawayanda House, in Warwick.

Accompanying his retinue one autumn was a party of ladies, one of whom, a fair, graceful rider, robed in a sweeping habit of purple, frequently accompanied the English Nimrod in his wild rides over the hills. Herbert had just brought some new horses to the hotel, and on this particular morning a groom was exercising one of them, a coal black, fiery brute, nervous and mettlesome, designed for a saddle-horse for the author. It was led up in front, where the lady stood awaiting hers. In a spirit of reckless bravado Herbert ordered the groom to lead the animal up, and dared the equestrienne to mount him. She attempted, being a fearless rider, but the spirited steed reared and plunged so violently that she retreated and declared she would not mount. Grasping the bridle in his hand, and bringing the horse to a standstill, Herbert said, "Don't be afraid; mount the devil, I say." Again she essayed, with like result, the plunging animal nearly trampling her down. White with anger, Herbert again commanded her to "get up," and offered to have her saddle put on the horse if she were afraid to try his, remarking, "I never saw you a coward before." The words stung the proud, baffled woman, and she burst into tears.

Tom Draw, in his double chair on the sunny porch, had remained a silent spectator of the scene, but when Herbert thus taunted her to tears, he sprung quickly to his feet and, with commands forcible and emphatic, put an end to the trouble.

Just beyond the village these two could frequently be seen clearing the high, slaty hills at breakneck speed, distancing their party entirely, perhaps the two finest riders whose mounts ever snuffed the breezes of the ridges.

XI

Grandmothers' Albums and Our Grandsires' Effusions

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THE old-time album, with its acrostics, couplets, letters in rhyme, mottoes, and verse addressed to its faded mezzos and woodcuts has passed away. In it parents in round, precise hand inscribed solemn counsel to excellence and obedience in daughters, friends wrote formal addresses or merry ditties, and admirers recorded guarded effusions with due deference to the paternal eye. From the worn pages breathe the tender wish, the earnest prayer of heartfelt affection. They are not grand efforts, but bear the guinea's stamp and are true hearts' own coin. From over two hundred inscriptions copied and carefully preserved from these old relics I have selected the following. The date of the first album is 1824. Its owner was Miss Cornelia Ketchum, a Warwick girl:

A woman old, with silver hair,
Is sitting in her easy chair,
Her girlhood's album in her lap,
She dozes, reads, then takes a nap,
Awakes and looks and says, "Dear me!
It seems so strange, why let me see—
Now was it—John or Dick or Chris,
Or Ben or Dave who wrote me this?"

Oh, when I read the gushing rhymes,
  Written by swains demented,
In albums of their lady loves,
  With faded roses scented,
I sigh me for the good old times
  Ere albums were invented,
When knightly force took place of verse,
  In after years repented.

The following is from the pen of a fond father to an only daughter:

My child, when on these pages white
Your eyes may sometimes chance to light,
Remember, 'tis a father's quill
Has sought good counsel to instil;
And heed these words, my daughter dear,
If you would prosper well while here.
Oh, virtuous and obedient be,
And practice likewise industry.
After your mother pattern well—
Her excellence no tongue may tell.
Her qualities so good and kind
Draw every heart in love to bind.
Obey me, child, and peace below
And bliss above your heart shall know.
Do thy day's duty as the sun
Shines thy lifted brow upon,
Well remembering that to-day
Nevermore can come thy way.

Lines to a friend, with her picture, signed "Caroline":

Accept, dear friend, this little gift
  And place it in your cherished book,
And sometimes in lone, quiet hours,
  Upon its changeless features look.

'Tis but the shadow of myself,
  The semblance of what soon must fade,
And, dust to dust, beneath the clod,
  In still and dreamless rest be laid.

And though no smile may light the face,
  Nor starting tear-drop dim the eye,
Nor tender words the cold lips frame,
  That 'neath the polished surface lie;

It still may serve to bring a thought
  Of her who passed glad moments fleet
With thee, of girlish joy whose spell
  Had for our hearts a witchery sweet.

Though ruthless Time may dim these eyes,
  And plant my brow with lines of care,
And strew amid my locks of brown
  Full many a thread of silver hair;

Upon the one that meets thy gaze
  His iron hand no lines can trace,
No tears can furrow the cold cheek,
  Nor sorrow dim this youthful face.

And may be it will live for thee
When I have passed from earth away,
The same young face that at your side
Smiled many a bright and happy day.

And if it bears the magic power
To bring one memory sweet of me,
I'll ever bless the favored hour
That bore it with my love to thee.

ACROSTIC

Confined within this house of clay
Is an immortal mind;
Oh, may it in the realms of day
Eternal glories find.
Revolving years but hasten on
The time when it must fly,
Despair to meet in pain and woe
Or bliss in realms on high.
Eternity—stupendous thought!
Time that can never end—
Let me through faith and knowledge find
A Saviour for my friend.
Imprint upon my youthful mind
Thy precepts and thy laws,
And let my happy resting place
Be near my Saviour's cross.
But should my mind on senseless joys
Its richest treasures waste,
Unfold thy beauties to my view
And change my heart at last.
Repentance grant for every sin,
And let my garments be
The spotless robes of righteousness
Prepared, my Lord, by Thee.

The "gray-haired boys" will, I am sure, read this with delight. It was penned to a picture of a barn, just such a one as they have all played in:

The old red barn behind the house,
I see it lifelike rise
Once more upon the grassy slope
Before my boyish eyes—
The weather-beaten, mossy roof,
With each far-reaching peak,
And such warm nooks within the straw
To play at hide-and-seek.

Once more I am a boy upon
The hay loft broad and strong;
I ne'er on earth shall see again
Such poles so round and long,
Or such green mows of new-mown hay,
So fragrant, sweet and soft,
Such clover heads and red-top gay
As filled my father's loft.

The wealth and bloom of meadows green
Were in those hay mows sweet,
They came from where the violets formed
A carpet for the feet.
They spake of April's smiles and tears,
Of sunshine and of dew,
Of gentle rains and zephyrs soft,
And summer's skies of blue.

How light and high we used to swing
Above the rustling sheaves;
We almost touched the martens' nests
That built upon the eaves.
There never was a place so smooth
In all the world before,
For rolling hoops and spinning tops
As that old oaken floor.

'Twas joy to watch the swallow brood
On skimming wing far soar,
When father brought at eventide
The last load to the door.
Upon his throne of golden sheaves
A very king he seemed,
While over all the harvest moon
With yellow lustre gleamed.

I see the gentle oxen stand
With mild and patient look,
And Crumple with her snow-white calf
Drinks from the rippling brook,
While from his stall gray Dobbin looks
With many a stamp and neigh,
Impatient for the bridle rein
And gallop far away.

'Twas here we shot the gobbler fierce
With pop or water gun,
And laughed to see him strut and fume—
Oh, it was jolly fun!
While Rover huge and little Trip,
Barking with might and main,
Forth started from her hanging nest
The oriole in the lane.

'Twas sweet in rainy day to lie
  Safe in some hay-lined nook,
And pore above the witching page
  Of weird, enchanting book,
That told of knight and ladye fair,
  Of haunted lake and dell,
Of fairy bowers and elfin sports
  And Eastern genii's spell.

The old red barn, oh, who that played
  Within its raftered halls
Can ere forget it, though to wreck
  The ancient fabric falls?
'Tis linked with young life's sunny days
  In the old homestead home,
Ere yet our thoughts had flown afar,
  Our feet had learned to roam.

A GRANDSIRE'S LAMENT

Of all the woes that ere befell
A mortal man, grievous to tell,
The worst that can beset his life
Is a cantankerous, scolding wife.
My friends, this case is my sad lot;
Oh, would I ne'er had been begot
To bear this grief and heavy woe,
And all my days in sorrow go.
She scolds at morn and noon and night,
Beginning with the morning light.
I cannot please her, not a grain,
Although I try with might and main.
Her tongue goes clickety clapper clap—
Oh, that it should have been my hap
To wed a stormy, fretful shrew,
And all my days the error rue,
For I'm a peaceful, quiet man,
And bear it just the best I can.

In 1861 a young wife inscribed these lines on the pages of her album to her husband:

Beats there another heart, beloved,
  That feels for thee what mine has felt,
Within whose fond and loving depths
  Thy memory has so truly dwelt?

Beams any eye to gaze in thine
  That e'er such tears for thee hath wept,
Has any other soul so fast
  And sacredly thy welfare kept?

Smiles there another lip, dear one,
Whose kisses fond are only thine;
Do any other arms outstretch,
Yearning thy form alone to twine?

Listens there any other ear
Ever thy coming steps to hear;
Does any heart so quickly thrill
When that loved footstep brings thee near?

Is there a hand whose fast, true clasp
Is never to another given,
Or which so faithfully alway
To smooth away thy woes hath striven?

I read mine answer in thine eyes,
Thy lips affirm it to mine ears,
My heart is thine, and thine is mine,
In bonds enduring through the years.

Written in the album of an aged friend:

I would not ask for thee, dear friend,
Life's setting sun undimmed by care,
For such a wish and such a lot
No mortal here on earth may share.

But I would pray that peace and love,
And faith and hope thy steps attend;
Then thou mayst fear no storm of life,
Nor shrink to meet its closing end.

That this dangerous creature existed in the faraway days of our sires seems almost unbelievable, but she surely did, else why these

LINES ON A FLIRT

If there's a man pitied to be who treads this planet's dirt,
It is the one who falls in love with a distracting flirt.
My fellow countrymen, I chanced upon this dreadful case,
And woe betide the man who looks on her deceitful face.

Her hair is black, her eyes are, too, and snap and sparkle so,
My head is dizzy and my feet have much ado to go.
Sometimes by Jove and Juno, too, I'd swear she loved me well,
The next she'd plunge me in despair too horrible to tell.

She'd go with me to singing school and smile at Hiram Brown,
And if I stopped and took her in while driving to the town,
And hurried fit to break my neck to meet her waiting there,
She'd be manufacturing dimples at a fool with two foot hair.

Her ankles are enough to set a fellow raving mad,
And hooked on two 'o the littlest feet a woman ever had.
And if a body tried to guess for forty mortal weeks,
He couldn't tell which reddest were her cherry lips or cheeks.

If I were partner with her at a party or a dance,
Some other chap was sure to get her smiling, melting glance.
She'd trip and turn so merrily, and lift her little skirt,
While I was trying hard to grin as if I wasn't hurt.

Now, by St. George, this thing I'll do, I mean to let her go,
Although the very thought of it just bursts my heart with woe.
For how I suffer, and how I feel, nobody'll ever know,
For spite of all her tricks and shines, oh, I do love her so!

A quiet, plain and homespun girl not far away I know,
She isn't a bright and shining star, in fact 's a little slow.
But she's got one quality to ease the bosom in my shirt,
She never in her mortal days knew how to be a flirt.

I'm going to ask her to be mine and settle down in peace,
For from all flirting womankind Lord grant all men release;
While water flows and green grass grows I'll never wish her hurt,
Only that she'll just fall in love with a heartless he-male flirt.

TO JULIA

These await me somewhere,
Prize of noble strife;
Therefore bear I bravely
With each cross of life,
Reading still the lesson,
Patience of the soul,
Worketh to perfection,
Gains the highest goal.

Joy from weighing sorrow,
Faith from blinding doubt,
Strength from burdened weakness,
Peace from conflict out,
Pardon for rebellion,
Rest from toil o'erspent,
Knowledge from soul travail,
Love and heart content—

Somewhere in the future
Beaming far away,
Bides a better portion
For my earthly day.
Distant far it may be,
Still its cheering light
Gleams upon the present,
Robbing half its night.

Often premonitions
Gleam from that far height,
And renew my spirit
As the dawn the light.
In the night of darkness
The soul's inner eye,
With prophetic reachings,
Sees the day is nigh.

Speed, oh, days of bondage,
Fruitless is your toil.
Fly, oh, light-winged moments,
Thankless is your spoil;
Hope with buoyant spirit
Bids me calmly bide,
Patience hath its guerdon,
Faith its wish supplied.

TO MARY

When the violet springs in the May
I behold thy bright eye in its blue,
The scent of the new-fallen hay
Is not more delicious than you.

The sweet pea bowed low on its stalk
Is another fair symbol and true,
As in beauty you modestly walk,
Through the green meadows sparkling with dew.

I can pluck the sweet violet and pea
And carry them home on my breast,
Oh, would I could so gather thee
Beside them forever to rest. W.

A picture of a typical country schoolhouse called forth this. It will find an echo in many a heart, recalling the old District School:

Ah, well do I remember
The schoolhouse old and small,
To which each morn we journeyed,
When happy children all.
The long and rough hewn entry,
With wraps and baskets hung,
The upright posts and rows of desks,
With slates and inkstands strung;
The pail where we were watered all,
The drinking cup of tin,
That hung upon a nail close by
The door we entered in;

The chair whereon the teacher sat,
The blackboard and the chalk,
The clumsy desk with many a hack,
That did at old Time mock;
The windows all too high to reach
From which we tried to look,
The long stove-pipe and poker bent
In many a zigzag crook;
The pile of wood, the ancient bell,
That rung for work and play,
The loving shovel and the tongs,
Leaning so close all day.
I've been a man for many years
Out in the big, broad world,
In various lands and distant climes
My tent I've pitched and furled;
But the memory of the old school-house
Will never fade away—
Oh, would I were a careless boy
Beneath its roof to-day.

ACROSTIC

Fain would a friend his tribute pay
Regardless of the critic's frown,
And though his lines may go astray
No other can them truly own.
Could wishes for thy welfare prove
Effectual for earthly bliss,
Swift would thy moments ever move
Along in purest happiness.
May wisdom be thy constant guide,
Each day examine well thy heart,
Let there no room be found for pride
In thy young thoughts to take a part.
And should'st thou choose some worthy youth,
With manly form and winning air,
How will he prize that heart of truth
If freely given to his care;
That precious gift, oh, let it be
Ever his own in purity.

In the album of a little girl of ten is found these lines from the pen of a fond mother:

Just as you are, a little girl,
Long may my darling be,
With never a thought of pride or show,
Or frivolous vanity.

I should love to keep her always so,
But I may not have this prayer;
I know if she lives she must some time go,
To a woman's lot of care.

So I'll hug this precious comfort close,
When her years are done for play,
That maybe in my mother's heart
A little girl she'll stay.

And though the winds of life may blow
On her dear head rough and ill,
In that safe place may I hold her close,
And care for my darling still.

TO SOPHRONIA

Under the sky so blue
No love than mine more true;
Oh, be not coy nor cold,
Now that my love is told.

Think not when locks are gray
My love will pass away.
No, when thy form is bent,
Still will its store be spent. J. O.

Written to a picture of the new moon peeping over the shoulder of a young man standing on a bridge:

I saw the new moon o'er my shoulder last night.
"Which shoulder?" you ask. Why, of course, 'twas the right.
And I said to myself I will no longer wait,
Fair Luna says luck, and I'll venture my fate.

I want a dear hand to hold close in mine,
The gift of that faithful clasp only is thine;
I want one true heart to my own to beat time,
And two willing feet with mine Life's hill to climb.

And since yon bright silver bow with its soft light,
Peeping over my shoulder declares it all right,
The answer I wait for, I've only to guess,
And you needn't mind speaking, I know it is—yes!

From a teacher in the old Academy to a pupil leaving school:

Lizzie, the dreaded parting hour
Has come at last, no more we meet
Within these dear familiar walls—
Hallowed by schoolday memories sweet.
No more you join the happy band
Or enter in the old schoolroom
To share in all its cares and joys,
Fast fading in Oblivion's gloom.

When amid other scenes you go,
With early friends to memory dear,
Think sometimes of the moments bright
Passed with the school friends gathered here.
And grave each well remembered form,
And each familiar, pleasant face,
Upon your mind with impress deep
That time nor change may not erase.
Lizzie, I would amid the rest
My own might claim one little spot
Upon the tablets of your mind—
Let not thy teacher be forgot.
Tho' many a mile may intervene,
And loving hearts perchance you find,
Oh, often let a tender thought
Rest on the old friends left behind.
And when Life's fleeting dream is o'er,
From Time's dim shores, oh, may we go
To that bright land whose inmates blest,
Changes nor partings ne'er can know.

Warwick Academy, 1856. THY TEACHER.

A CRADLE SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep:
The sun is in the west,
Each birdling seeks its nest,
Thou liest on my breast
In blessed baby rest—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep:
Peeping all silver pale
Forth from a snowy veil
Of softest clouds that sail,
The young moon lights our dale—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep:
Within the dim old wood
Each flower draws its hood,
And low bowed as it should
Exhaleth God is good—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep:
A coverlet of red
The loving eve hath spread
Over the tired sun's bed,
Hiding his golden head—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep:
Thine eyes white curtains hold
Their blue within their fold,
All fringed with rarest gold;
My cradle song is told—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

ACROSTIC

Heroes of old their ladye's charms
Rehearsed in song and story,
And many a doughty combat waged
For sake of love and glory.
Remembering that these valiant knights
Were overcome by Cupid
Removes a weight from off my heart
That I, too, am so stupid.
If knights of old could not withstand
The rankling of his arrow,
Excuse a youth of modern times,
Shot to the very marrow.
This heart of mine, tender and young,
And glowing like a taper,
Harriet has riddled through and through,
Like perforated paper. J.

Every time a wife scolds her liege lord true,
A terrible wrinkle criss-crosses her face.
She has only to smile, when, presto! perdue!
Of crow's-feet and puckers there's left not a trace.

FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER

If wishes could bring my darling
Happiness, peace and love,
I would ask the dear All Father
From his beautiful home above
To grant me such pleading for her;
But I know it can never be,
So I'll only ask Him this one,
And pray He may give it me.
To grant her a heart to bear well
All the limitless sorrows here,
Guided and strengthened forever
By His presence true and dear;
And when all, all is over
That I may meet her where
We can never lose our beloved—
I think He will grant this prayer.

TO JANE

Write? Yes, a whole volume,
But it wouldn't contain
Half the strength or the fervor
Of the love I would fain
Not confess quite so public;
But there's no chance to hide it
When pen, ink and paper
All conspire to confide it.

Oh, thou tale-bearing Album,
That thus glibly dost steal
What my lips in their silence
Would fain try to conceal,
On thy pages so spotless
Not a blush canst thou spread,
To blot out with its crimson
The soft tale ere it's read.

All untold would I keep it,
In my heart hid away,
Till she sought it and read it
And enticed it away;
Then with rush of emotion
From my lips would it fly,
As a cage-released eagle
Seeks home in the sky.

Treacherous page thou'st revealed it;
'Tis escaped, she may see
On thy falsely pure features
The message from me.
Will it touch her young heart
With a thought of my woe,
When she reads 'twixt the lines
All I wish her to know?

AN ABSENT HUSBAND'S LOVE LETTER

While sitting in an idle hour, my thoughts intent on home,
The wish arose that I were there, no more abroad to roam.
I long for my own fireside, its quiet, sweet content,
And all that such a nameless charm to its surroundings lent.

It is not that Earth's splendors are where my fond thoughts entwine,
It is not there are bluer skies or suns that brighter shine,
But that within that hallowed spot my heart can find and hold,
The pearl of price, the gem of worth, pure Love's uncounted gold.

For one is there who more than all is dear unto my heart,
My own loved wife who seems to be of my own self a part.
And never when before my God I bend the knee in prayer,
Do I forget to ask that she may be His guardian care.

What memories come of one sweet eve when hand in hand we strayed,
And through the bending orchard trees the tender moonbeams played.
While heaven lay about our feet, for love a pathway made,
And guided both our willing steps beneath the chequered shade.

I yearn beneath the locust trees to see our children play,
To hear their voices sweet and clear ring on the air of May.
And thou with fair babe at thy knee, a household angel blest,
Art waiting at the hearth of home to welcome me to rest.

Love of my life, my only one, I count the lingering time,
That holds me from your presence dear in this far distant clime.
I know the flowers bloom at home and budding trees are there,
And long once more with you to breathe my own loved native air.

For man may have uncounted gold and jewels rich and rare,
May see his stately mansions rise and pierce the upper air.
But he is poor, and starved his heart and desolate his life,
Unless he owns that gift of God, dear children and a wife.

Albany, 1847.

TO A FORGET-ME-NOT

Forget me not,
Though changing years
Be fraught with grief
And dimmed with tears,
Still in thy heart
Keep one warm spot,
And write thereon
Forget me not.

TO AN IVY LEAF

I change, but in dying,
Green ivy, tell
If in my heart
Thy message doth dwell.

TO A DAISY

He loves me, he loves me not,
Tell me true,
Which shall it be, Daisy, do?
As I pull your petals and cast down,
On my heart's hope,
Dear daisy, don't frown.

TO A SWALLOW

Fly away to mine own heart's love, dear bird,
  Fly fast on thy downy wing,
And tell her the only little word
  Mine absent heart doth sing.
    Is tenderest love for her, sweet bird,
    And I would that its song she heard.

REMEMBER ME

Remember me, my friend;
  Though rivers roll between,
And many a mountain peak
  Pierces the far unseen.
Still in thy heart in some small place
Oh, save for me a little space.

TO A WILD BIRD

Like a wild bird
  My thoughts of thee
Go soaring far
  O'er land and sea.
Then settle down at eve to rest
Beside thee in some dear home nest.

An old time schoolgirl letter in rhyme, written at the Wawayanda House when used as a home for teachers and pupils of the Warwick Institute:

Within your quiet room to-night,
  Oh, well-remembered friend and true,
I sit beside the glowing hearth
  Sacred to memories sweet of you.

The sparkling fire burns clear and bright,
  The well-trimmed lamp ditto, my dear;
But, oh, some dust upon your stand
  Reminds me that you are not here.

Memorial of your absence drear,
  I wipe it with a sigh away;
So goes the world like grains of dust—
  We float awhile, then pass away.

A half-closed drawer and book misplaced
  Proclaim the hurry of your flight,
Your easy chair beside me leans
  Lonely and bare in vacant plight.

Oh, where, I ask, the friendly form
That filled thy ample depths, old chair;
It only creaks with dismal moan,
And echo answers, Where, oh, where?

A basket small with half-closed lid
Disordered on the table stands,
A pair of gloves beside it thrown,
Still bear the impress of your hands.

A piece of ribbon by your stool,
A little cushion minus pins;
Your scissors on the window-sill,
A gaiter string without the tins—

All, all, proclaim you far away,
While to my ear the night wind's moan
Whispers that saddest of all words,
To loving heart—alone, alone.

Your little slippers on the floor
Still further of your absence speak,
While even the door as shut it swings,
Gives forth a most lugubrious squeak.

And I, oh, pen too weak art thou
My desolation to portray,
Thy pen-sive look and funeral pace
Say just as plain as pen can say:

That lonely is my heart to-night,
And sad and sorrowful my lay,
And absent she whose sunny face
Has blessed this spot for many a day.

But, lo! the clock strikes twelve; my lamp
Burns dim and blue and smouldering low,
Upon the hearth the fire fades,
Bereft of sparkle, warmth and glow.

Good night, sweet friend, may rosy dreams
Visit your couch till morning light;
I'm very sleepy, here's a kiss,
Multum in parvo, so good night.

ACROSTIC

Soon as I heard my Saviour's voice
In sweetest accents say,
All worldly pleasures are but dross,
Earth's riches pass away.

Religion is the only good,
  Its joys unmixed with pain,
And those who taste its waters sweet
  Shall never thirst again.
How vain appeared whate'er I had
  Most highly prized before
Contrasted with a Saviour's love—
  How cold, how faint, how poor.
At first my heart could scarce contain
  That love so vast, so sweet,
That all that I had power to do
  Was to embrace His feet.
Here while my contrite tears poured forth
  I felt how vile I'd been,
And humbly asked His pardoning love
  To wash away my sin.
Rivers of grace, I knew were His
  On sinners to bestow,
If they, repenting of their guilt,
  Forsook the paths of woe.
Now tremblingly I seemed to wait
  A doom severe but just,
Each hope I had depended on
  No longer could I trust.
Rising in awful magnitude
  Before my startled eyes,
Alas, my sins appeared to view
  Of more than mountain size.
Now hush! I heard sweet, cheering words,
  Which calmed each anxious fear,
Despair not though in scarlet stains
  Thy numerous sins appear.
Oh, trust in me, they shall be washed
  Like whitest wool again,
Look upward to a Saviour's love—
  His blood removes the stain.
Pure sovereign grace is rich, is free,
Here is it poured for such as thee.

A BROTHER IN CHRIST.

ACROSTIC

Had I prophetic power to look
  And read the page of future days,
No joys perchance would grace the book,
  Nor pleasures greet my anxious gaze.
Ah, youthful days, how soon ye pass,
  How blest could we prolong your stay,
Sweet childhood's hours how fast, alas,
  All, all are vanishing away.
Yet just, my Lord, is this decree,
  Richly thy mercies constant shine,

Ever my heart look up and see
Blest truth and wisdom both are thine.
Under the rod I'll bow and pass,
Remembering 'tis thy hands that hold.
Thou wilt not let me faint or fall,
But save me tried, refined as gold.

Among the varied inscriptions in the venerable albums are found a few scattered In Memoriams. This is

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

Alas, dear mother, hast thou fled,
Bade earth a long farewell?
Asleep in Jesus' peaceful bed;
Great God, thou hast done well.

To bear her from a world of woe,
Where joy hath little place,
Unto the blessed realms above,
Where she shall see Thy face.

Although her gentle form we miss,
And mourn our heavy loss,
Oh, it is her most precious gain
Bought on a Saviour's cross.

Ye needy poor, well may ye weep,
With such a friend to part;
Her ready hands no more shall give,
Moved by her generous heart.

Oh, lonely home and vacant chair,
And presence lost and dear,
When shall the children of your love
Forget to miss you here?

Fare, fare-thee-well, mother beloved,
We see thee now no more,
But in the blessed realms above
Upon the shining shore,

How glad shall be the meeting sweet,
Beyond the heavenly dome,
Where tears and partings are no more,
You wait to fold us home.

OUR FATHER

Our father has gone from the home of his love—
How lonely the house and how vacant the chair!
At the hearth, at the board, wherever we turn,
We miss that dear head with its silvery hair.

It was here that we knelt in the evening to pray,
Led by his voice in petition sincere,
And here in the morning we greeted his face
As his blessing arose for his loved ones so dear.

Gathered at the old table he read us God's word,
And joined in the song of thanksgiving and praise;
How we listened at night for his dear coming feet,
And sought who should be first the door latch to raise.

A lonely, sad home and a desolate heart
Is ours, bereft of a fond father's love;
Oh, where shall we turn or where shall we go,
Save unto our Father in heaven above?

Our little boy is dead,
Just three years old to-day;
He would have been if he had lived,
So soon he passed away.
Dear, precious baby boy,
Our hope and pride and joy.

His empty cradle stands
So smooth and still and white,
Oh, can I e'er forget
How all the happy night
I heard his breath so soft,
And waked to watch him oft.

I hide my tears and try
To bear my grief and pain,
I know they cannot bring
Our darling back again.
But, oh, the lonely woe—
I miss my baby so.

They tell me not to weep,
And cheer me with kind words;
I see the budding trees,
I hear the song of birds—
But where, oh, where is he,
With baby laugh of glee?

I must, I must be still,
Nor let my grief have way,
I wound his father's heart—
Oh, streaming teardrops stay,
Make a glad rainbow for mine eyes,
And through it let me see the skies.

TO A FRIEND IN RETURN FOR A LOAF OF BREAD

Dear good friend of mine,
You can never opine
How delicious I found your bread.
With the taste in my mouth,
I declare north and south,
Among bakers your place is up head.

It is sweet, it is light,
And toothsome and white,
And from now till the day you are dead
I hope no worse fate
Will befall your estate
Than to eat your own excellent bread.

E. L. R.

When the ear is dulled
And the hand is chilled,
Life's roses culled,
And its tempests stilled;
Then, ah, then! what then?

TO AN ABSENT GUEST

Dear friend, I was sorry when all were assembled
Last night at our party to miss your sweet face.
When for the last guest the old doorbell trembled,
And you came not, alas, how vacant your place.
Ah, Fate was unkind and conditions were sad—
How we wish you had come, how we wish that you had.

Now accept from us all the contents enclosed,
The favors and cake and Santa Claus sorrow.
Next time may the Fates be better disposed,
And some happy meeting await us to-morrow.
And when next year Christmas appears on the scene,
Oh, may you be there to help hang out the green.
Christmas, 1859.

Couplets, mottoes and bits of verse a-many are found on the pages of the old albums. Here are a few culled at random:

Some friendships like roses are doomed to wither,
Others are twined of green live-for-ever.

A kind soul's influence will spread
Like treacle on hot gingerbread.

The well-spent life is the only one that can ever come to a good and happy end.

Do the best your life will let you,
And you'll get along, I'll bet you.

A heart that's callous, hard and cold,
Is as ice-cream shut in a mould.

If you'll never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you,
You'll save a mighty lot of it travelling this life through.

No shoulder is strong enough to push aside the inevitable.

Love is the only crowned king—
A subject to himself alone;
And what is still a stranger thing,
He knows no empire but his own.

Find one who does not trust in God, and that person is one who cannot be trusted by man.

"Love not, love not, for the thing ye love may die," says the old song. But I say unto you, Love, love on, love much, love ever; and it will make your life blossom as the rose; for love is life, and life, if it is not love, is not worth living," but is cold and barren and death in life always.

Youth pulls a strong bow and often shoots beyond the mark.

Long, long ago, one darksome day,
I heard my gray old grandam say
One thing: I never yet have known
Sorrow and grief to come alone.
Single they never like to be,
As all must learn with verity.

XII

A Last Chapter

XII

A Last Chapter

LOOKING backward" has a fascination peculiarly its own. As I close these pages, there are crowding memories gathered and garnered I long still to add. The Warwick of over a century ago! the Warwick of to-day—mighty is the contrast! In 1829 word reached the town that in England a locomotive called "The Rocket" had attained the incredible speed of fifteen miles an hour. The matter was discussed, and leading citizens decided the rumor must be false, as such a rate of speed was impossible. In the previous year died Dr. Benjamin S. Hoyt, one of our most memorable early citizens. He was postmaster many years, the mail being semi-weekly when he first took the office. It was kept in his home, where the Baptist parsonage now stands. He was a much loved physician and had artistic tastes, drawing, cutting silhouettes and pictures in sheets of paper with his penknife in a most wonderful manner. After his death his daughter Henrietta presented two of these framed to my aunt, one cut in a sheet of white paper laid over black, the other in red over white. The birds, flowers, churches, minarets, cherubs and silhouettes were exquisitely done.

The wife of the Rev. Doctor Stewart, the Dutch Reformed minister, who at one time, with her daughters, Martha and Mary, kept a young ladies' select school in the old Hoyt house in the village, taught this work to her pupils. Dr. Hoyt also wrote, as was the custom of the day, an amusing epitaph and eulogy on his living wife and hung it over the chimney. John Morris Foght, Dr. Elisha Du Bois and others indulged in this dubious humor. I have heard our father repeat many of these old epitaphs, and greatly regret I failed to jot them down, as was my almost invariable custom.

In early days the stage horn was the exhilaration of the town, as that cumbrous vehicle rolled up to the postoffice and deposited the mail. There was Davie Jones on his spotted pony, with his saddle bags, ready to receive it. In one side he stowed the Goshen papers, the *Orange County Patriot,* the Whig paper published by T. W. Crowell; the *Independent Republican,* by James A. Cheeve, and in the other the few letters the villagers received. Davie supplied the eastern part of the town, going to Sugar Loaf, Chester, and as far as Washingtonville; Noah Carpenter, a cripple, the western district, himself, battered chair and wilful old mare, well-known figures, as far as Florida. Davie Jones and Spot, his pony, were both characters. Davie had ever a quip and jest for all, and a compliment and smile for every pretty girl. Spot once did duty in a circus, and never forgot it. An oldtime resident of genius and culture was John Morris Foght. He was an ardent patriot in the days of the Revolution. His old "still house" was fairly covered with the work of his hand. On one of the broad doors was painted an American eagle with outspread wings; above it floated the stars and stripes, and on a scroll in the eagle's beak was this motto, "Where Liberty dwells is my country." On another door was a figure of Liberty, with Paul's immortal reply to the centurion, "But I was free-born"; above her the star of Freedom, with six points, and underneath, "If I lose thee I am indeed lost." We are told by a celebrated writer that "The town clerk made rhymed acrostics for the Ladies of Society." Deacon Foght was a ready rhymer, and a contributor to the old albums. He inveighed vigorously against "the estate of honorable penury which the government reserved for its old soldiers." During Great Britain's outrages in 1811 a meeting was held at the house of Lewis F. Randolph to discuss the matter. Over fifty citizens from far and near were present. A pacific resident arose and urged toleration and caution, even to making *some* concessions for the sake of peace. Up sprang a fiery old patriot, shouting, "I'll drink bilge water out of hell's ferryboat before I'll give in one inch to King George." Another weak brother told them that, as he was on his way to the meeting that evening, a great white angel stood on a rock by the wayside, and told him it would be useless to resist the King, as every effort against him would fail. A staunch patriot jumped to his feet and thundered, "If he

was an angel he was a black one and he lied, and his father, the devil, was a liar before him." No marvel these fiery spirits carried all before them.

It is worthy of note that eighty-three years ago, among five hundred and twenty-eight taxable inhabitants of the town of Warwick, Samuel S. Seward and Gabriel Wisner paid the largest taxes. Susan Bertholf, a colored woman, in the early twenties owned one-quarter of an acre of land in the township, upon which she paid taxes of fifty cents a year. In writing this book in nothing have I searched more diligently than into the condition of slavery in Orange County, and I find but one record like this: "A runaway named Jack, *a very good reader,*" belonging to Nathan Hulse.

On September 13th, 1827, a company was assembled for a convivial evening at a hotel in Warwick. A Mr. Wood, a relative of Mrs. James Benedict, was present from New York City. He had with him a copy of a paper with an item stating that Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, had given seventy thousand dollars toward the building of the Maryland and Ohio Railroad. A well-known citizen present jumped to his feet and said, "That's a whopper; no man ever had as much money as that, and I don't believe it no more than I believe Ki Loat when he told here last week that Deacon Sloan's old yow down to Honey Pot had five lambs at one hatching. There ain't so much money to a man nor lambs to a yow."

Among a dozen farms offered for sale in Orange County in 1806, all but three are mentioned as having roomy, comfortable log houses. The only New York City newspaper which came to our town regularly over a century ago was called *The Watch Tower.* Its publisher was James Cheetham, "price $2½ per year, postage paid by subscriber."

Early in 1800 the beautiful horses Tippoo Saib and Nestor were brought to Warwick. The first won laurels at the Newmarket and Harlem races. Both were from Old Messenger, Nestor's mother from Eclipse. Our father had a team descended from Nestor, Jack and Selim, perfectly matched, of great beauty. Selim was very fast. In 1827 so high ran party feeling in Warwick between the Jackson and Adams factions that a meeting was called warning voters against the baleful effects of intemperate partyism. Every Jackson man had a hickory pole in his yard. Merry

times had our ancestors in their journeys to New York City by stage and by sloop down the Hudson, ere the Erie was thought of. The stages of Benjamin Bradner, of Goshen, ran to New York, Albany, Newburgh and Easton. Chairs were on hire for the staid portion of the community. Many a merry junket was held on the good sloops as they glided down the noble Hudson. A favorite was the Montgomery, owned by Jacob and Thomas Powell, Benjamin Case, master. The Caty Maria, Sally Jane, Farmer's Son, Fanny, Sportsman and Packet floated up and down with jolly loads and produce.

Young ministers entering on their work did not have easy times in primitive days. Elder Zelotus Grenelle used to relate that when a trembling candidate for ordination, Elder Lebbeus Lathrop strode up to him and, taking him by the shoulder, said, "Come around here where I can look you in the face, while God looks you in the heart." When preaching his first sermon the old Elder, seated in front of the pulpit, called out, "Young man, you are wrong!" Elder Grenelle declared he was so abashed his knees smote together and he sank to his seat. Doctors Thomas G. Evans and Lewis Dunning were among physicians sometimes called to Warwick from Goshen in consultation in the long ago. The Orange County Fire Insurance Company, having offices at 42 Wall street, New York, advertised a capital of $400,000 in 1826, with thirteen directors. Lotteries were widely advertised in the county papers, the Black River Lottery having five drawings in one issue. In 1803 an itinerant fund was voted in the Baptist Association, and James Burt was made treasurer of the fund.

On July 4th, 1857, the pupils of the Academy at Warwick decided on a celebration. They had no flag, and resolved to make one. None procurable was forthcoming in the village for a pattern, nor did any person know precisely how to make it. Our father was then owner of the Wawayanda House. The teachers and about thirty pupils of the Academy had their home there. Mr. Spencer Palmer procured for us the red, white and blue. It lay heaped on the table. Puzzling was the dilemma! In the midst of our cogitations the stage set down at the storied old house Captain Tomsey, of Brooklyn, a hearty old sea dog, on a visit to his son James, a pupil at our home. He was immediately made acquainted with our perplexity, and that nobody knew

exactly how to begin the work. In a trice we were in the study and the bluff old salt had a correct picture of Old Glory on the blackboard. Mrs. W. L. Benedict, assisted by the teachers, soon completed it, and the jovial captain, followed by the trooping school, bore it to the upper piazza and unfurled it to the breeze, exclaiming, "There, boys and girls, is *your* country's flag. The red stands for the blood shed for your liberties, the white for the pure principles fought for, blue for the heaven you pray to, and the stars for the brotherhood of our States." His rugged, weather-beaten face worked with emotion, his voice choked, his honest eyes were full of tears. Over fifty scholars stood around him and sent up a shout that made the welkin ring. He then made an address to them. I recall he said the Mayflower came over under King James's flag, and that we did not have our glorious star spangled banner until 1777. Giving it a last wave he said, "Love it, boys; fight for it to the last ditch, and never be a traitor to it." It was next morning borne triumphantly to the Academy for the exercises there. In how very short a time five who stood around the grand old captain that day laid down their bright young lives for it!

Deacon James Burt, of Warwick, used to relate a stirring incident which he witnessed at the first Baptist Church at Warwick at the outbreak of the Revolution. He said: "I went to meeting with my father and uncle Whitney. Elder Benedict was praying and we stopped in the door. He prayed very earnestly for the King and that no weapon forged against his majesty might prosper." At this point his uncle Whitney wheeled about toward his father and said aloud, "What, is the devil in the man?" He was greatly perturbed and was with difficulty quieted.

On the Fourth of July, 1844, a grand celebration of Freedom was held in the Baptist church at Warwick. Two original odes, composed by Mr. W. L. Benedict, were sung, one commencing "Favored sons of noble sires," to the tune of "Hail Columbia"; the other "Cruel oppression ruled our land." A very large choir, composed of the best singers in the country, officiated. Prominent clergymen offered prayer, addresses breathing the fire and spirit of patriotism were made by orators from the county and by many residents, some of them of the fine old militia. The old church was literally packed, the aisles, portals and yard crowded.

At the close of the exercises the venerable James Burt arose. He was eighty-four years old, one of the last of our Revolutionary veterans. The scene stirred his blood. In solemn, trembling tones he recited how dearly our liberties were bought by the fathers, and besought those present who were walking in their footsteps to reverently prize them. Extending his withered hands, he cried, "Let the watchword of all be 'First my God, then my country.'" Scarcely had Warwick witnessed a more affecting or dramatic scene. Women wept unrestrainedly. Tears wet the cheeks of strong men. Fire shone in the kindled eyes of the young. "I would die for my country" was written on every face.

A panther once trailed Philip Ketchum on the property now called the Guion estate. It was a moonlight night; he was returning home from a call on his inamorata, and, looking behind him, saw the stealthy beast on his track. He had no arms, but a package of powder in his pocket. Pouring it out, he rubbed it with his heavy soles along the path, walking backward. The beast followed surely but slowly until it came to the powder, scented it suspiciously, and slunk away. All the town was on the hunt. It was shot four days after by a Mr. De Graw in Bellvale Mountain. In the year 1827 our mother went with her parents for a visit to a relative living where now the beautiful estate of Mr. E. H. Harriman lies. It was early in the winter, a snow had fallen, and they drove over in a sleigh. During her stay the hams and shoulders from six fat porkers were hung in the smoke-house, a staunch log building, to undergo a curing by hickory chips. In the night a terrible commotion was heard outside, and the family were roused to find seven gaunt wolves yelping, leaping and tearing at the smoke-house. Guns were quickly procured and three were shot, the rest escaping to the woods.

A farmstead cellar of the olden days at the approach of winter would be an alluring sight to the eyes of many a straitened housewife in these. Let me give a picture of one I hold in memory: The meat from fifteen corn-fed hogs, in hams, shoulders, sausage, head cheese, pork; numerous stone jars preserving in lard chops, tenderloin and roasts. Beef from two mighty bovines weighing hundreds. Several firkins of butter, each containing from fifty to eighty pounds. Casks of cider and pear sauce. Barrels of delicious sweet cider and amber pure vinegar. Boxes of eggs packed in

wheaten bran. Bins of choicest apples. Honey dripping sweetness, only surpassed by the contents of the jugs of delicious maple syrup. Jellies of apple, cherry, plum, peach, and the riotous wild grape fill the shelves of the old cupboards, looming darkly from webbed corners. Then the garret, with nuts, dried fruit and savory herbs, and the meal-room with wheat, rye and buckwheat flour and cornmeal, sack crowding sack. And this is the way they wintered in the good old days.

In the year 1813 Lewis F. Randolph purchased of Andrew Hathorn nine acres of land in Warwick, for which he paid $30. The witnesses to the purchase were Peter F. Hathorn and Thomas H. Burt. The youngest mother I have traced in old Warwick was Mrs. Andrew Houston. She was married at eleven years of age, and her son, Col. W. W. Houston, was born when she was twelve. The strongest man was John Wood. He could lift with his single right arm a chair from the floor holding a man weighing 150 pounds. The smallest woman was Betty Smalley. The largest child was born in the 1700's in the Sanfordville district to a Mrs. Decker. It weighed 21 pounds. The mother and father were both over six feet tall.

As I pass from under the old rooftrees and gently let fall the latch of each door, I feel I part with goodly company. For many months I have been a guest at the familiar hearths, have heard the stories of their romance, tragedy, pathos and humor. Those gathered around have never wearied in the telling. As I finish, a great sea fog arises "on broad gray wings of gloom" and settles down on the noble harbor, the sparkling bays and shining rivers of my adopted home. A salt breath of the sea steals in and I feel regretfully I am not on my "native heath," where I earnestly wished to write these pages. There must still lie hoarded recollections rich in interest yet untouched, I longed to gather. A mist of forgetfulness, dense as the one now enshrouding my view, was blotting out many personalities and scenes worthy to be preserved and cherished. I have endeavored to draw aside its curtain, and trust in so doing I shall awaken a deeper interest in our loyal, courageous, steadfast fathers; our faithful, loving mothers. May we their children keep their memories green, and the voices of the past be pleasant to our ears!

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